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JUNE, 1937

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1937

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DAVID A. SMART

PUBLISHER

CORONET
June 1, 1937

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States, and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and South America, $4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $5.00 a year. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Vol. 2, No. 2
Whole No. 8

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CHINESE PUZZLE

THE NATION'S PROBLEMS WERE SOLVED, BUT THE EMPEROR WAS STILL PUZZLED

THE Emperor of China had withdrawn to the Pagoda of Crisis, to meditate upon the woes of his land. He summoned his Prime Minister, the illustrious Wang, and said to him:

"The cries of the peasants and the merchants fill my ears, for the peasants cannot sell their rice, and the merchants cannot sell their silks. And yet, entire provinces are dying of hunger, for lack of rice, while women go half-naked, for lack of clothes. How has this come about?"

And Wang said, "How can this miserable creature respond to such a question, when the Son of Heaven himself can but propound it? May I remind him, that in the Temple of Finance the Emperor maintains his mandarins, who have made this matter the subject of their constant study. I shall inquire of them."

A few days later, the Prime Minister once more appeared before the Emperor.

"The mandarins," he said, "declare that all these troubles are due to the fact that the harvests of rice and of silk have, for several years, been far too abundant. While China has grown in riches, the number of silver taels in the land has remained the same; and therefore his Majesty's subjects are unable to purchase the necessities which lie rotting in the warehouses."

"And what," asked the Emperor, "do the mandarins of the Temple of Finance suggest to be done?"

"Their counsel," replied the Prime Minister, "is that an Imperial Decree be issued, reducing the prices of all merchandise, and also reducing all wages, so that a new equilibrium may be established."

"Will they also reduce their own salaries?" inquired the Emperor. "Their own, as everyone else's," said Wang.

"So be it!" the Emperor proclaimed.

After six months of this experiment, during which all China went from bad to worse, the Emperor dismissed the illustrious Wang, appointed the illustrious Chou as Prime Minister, and withdrew to the Pagoda of Despair, to meditate upon the woes of his land.

Said the Emperor to the Prime Minister, "We have reduced prices and wages; nevertheless, the people

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were never in greater misery. How can this be?"

And Chou replied, "How can a miserable worm comprehend that which puzzles even the Son of Heaven? But, in the name of the Emperor, I shall place this problem before the mandarins in the Temple of Finance."

A few days later, Chou reappeared before the Emperor.

"The mandarins," he said, "declare that all these troubles are due to the fact that prices are too low to permit the peasants and the merchants to earn a living. Their counsel is that an Imperial Decree be issued, diminishing the silver content of the tael. Thus, they say, the number of taels shall be increased; prices and wages will mount, and soon a new equilibrium will be established."

"Is not this," the Emperor said, "quite contrary to the advice which they gave Wang, not so long ago?"

"Certainly," responded Chou. "But since the first of these two policies led his predecessor to ruin, your Majesty's humble servant cannot but praise this development in the understanding and acumen of the mandarinate."

"So be it!" said the Emperor.

The new policy was tried, and to the secret astonishment of the mandarins and of the Prime Minister, the cries of the people diminished. The Emperor, having retired to the Pagoda of Calm, summoned unto himself the Sage whose name was No.

"The actual produce of the land is the same," the Emperor said, "and the actual quantity of silver is the same; all that has been changed is the name of the tael; and yet, things are going well again. Whence comes this miracle?"

"May the Emperor recall," the Sage said, "that human nature will always be human nature."

"That expression," responded the Emperor, "seems clear enough, and yet it is obscure."

"Man," continued the Sage, "spends in a rising market, and hoards in a falling market. The gods have made him so."

It was during that time that the Emperor retired to the Pagoda of Prosperity. —André Maurois

THE ATHEIST

An atheist died and at the gates of Heaven he shouted, "It's a lie!"

"You do not believe in Me or an Afterlife?" asked God.

"No!" cried the atheist. "I believe the universe never began and can never end and that there is no comprehension of it anywhere. I believe Death ends both the consciousness of existence and of having existed."

God was silent for a while. Then He spoke slowly. "To believe in a universe so terrifying takes great courage. To believe in a universe so incredible takes great faith. Enter into Heaven." —Howard Blake

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CIVICS, TO YOU, SIR!

WHY A SENATOR RANKS HIGHER THAN A GOVERNOR IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was eighty-one years old, he attended the Constitutional Convention of what the orators call: these United States.

Old Ben knew it all. He had been a newspaper man and, therefore, knew how the great strutted. He had made an important electrical discovery, and was invited to be a fellow of a Royal Society—not for his invention but for political priming.

He had been a postmaster-general and learned a lot about people that way. He had been an army contractor and learned even more. He wanted to write the Declaration of Independence, but they turned that job over to Jefferson because they were afraid that Ben Franklin would *kibitz* even worse than George Kaufman. He wrote songs like Irving Berlin and played the violin like Rubinoff. He joined everything in sight except Rotary and that wasn't around yet. He invented a harmonica, a stove, a lightning rod and the Senate.

And that's the point we are slowly coming to. Had it not been for Benjamin Franklin, there would have been no Senate. Maybe there would have been no United States. Because the young men who made up the Constitutional Convention had got themselves into a fearful wrangle and it took old Ben to get them out of it. So he invented the Senate.

When the question of a Congress arose, the populous states wanted to be represented according to population and the small states wanted to be represented by states. And they could not compromise because there was no room for a compromise. Some of them thought that they might just as well go home and forget the Constitution. They had an old one, called the Articles of Confederation, and that did not work. How could anyone be sure that this new one would work?

Well, old Ben, he had been all over Europe and had met all the wise men and he knew all about the inside workings of all the countries. It was impossible to tell him that thirteen little colonies sitting prettily on the Atlantic Coast would ever amount to anything if each stood alone. He once drew and published a cartoon showing how, "United we stand, divided we fall," or words to that effect. To him

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the important thing was not how Congress was to be elected, but how a nation was to be united. He went to the essence of the problem.

So he invented the Senate. Let the House of Representatives be elected according to population and let the Senate be selected according to states, he said. And it is even thus to this day. Congressmen are elected by congressional districts; Senators are elected by a state-wide vote. There are 435 Congressmen; there are 96 Senators.

The state legislatures used to elect the Senators and only the august and the great sat in that body. Today, the people elect the Senators and even if they are not august, they are still great. If a man is elected to the Senate, he is *ipso facto* a great man. For instance, Huey Long was a United States Senator.

Congressmen are elected for two years. Then they have to be re-elected. It takes time and money to get elected, so Congressmen are very busy. Also they have their ears to the ground. A Congressman can discover that the skids are going to be put under him long before the skids are manufactured.

A Congressman's time is divided into two parts: 1. To discover how to vote on each measure. 2. To get patronage for his constituents. If he does rightly in these respects, he survives until a political landslide. Then he is forgotten unless he really has some extraordinary ability in business or the law. Otherwise, he sinks back into the condition of an ex-Congressman, which is a step higher than an ex-Alderman, but lower than an ex-Judge. Judges, like Colonels, bear this title forever, but a Congressman loses his when he is out of office. And what is a great man without a title?

A Senator is different. He ranks higher than a Governor. Even a Governor would like to be a Senator. Many Senators are ex-Governors and ex-Judges. In fact, only two jobs rank higher than a Senator, a Supreme Court Justiceship and the Presidency of the United States (depending upon the order in which you want to set them up). Cabinet officers may or may not rank Senators, but that depends on the individual. Some do and some don't.

A Senator is elected for six years. That means that he has no worries for five years. Then he has to straighten the mess out. Nevertheless, it is a fact that some Senators go on forever. For instance, Senator Borah is always re-elected, come Democratic landslides or Republican landslides. Idaho is proud of Borah because he is one of her chief products; the other is potatoes. Senator Wheeler is the same; Montana keeps him in the Senate to keep Montana famous. Carter Glass stays there to prove that you never can put anything over on Virginia, and Johnson of California remains everlastingly because his state knows no party lines. You are pro- or anti-Johnson there, not a Republican or a Democrat.

Senators have a further advantage

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over Congressmen. It is pretty hard to stop a Senator from making a speech once he gets started. A Congressman may ask for 'another minute of your time, sir." But Senator LaFollette, *père*, once talked for eighteen hours—and if they had not shot Huey Long, the Senator from Louisiana would have taken the world's record for continuous conversation. Huey was in training when they got him.

The fact that it is pretty hard to shut up a Senator makes him a mighty independent man. All he has to say to the party whip is, "Brother, I'll talk until hell freezes over, but you can't get this bill through," and he makes the front page of the national press.

It is true that Senators can shut each other up by a device called "cloture." It really should be spelled "closure." It means that they vote to close his mouth. But it takes two-thirds of the Senate to impose a "cloture," and you can't get two-thirds to do it. You know, you never can tell when your turn comes.

So the Senators can talk a long time. That fixes it so that a small number of Senators can start a "talk-up" strike. It took something like twelve Senators to beat the Versailles Treaty. They also beat up the career of Woodrow Wilson.

The most astonishing fact about the Senate is that political parties are none too strong there. For instance, if you listen to the radio before an election, you might come to believe that every Democrat thinks that every Republican is poison or vice versa.

But if you look at the *Congressional Record*, you discover that lots of Republicans vote with lots of Democrats and vice versa. When it comes to vote on a bill, party lines never hold. There are New Deal Republicans and Old Deal Democrats and they split geographically no matter under what emblem they are elected.

It is a pity that so few Americans read the *Congressional Record* because they miss the advantages of the world's greatest sacred and profane literature. Congressmen and Senators alike have this benefit of the *Record:* When they want to say something without troubling to open their mouths, they can do so under the "Extension of Remarks," feature of the *Congressional Record*. It is a device for increasing the cost of printing while decreasing the quantity of oratory. Practically nothing that appears in the "Extension of Remarks" was ever heard in the Halls of Congress. But the constituents are not supposed to know that. They receive copies of these Extensions, printed on poor paper in small type by the Government Printing Office to make reading difficult. These speeches, unspoken and unread, provide a deep impression of profound statesmanship.

Senators are often likely to become terrifyingly independent. When one goes off that way, he is likely to become a very strong national figure. For instance, Senator Borah has a way

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about him of gumming up the works by saying exactly what he pleases, and often out of turn. Senator Clark of Missouri is like that too. You never can make him stay put. He has the advantage of having had a great father and nobody can call him a Liberty Leaguer without impugning his ancestry. Nobody does.

Sometimes Senators work a hobby. For instance, Senator Nye is strong on peace and Senator Black on snooping, and Senator Wheeler on facts. When a Senator specializes in this manner, he easily becomes nationally famous because the newspapers sooner or later give him the front page. Senator Nye, for instance, discovered who makes wars and why, and that discovery has made him the Einstein of the United States Senate because nobody knew about it before he told them.

Some Senators make a practice of standing in right, like Senator Wagner of New York, while other Senators enjoy being against the current, like Senator Byrd of Virginia. Neither attitude does particular harm. Some of those who stand in right get along, and some of those who fight the current get along. There is no rule.

It is customary for every Senator to believe that he might become President of the United States. Not many have. For instance, during the whole of the Twentieth Century, only one Senator has been elected to the Presidency, Warren Harding. McKinley was a Congressman; Roosevelt I was a political jack-of-all-trades; Taft and Hoover were cabinet officers; Wilson, Coolidge and Roosevelt II were Governors. Nevertheless, most runner-uppers for the nomination are Senators and it is always possible that lightning might strike one of them. Occasionally a Senator becomes a Vice-President but that is like being pensioned off for old age.

The Vice-President presides over the Senate, but that is not regarded as very important.

In the present Senate, the few Republicans on hand hold presidential possibilities, but the Democrats are particularly strong in competent men. Therefore, the next four years will see Democrats who step out into strong, independent positions. A prospective President cannot be a follower—he must lead—he must stand out clearly enough to make the front page and the newsreels and to get radio time all on his own.

When a Senate is full of Presidential possibilities, the President usually has a hard time of it. For instance, as a rule, the first term of a President is often smooth; but the second term is a political rocky road to Dublin. The reason is that in the second term, the Presidential potentialities in the Senate become active, and that makes life unbearable for Presidents.

It is that that makes the Senate so interesting. At least half of the Senators have to do their own thinking to get on. It is a high percentage in any body of men.

—GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

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OLD EMMA IN EXCELSIS

THE LAST SHALL BE THE FIRST, UNTIL THEY ARE PUT BACK IN THEIR PLACES

One day when Sir Thomas Garper was out with his hounds, a day that was threatening rain that had not yet fallen, and scent was bad and the hunting slow, he came to an open ditch with scraps of bramble growing sparsely along it, a fence with no difficulties apparent whatever, and put his horse at it. And then, for no cause that Garper ever knew, he suddenly saw the bright hair of his horse's fetlock flash past his face, and they were down. There must have been wire in the brambles. And the result of that fall was a dislocated shoulder that, on account of some small fracture, could not be set in the ordinary way, and Garper had to have an operation on it. And that is how he came to have a curious experience, that is probably not unique, because they only did to him what modern surgery has done to several others. As he had never had any anesthetic before, he was perhaps a little excited at the prospect, which, in addition to the pain in his shoulder, must have stimulated his memories a good deal. And these memories went running all the way back to his childhood, all the way back till they came to Old Emma, the housemaid, who used to tell him tales when he was a child, and bought little presents for him out of whatever small savings she had and did him innumerable kindnesses. It was of her that he had been thinking while he was actually breathing the gas, and there came to him then the thought that had often occurred before, which was that humble and uneducated as Old Emma was, and crude in her outlook and even coarse in some of her ways, she had probably as good a chance of Heaven as many people whose station was considerably above Emma's. It was more than a chance, thought Sir Thomas. Or was old affection leading his judgment astray. Whatever it be, as his wits quickened just before sleep, he began to feel sure that Old Emma would be in Heaven, and even determined that if anything went wrong with the operation he would look for her there till he found her. There was no particular arrogance in this assumption that he would get to Heaven himself, for he had been a good squire and had directly benefitted

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large numbers of people. And something did go wrong with the operation. I do not know what was the cause; but the work on Sir Thomas Garper's shoulder had proceeded for little more than ten minutes when his heart stopped beating. Breathing of course ceased too, and Sir Thomas was, to all intents and purposes, dead. And there the surgeons would have had to have left it, if it had happened a few years ago. But now they are able to massage the heart, which may have the effect of starting it beating again; and this they proceeded to do. Meanwhile the body was lifeless; and the soul of Sir Thomas Garper slipped out, and came to Heaven. He realized at once what had happened, except that he did not know that the surgeons were still at work on his heart. And there he was in Heaven. He saw very blue hills far off, and orchards all in bloom, and more May than he had ever seen in all his life on earth, and lawns with small streams running through them among flowers, and multitudes of people. And one of the first that he recognized was an old fellow who used to hunt with his hounds, until he too had found a bit of wire in a hedge and, in his case, his neck had gone. Apparently he had felt nothing at all, and had come straight there from the near side of the jump. It was he that told Garper what was happening: he had come just in time for a review of the heavenly hosts, four corps that were to be led by four archangels, practicing for Armageddon, as they did every few years.

"I'd like to find Old Emma if she's here," said Garper, "an old housemaid of ours. I always thought she might get here in spite of . . ."

"We can't look now," said his old friend. "The march past of the angels is coming."

"She might be somewhere in this crowd," said Garper.

"We'll look afterwards," said Hornut, the friend who had broken his neck.

"I'd like to," said Garper. "I'd be glad if the old soul got here."

And as he spoke the far sky was flecked with flashes of whiteness, like small clouds lit by the dawn of a summer's day. And they moved, and Garper saw that it was the hosts approaching. To say that as they drew nearer they were the most wonderful sight that Garper had ever seen would have no particular meaning, for they transcended so incomparably all glories and splendors which he had known, that no comparison was possible. At first they wheeled like smoke or storms or birds, and then they came on in lines, stepping on air. Once more he thought of Old Emma. "If only she could have seen this," he thought. And after that his attention was naturally all absorbed by the grandeur of the great spectacle. For the angel hosts, with their white wings folded behind them, and all in armor that seemed like dia-

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monds set in silver, were suddenly very close. They seemed like gigantic cavalry as they marched by; their shapely forms rippled with each step that they took on air, and the ripples went up the armor in little lines of light. And a splendor more bright than the armor shone in their faces. Four great archangels before them strode with that majesty that there seems to be in the wind that sometimes rises and suddenly blows before thunder. The great shape of the nearest of them, perfect in form, came by with the slabs of its diamonds flashing, holding a sword like a meteor. And, as Garper gazed, the eyes of the archangel turned towards him, and looked into his own and brightened, and he knew that the splendid figure was going to speak to him. And the gleaming lips opened and the archangel spoke.

"Why, Master Tom," it said; "you always was a one to be watching soldiers."

It was the voice and the accent and, in a marvelously transmuted way, even the face of Old Emma. So that he blurted out "Why, Emma darling!" Which may seem to us an odd way for him to have addressed his old housemaid, but to him it seemed on reflection which rapidly came to him, that it was hardly the way in which to speak to an archangel. But in the glow of Old Emma's eyes this reflection faded, and memories of Garper's childhood rose in their place, and intensified and shone in the light that was bathing Heaven, till they somehow seemed to blend with Heaven's landscape, so that they and it were all one happy glow, through which Old Emma strode, a shape of tremendous glory. But those happy memories and the glorious scene seemed somehow shaken by the surprise of finding Old Emma an archangel, shaken so that all the landscape and the strange light over it quivered, and the blue hills shook and all the apple bloom faded, and even the hosts of the angels grew suddenly pale as mist, and passed like dreams from an awakening man. And like dreams the whole scene faded from Thomas Garper, except for memories that, like butterflies carried by storm far out from their own land, lost brightness in the inclement air of earth. For the surgeons had got his heart going again and, however the soul knew, it returned, and got back in time. And so he awoke, with his memories flitting and fading, but amongst them shining clear the astounding fact that Old Emma was an archangel.

"Old Emma is an . . ." Sir Thomas began.

"Well, we got you round all right," said one of the surgeons.

"Any difficulty about it?" said Sir Thomas.

"Oh no," said the surgeon. "Well, as a matter of fact we had."

And they told him a bit about what had happened. But what was really interesting him still was the

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marvelous promotion of Old Emma, and as soon as ever he got well he asked the Bishop to dine with him. And over the port he told him about the operation, and the Bishop had wanted to tell him of an operation that he had had for a goiter, but Sir Thomas had managed to keep him to the point. And then he told him all about Old Emma.

"Of course I know that she might have got to Heaven in spite of her humble upbringing," said Sir Thomas.

"Oh, certainly," said the Bishop.

"Indeed I expected she would," Sir Thomas added. "And we are told about the last being first. But an archangel, you know."

And then Sir Thomas went all over the main points again: the undoubted fact that his heart and breathing had ceased, the intensely clear view of Heaven, old Hornut seen again, and then that astonishing promotion; "Now what am I to make of it?"

"I think it must have been only a dream," said the Bishop.

—Lord Dunsany

EVER TRY TO STAND ON BOTH FEET?

For years I have been wondering why it is a person can stand more comfortably on one leg than on two.

Why, I have often asked myself, do I like to have one foot on the washstand while shaving, and all weight on the other foot?

The thing has been all the more puzzling from the fact that it evidently isn't just a silly whim of my own. I find that everybody prefers to stand on one foot.

When sitting down, you have one foot ahead of the other, or your legs crossed. Most of the weight is on one leg or on one foot.

Men entering the army discover that it is impossible to stand comfortably any length of time with the weight evenly divided. They must learn the trick of standing on one leg while to all appearances standing on both.

What I started to say was that I was years learning the explanation of this odd human fact. I asked many smart folk, but none knew the answer. Some had not even noticed that such a fact existed.

But if one persists in asking questions, there is always a chance of eventually learning the answer.

An eminent anatomist now tells me:

"Of course you're more comfortable on one leg. Your leg muscles weren't built to stand still so much as for propulsion. If you were a kangaroo and proceeded in jumps, both legs at a time, then you might find it easier to have your weight on both feet. But since the muscles are contrived to move you ahead, one step at a time, one leg or the other must be on a strain when they are side by side. Your legs are your transmission and the muscles are built for locomotion."

—Fred C. Kelly

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FINGERPRINTING DISEASE

A DUTCH BIOLOGIST HAS DISCOVERED AN ASTOUNDING METHOD FOR FINDING CANCER

A Pasteur, a Lister, a Koch, can see visions for which they are almost crucified by the blind adherents of accepted ritual. So perhaps, today, speaks from Switzerland a new pioneer who may give to medicine what fingerprinting gave to crime detection.

Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, a painstaking Dutch biologist, observed years ago what he liked to call "ice paintings" forming on the windows of shops during cold weather. He determined to find out why the frosty pictures etched on the window of a butcher shop were so grossly irregular, while the icy finger of winter had sketched, with infinite beauty and symmetry, delicate patterns on the window of the flower shop but a few doors away. He believed that the air, besides carrying room moisture, picked up and carried to the cold glass infinitesimal amounts of plant or animal extract and that these minute properties were the formative forces utilized by the cold to shape the "paintings." But belief is based on desire and opinion; and Pfeiffer, like Noguchi, Schaundinn, and Takamine, was not satisfied with belief, he must know.

He was convinced, after years of careful work, that if the extracts of plants or animals were properly collected and liberated in a suitably controlled medium, their formative forces would be manifested. In 1925 with the aid of his assistants, he made thousands upon thousands of tests in his laboratory in the Jura Mountains of Switzerland. Gradually he learned, after months of routine work, how to prepare a slide (glass plate) for growth. He found that minute vibrations were sufficient to completely destroy his crystals, so he devised tables with legs resting on concrete posts passing through ports in the floor and imbedded in the mountain side where no vibration save an earthquake could disturb them. The crystal pictures were formed by evaporating solutions of different salts, usually copper chloride, into which had been injected the extract to be studied, these extracts being in great dilution. Gradually he found that if he poured evenly 10 cc. of a copper chloride solution varying in strength from 5% to 20% on a circular glass plate with a diameter of 10 cms., kept the temperature at 28 degrees Centigrade, and the humidity

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from 30% to 50%, the evaporation occurred between 14 and 18 hours, then he would have the formative force picture of the plant or animal.

From his "ice pictures" in the shop windows he had progressed to the formative pictures of plants and animals in his copper chloride crystals on mounted plates.

But now that his first curiosity was appeased, a stronger force drove him on. He had observed that deviations from the regular patterns would appear in his pictures when he took the extract from a diseased plant or animal, or from a sick person. His studies revealed that seedlings taken from diseased or undernourished trees would give irregular pictures, while seedlings from healthy trees gave regular patterns. Could he prognose what trees would be good for conservation? What an unlimited field he had verged on! The Dutch government, convinced of his ability to indicate the better trees for reforestation, employed him in their department of conservation. If he could detect conditions such as improper nourishment at the roots or too little moisture in the soil of trees that he had never seen by simply receiving a few seedlings in a glass vial, how far might he not go in the quest for an early diagnosis of human ills, tuberculosis, Hodgkin's disease, infections, and most dreaded of all, cancer? Could he possibly detect the finger prints of the master killer even before the skeleton hand crept insidiously into the vital organs of its victims?

Determined to search out and test his appalling thought, that perhaps one could detect disease without even seeing the patient, before the signs and symptoms had manifested themselves to the clinician, just as the Wassermann complement fixation test may show the presence of the *Treponema pallidum*—the cause of syphilis, before the disease itself becomes apparent, he devoted himself to his research.

By 1930 he was ready to make intensive studies on human blood. By making thousands of studies of people said by their physicians to be in good health, he found that the best time to draw blood was the late afternoon; that only a few drops were needed and must fall directly into warm distilled water, later to be diluted and added to the copper chloride solution; that the copper chloride preparation varied in strength with the age of the individual; that the ingestion of food would distort a picture; that the menstrual period would have its effect on a normal plate; that under proper conditions the plates of a series should be alike, and that a consistency as to the focus and the peripheral radiation of the plates might be expected in a healthy group of people. And then he found that when a pathological case was referred to him, there would be distortions—instead of one center there might be several. By quartering his plates with his lines passing through the main focal point, he could correlate and tabulate the type of distortion and its location. He

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now had the normal plate quartered and studied, from many healthy individuals, and likewise plates from diseased patients, which by repetition on the same person, and countless others, supported his theory that disease had a telltale mark. Certain parts of his plates corresponded to certain areas of the body, and a lobar pneumonia or tonsillitis would give different types of distortion in different parts of the plate.

He was finally able, not only to recognize inflammation and disease, but to tell the kind of disease; not only to tell the kind of disease but give its location; a cancer of the transverse colon or the breast; a sarcoma of the kidney or the spleen; a tuberculosis of the lung or the intestine. In cancer, he found an unmistakable bundling of the crystals like a sheaf of wheat, with one side vastly larger than the other. In tuberculosis, he found a picture resembling a rough maltese cross. In Raynaud's disease there was the appearance of a shotgun-peppered plate with many focal points. The more malignant the disease, the greater the metastasis—the greater the distortion in the crystal picture.

And now came something that astounded all who saw or heard it. He was finding pictures in his crystals in apparently healthy people, pictures that indicated trouble. He noted this and discussed his findings with the attending physicians. Months later, the clinicians' watchful eyes would detect a subtle change and a cancer was caught in its incipiency; while man could still help.

But yet the healing arts were reluctant to credit so fantastic an idea as he espoused, necessitating on his part the most conservative utterances which might still be misconstrued. Physicians from France, Holland, and Germany would send to Pfeiffer blood from their patients. He, knowing only their age, sex, and race, would grow the crystal pictures and give his opinion as to the nature of the ailment. It was for Professor Dr. Trumpp of Munich and Dr. S. Rascher to follow Pfeiffer's technique and verify his statements. They have supported his work for the medical world in their written article of June 26, 1936 under the title *Nachprufung der E. Pfeiffer' schen Angaben uber die Moglichkeit einer kristallographischen Diagnostik; Versuch einer Hormonoskopie und Schwangerschaftsdiagnose. In Munchener Medizinische Wochenschrift.*

Does this not open up a new field for science? Is it not unlike the fourth dimension, or finding a monster in a vacuum? Perhaps Pfeiffer will some day take a place beside those benefactors of mankind, who, while groping for a fitful gleam, suddenly open the door of a great secret, that bathes mankind in its benign splendor? Is he not fingerprinting disease? Is he not preparing a Rogues' Gallery for the identification of age old criminals—the diseases that have eternally stolen health and strength from human beings? —Dr. Henry George III

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ISLE OF "UNKNOWN AMERICA"

THOUGH GUAM BELONGS TO THE UNITED STATES, ITS NATIVES HAVE NO COUNTRY

FAR out in the blue Pacific, more than three thousand miles west of Honolulu, lies a tiny bit of the United States that, in many ways, is the strangest bit of land on the entire earth. It is Uncle Sam's "enigma child," something of a government riddle, because its twenty thousand inhabitants, although not aliens, can never become citizens either by remaining there or by going to the mainland like other people and residing the specified time for naturalization!

We are speaking of the tropical island of Guam, which is even more an isle of "keep out" than that of privately owned Niihau, in the Hawaiian group. Guam is a forbidden naval preserve . . . sans fortifications, guns and military secrets. It is a feudal estate lorded over by a man vested with as much power and authority as any monarch. Everyone there with an official job, from governor to dog catcher, is a Navy man without a single naval duty to perform.

For thirty-seven years Guam has been a part of the United States, not merely a protectorate as the Philippines were. Yet while those years have brought sanitation, electricity, paved roads, schools, telephones, ice, international communication, movies and other symbols of modern Americanism, its administration remains a strange phenomenon, for the Guam-born man is a man without a country but owing allegiance to the only country of which he cannot become a citizen! It is a case of when an American citizen is not an American citizen.

Guam is a closed port. Your passport would be about as effective in gaining admittance here as it would be in Nepal or Tibet. It is a strictly private Eden. Not only is Apra, its only harbor, and the Navy's own inland property (less than one-tenth of the 210 square miles that comprise the island), closed to visitors, but the entire island is included in the closed port. No foreign vessel can touch on its shores without permission from Washington, and no American vessel without permission from its Governor. Nobody can land on this part of the U. S. A., whether American or foreigner, without similar permission. Once there, he must have the same

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approval to leave, and this applies to the native inhabitants. Guam exercises the same restrictions and censorship over photographing, sketching and sight-seeing as on a man-of-war.

If you are ever fortunate enough to walk down the main street of Aganya, where is situated the old Spanish government Palace still used by the American naval governor, you will see twin rows of neat, wide verandaed houses perched on high concrete posts, and toward the edge of town the thatched huts of the natives. You will see lumbering water buffalo drawing huge carts loaded with coffee, rice, sugar and coconuts. Perhaps an automobile or two will pass by, for Guam boasts a few of them.

Once a Spanish possession, it was awarded to the United States by the Treaty of Paris on December 10, 1898, but in reality Guam was "captured" by Uncle Sam about six months before that. On June 20th, the cruiser *Charleston*, under the command of Capt. Henry Glass, bombarded the Spanish Governor and he, not knowing a war was on, thought it was a friendly salute and apologized because the garrison had no powder to return the gesture! Two weeks after the treaty was signed, President McKinley directed the Navy to adminster the island. It has been what one might call an incredible administration.

To Capt. Bradley, one time governor, goes the credit of creating "Guam citizenship." Under it, inhabitants of the island are citizens of Guam. They already had a congress and courts, a state seal and a flag. But Guam is not a country but a part of the United States—and none of them, courts or congress, has any legal standing, as any governor can abolish one or all of them at his pleasure.

The late Edwin Denby, when Secretary of the Navy, decided Guam citizenship in a proclamation entitled "Court Martial No. 1923," on March 31, 1923. In spite of persistent recommendations and demands, it has not changed since. His decision was: "While a native of Guam owes perpetual allegiance to the United States, he is not a citizen thereof, nor is he an alien, and there are no provisions under which he may become a citizen of the United States by naturalization."

Now, just what is the purpose of Guam? Today it is no more military in aspect than one of the old forts of 1776. Once it was modestly fortified. The Navy classed it as one of a string of bases stretching across the Pacific to the Philippines and China. Several guns frowned from the hills, another stood on the site of the old Spanish fort on Orote Point, and the U. S. Marines had a fair-sized seaplane base in Apra Harbor.

Came the Versailles Treaty and the puny defenses of Guam, being the largest island and in the center of the Mariana group, became a sore spot in our relations with Japan, which had acquired the Marianas as part of its

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South Seas mandate. The Washington conference of 1923 followed, and the United States agreed not to increase its military establishments west of Hawaii. That applied to everything from heavy artillery to water pistols in either Guam or the Philippines. Today it is as if the horses were gone and the barn torn down with the Navy still on guard.

Guam, at present, is merely a naval base, an unfortified one, and an important fueling station for the Clipper ships flying between the continents.

The governor of this tropical paradise is one of the few surviving absolute monarchs of this age. Mussolini is a piker compared to him. He can abolish the people's bill of rights, congress, courts, the flag or "Guam citizenship" without explanation to anybody. The insular congress, composed of two houses, is elected by the fourteen municipalities, but the governor can remove or appoint any member by a wave of his hand. It can deliberate, discuss and decide, but its decisions are merely advisory ones which the governor can make or ignore. He decides what shall be exported and imported, what taxes to levy, where and how his vassals shall live.

Even the courts are advisory. The governor appoints the judges and their decisions are binding only when he does not disapprove. With all its modern forms, Guam is distinctly a tribal government with a properly uniformed naval officer as its chief.

That Capt. George A. Alexander, the present governor, is a good chief is evidenced by the smoothness with which this tiny island empire functions. His aim is to make Guam self-supporting.

Education is compulsory and, for thirty-seven years, public schools have included English in their excellent curriculum. They have produced a staff of fine native teachers and principals. Night schools have been established recently to teach adults English. Yet, with almost forty years of instruction in English, natives carry on their conversations in their own Chamorro language, even the employees in naval offices.

Governor Alexander has established a very practical public market in Aganya. It is conducted on extremely simple regulations. All the farmer has to do is raise the vegetables. Each day, before dawn, a government truck stops at his place and picks up his produce. This is delivered at the market and usually sold before noon. The farmer receives his pay and begins gathering his next day's load.

What Washington's plans are for the future of Guam is not known. Will the United States relinquish it to the Japanese, whose possessions completely surround it? And if they do, what will become of its twenty thousand inhabitants, who have been taught American ways, the American spirit of independence and self-respect, and who are loyal and patriotic Americans, though they are not citizens?

—Robert M. Hyatt

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PORTRAIT OF MADAME CHARPENTIER

No one has ever come closer to capturing the quintessence of a painter's art in a phrase than Elie Faure on Renoir: "The silks are like flesh and retain their lightness, the flesh is like silk and retains its weight." Nor has any portrait better deserved such praise.

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PASTEL PORTRAIT OF DE BANVILLE

To put a quick pastel sketch next to one of his most perfect portraits is a severe test. Yet here, in the play of light about the eyes and the parchment gleam of an old man's skin, Renoir caught in an hour the aliveness that eludes an academician for a lifetime.

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TORSO IN THE SUNLIGHT

All Renoir paintings are "saturate in sunlight," the dappling mottling light-play that wanders over bare bosoms and quivers upon bodices, ornaments and ribbons. To cite Faure's felicitous phrase for this Renoir hall-mark, "everything is tremor, everything is a caress."

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YOUNG WOMAN READING

Alike in this study and in *The Swinger* on page 19, Renoir shows the results of his early association with the Impressionist group, those devotees of open-air painting who brought into the realm of art effects of nature that it had never been possible to capture before.

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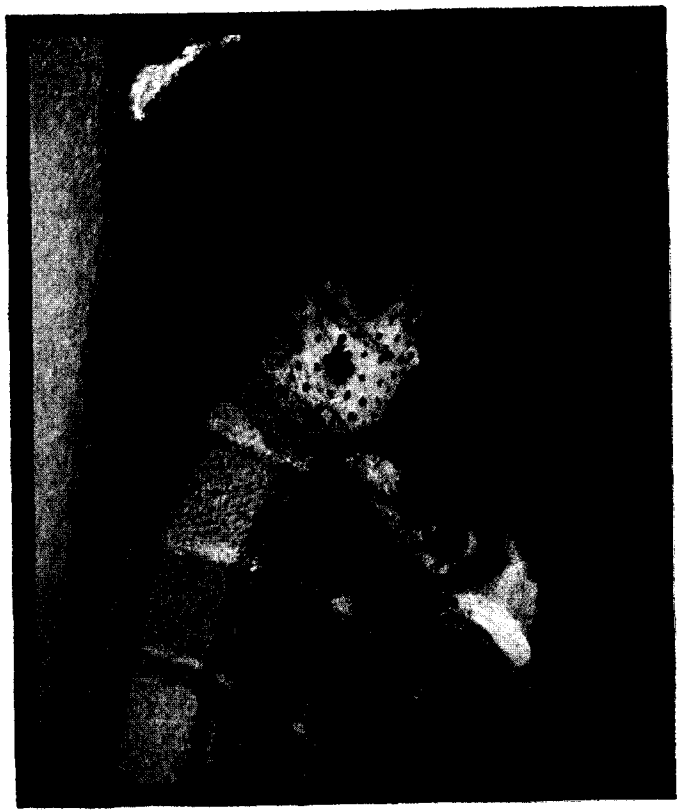

RENOIR—WOMAN WITH VEIL

Paint was never more subtle than in the delicate evocation of the hair and flesh through the gossamer-thin texture of the veil; touch was never more sensitive than that which caught the light on the grey wool of the shawl; truly an Old Master, who died in 1919.

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MANET—ETUDE DE POITRINE

Although Manet died thirty-six years before Renoir, he was only nine years older. They were close associates, working and exhibiting together, in the Impressionist group, with Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, Cézanne. Manet began juxtaposition of pale tones, avoiding chiaroscuro.

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MANET—WOMAN WITH A FAN

Typical of a Manet tendency that was to exert an enormous influence: all parts of the picture are treated by the artist with equal respect; there is no theatrical emphasis of one portion, no suppression of "unimportant" detail; all detail is of equal importance.

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LADY MAKE-BELIEVE

PRINCE MIKE IS AN AMATEUR COMPARED TO THE PRINCESS CARABOO OF JEVASU

THE art of the female impostor—and a very exacting art it is—has fallen of late into unworthy hands. Oh, one hears occasionally of some pretty triumph: in 1929 there was the British virago who stepped into a soldier's uniform and completely befuddled His Majesty's officers; and in the same year, a French provincial lass diddled an American master of finance with a saucy hoax. But, in the main, the technique is indifferent, the aims paltry. The modern lady phony has no place on the glittering lists of yesteryear's impostors.

What jail can boast an inmate capable of raising $10,000,000 with no more than a trouser button as security? What nimblewit has the nerve and imagination to endanger the entire succession to the English Crown? Two centuries ago Mrs. Olive Serres did just that when she produced forged documents to prove herself the illegitimate daughter of King George III's brother. Today the art is practically extinct.

True, the speed of modern communication and travel and the existence of a floating body of international society luminaries render the impostor's efforts precarious. But less than a generation past, when social boundaries were rigid and one traveled less extensively, the art was practiced with finesse and grandeur.

Female imposture may be roughly divided into two categories: the art-for-art's-sake imposture, and the imposture for gain. In the former category I place towards the top of the list that fey, elfin creature, the Princess Caraboo of Jevasu.

She made a dramatic entrance into British history on the evening of April 3, 1817. Opening to a timid rapping on their cottage door, a peasant couple of Almondsbury beheld the pretty, dark-skinned maiden wearing a Kashmir shawl over her head Indian-fashion. She was apparently unable to utter a syllable of English. She made signs that she was famished. The peasants fed her; then, not knowing what to do with her next, took her to Knole House, residence of Mr. Worrall, the local magistrate.

Questioned by Mr. Worrall and his stout-hearted wife, she could only repeat the word "Caraboo." They con-

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cluded that this must be her name. It was decided to place her temporarily in a home for the destitute. From sign-language and one or two English phrases she had picked up they gathered she was an Oriental, a princess no less.

Her strange story spread throughout Great Britain and to the charity home streamed an endless procession of profound scholars, archaeologists, linguists, geographers, Government officials. Everybody joined in the delicious game of trying to determine her race and tongue. None could understand how she had got so far away from home. One day a Portuguese sailor from Malay visited the home, engaged the Princess in conversation, and emerged with the announcement that she came from the Island of Jevasu in the East Indies, whence she had been kidnaped by pirates. The sailor's motives are puzzling. Soon after, he vanished from the Princess' life.

The good Mrs. Worrall, who had at first been a trifle suspicious, now received Princess Caraboo at Knole House, lavished upon her every attention and courtesy. During her stay the Princess exercised herself with bow and arrow which she had carved from wood. She carried in one hand a huge gong, striking it at odd moments "in a very singular manner." In the other, a wooden sword. Her head she dressed in feathers and flowers.

She finally yielded to the invitations of lion-hunters and departed for Bath, the fashionable watering-place of the Regency. There she was the rage. No salon could be really *au fait* without the distinguished presence of the Princess Caraboo. At this time a Dr. Wilkinson, a Cambridge scholar, wrote learnedly:

"Her mode of diet seems to be Hindoostanic... She carries about with her a cord on which some knots are made like the Chinese *abacus*, which afterwards gave rise to the sliding beads, the *suon puon*. All the assistance to be derived from a Polyglot Bible, Fry's *Pantographia*, or Dr. Hager's *Elementary Character of the Chinese*, did not enable us to ascertain either the nature of her language, or the country to which she belongs . . . I have deemed her more resembling a Circassian; her countenance, her complexion and her manners, favor such a supposition; and probably her appearance here may be connected with the Corsairs who have been hovering about our coast. The Supreme Being she styles *Alla Tallah*. All who have seen her are highly interested in her."

A boardinghouse keeper chanced to see this article in a periodical and recognized in the physical description of the Princess an old friend. She journeyed at once to Bath, confronted the girl, and immediately exclaimed: "Why, Mary Baker, whatever are you doing in that outlandish dress?"

The comedy was over. Mary—she confessed it freely and with a hint of delight in her mellifluous voice—was a kitchen drudge, who had yearned all her life for the color of romance. It

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never occurred to her that by her sustained performance she had displayed talents which might well have made her fortune in the theatre. With a happy little sigh she went back to her skewer and her scrubbing pail.

Lady-into-gentleman metamorphoses were formerly a common type of imposture. Because women enjoy greater social and economic equality, it is rarely practiced today. There are no noticeable advantages in being a man. Until fairly recently, however, numberless adventuresses successfully altered their sexes. There were the soldier-women—Christian Davis (Mother Ross), Hannah Snell, Phoebe Hessel, and in 1929 "Captain Sir Victor" Barker, a divorcée twice over, herself legally wed to a pretty Londoner. She was solemnly decorated with the D.S.O. for wholly fictitious war services. Among sailors and pirates were Mary Talbot, Anna Mills, Hannah Whitney, Mary Reid and Ann Boney.

It is not widely known that Mademoiselle de Maupin, the transvestite heroine of Theophile Gautier's perfumed, over-ripe romance was a character in real life. She was a popular singer at the Paris Opera. As a girl in the late 17th century she had eloped from her provincial husband with a fencing-master, M. Serane. Her relationship with this cavalier effected a curious change in her. She took to male dress and became a proficient swordswoman.

The masquerade was so realistic that the daughter of a rich Marseilles merchant fell madly in love with her and left home. It was this incident which inspired Gautier's novel. Pursued by the furious father, who believed his daughter had been seduced by a city rake, they took refuge in a convent. It was another matter to get out. For two days La Maupin was under the necessity of simultaneously wooing her addle-pated consort and concealing her true sex. She managed it.

While they were in the convent one of the nuns died. In the dead of night LaMaupin substituted for the corpse the wide-eyed, panicky girl. She then set fire to the convent to cover up the deception, and in the confusion they made off.

They next hid themselves in a nearby village. But here La Maupin's violence and her incurable tendency to fight duels so troubled the girl that she ran home to papa. La Maupin was captured and sentenced to be burnt alive. Through her lofty connections at the opera she was reprieved.

Back in Paris she distinguished herself as a duellist. During a fashionable ball three men challenged her for insulting a lady. She impaled them one after the other like pigeons on a spit.

Paris was too hot for her now and she fled to Brussels where she became the mistress of The Elector, Count Albert of Bavaria. But her predilection for masculine attire and brawling distressed him so much that finally he dispatched a minion, Count d'Arcos, to order her out of the country. She kicked the Count downstairs.

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Her popularity gone, her beauty faded, she entered a convent. She died repentant—with a man's boots on.

All efforts to extort fortunes by means of imposture pale beside the accomplishments of an illiterate French peasant girl, Therèse Daurignac, who became Madame Frederic Humbert through marriage to a dunderheaded barrister. She had neither beauty, wit, nor that intangible magnetism which the French call *la fluide*. Yet she stole $10,000,000 by the most fantastic fraud in criminal history.

With her husband's modest capital she furnished an elegant flat in Paris. Her first step was the installation of a monster steel safe with triple locks, each one secured by an official-looking red seal. When visitors asked about it she would answer mysteriously: "Oh, it contains securities. Immensely valuable, you know. They're worth, in fact, 100,000,000 dollars."

Soon all Paris was chattering about the little apartment on the Avenue de l'Opéra where dwelt the richest woman in France. She let it be known that the fortune in the safe had been willed to her by an American millionaire, a Mr. Robert Crawford, whose bastard she was. But she explained that she could not break the seals until the will had been probated. Robert and Henry Crawford, her American cousins, were disputing it. Nevertheless, Madame Humbert hastened to add, even if she lost her case, she would still inherit one-third of the entire fortune, which would be about $33,333,333.

Such was this woman's artistry that she was able to keep up the farce for twenty years! She lived exquisitely. Her dresses, her equipage, her entertainments were regal.

All this cost money. But the money flowed in a ceaseless, golden stream. Jewelers, bankers, merchants heaped it upon her to the extent of $10,000,000 in hopes of a slice of the fortune when the safe was opened. Meanwhile she brought suit after suit against the imaginary Crawfords, while they were supposed to be throwing all sorts of obstacles in her path.

Of course, it had to come to an end. In 1902 the Minister of Justice ordered the safe to be opened, Crawfords or not. When the hour was at hand M. and Madame Humbert had disappeared. Fearing the worst, officials tore open the safe. Resting impertinently on a shelf was a tiny mother-of-pearl trouser button. It winked at them.

The Humberts were arrested in Madrid where they were posing as Armenian refugees. Madame Humbert was sentenced to five years in solitary confinement. The adventure had almost been worth it.

Contrast your lady impostors with the male of the species—the "Lord Beaverbrooks" and "Prince Mikes." The conclusion is irresistible. While men have carried off impostures of which they need not be ashamed, the deadlier sex, endowed by nature with grace and histrionic talents, cannot be surpassed. —JOHN KOBLER

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THE WHITE SHIP

A MODERN VERSION OF THE PARABLE ABOUT CASTING BREAD UPON WATER

SEVERAL years ago during the time of the economic boom a beautiful ship with snow-white sails moved gracefully into the harbor. It was a dream—sixty feet long. There were beautiful sleeping cabins, a lovely little dining saloon, a bathroom and even space for a crew of two. It was a rich man's playboat.

The owner, believed to be a Hollander, loved fishing. For romantic Adriatic nights a young and pretty lady traveled with him. Perhaps she was his wife . . . nobody asked.

The gentleman's face was the mask of a great financier, one who could mention millions without nervousness. The fishermen in this Adriatic island regarded him as a man from another world.

There was much rivalry when he asked for two native pilots to guide him through the best fishing bays and steer his boat away from the treacherous rocks of the region.

One afternoon the fisher-financier dozed after lunch. He was aroused by a discussion between the two pilots and his engineer. He did not understand Italian and called his engineer.

"What are you arguing about with those fellows?"

"It is really not an argument, Sir," the engineer apologized. "They were telling me that motor fishing boats were ruining them. Starvation may soon destroy them. There is only one hope—a *tratta*."

"A *tratta?* And what is that?"

The engineer repeated the explanation of the pilots. A *tratta* is a giant dragnet that could cover an inlet in a 1000-foot semicircle. But it is frightfully expensive, costing 5,000 lira merely for the material.

One of the pilots, Old Antonio, recognizing the words *tratta* and *lira*, felt that the engineer must be telling their story to the rich man. He wanted to help.

Trembling and voluble with excitement, the weather-beaten old man poured out his woes in a torrent of words and gesticulation. He kneeled at the portly Hollander's feet, imploring his aid. The financier did not understand a word.

"What does the old man say?" he frowned.

"He declares," the engineer said,

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"that the price of fish has gone up lately. With a *tratta* it is often possible to catch 400 pounds of fish at one drag. Ten men could make and work a *tratta*. There are that many in his family—sons, nephews, brothers, etc. It would be a good business deal, he swears, for you, Sir, if you would advance the 5,000 lira. They would share the profits equally with you."

The Dutch gentleman gazed into the wreathing smoke of his cigar, and did not answer.

"The same old story," he thought. "A good business deal. That is what they all say." Many times his wily fellow financiers had told him the same thing. The last time he believed it, the belief had cost him $80,000.

A sudden anger boiled in his mind. Devil take that old fisherman! The reason he had escaped to this quiet place was to forget his business worries. And he had barely felt the peace of isolation when a wind-worn fisherman from nowhere, trousers tied up with a string . . . tried to offer him a business deal . . . *tratta* . . . hell . . . and the worst of it, he was again reminded of that $80,000 he wanted to forget.

Old Antonio could not understand why the foreign gentleman glared at him so fiercely. He shuffled away, twisting his knarled hands, heavy with hurt and embarrassment.

The Dutch gentleman stomped about the boat glowering, even at the pretty lady. She could not soften his dark mood with her lightest smiles. He ordered the boat back to port.

As he started ashore, the fuming financier motioned Old Antonio to follow him. Half-afraid of the strange man's rage, the fisherman followed. At the hotel the Dutch gentleman got 5,000 lira in cash, and literally flung them at the fisherman's feet. Let him go and buy a damned *tratta!* Old Antonio mumbled tearful thanks at his retreating back.

The Dutch gentleman was simply in a rage. Like card players after losing for days at the club, going home along the street, may grit their teeth and say: "So I lose! Very well, let the whole damned thing go!" . . . and hurl the rest of their change at a passing tramp.

Tratta! All right, let there be a *tratta!* As companions to the worthless oil company bonds, there *must* be a little *tratta!* So then fishermen can laugh at the silly foreigner! Let them laugh!

A few days later the Dutch gentleman's ship and the pretty lady disappeared beyond the horizon of the Adriatic island.

It was a year before the white ship came again. The Dutch gentleman seemed several years older. The pretty lady was not with him. Instead of two sailors, he had now only the engineer. They handled the sails together when the wind blew enough to carry the ship without its motor.

The Dutch gentleman went directly to a rooming house, not the hotel of his previous visit. He talked to no one.

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The next morning a servant who spoke a few German words told him the *tratta* men wanted to see him.

"*Tratta! Tratta!*" he puzzled. "What the devil is a *tratta?*"

The servant explained as best he could. Whereupon the Hollander cursed. That damned *tratta* again! Now he remembered: He had just given them 5,000 lira. Not another lira would he advance the leeches, even if he could. Furiously, he sent word telling them to go to the devil and leave him alone.

He went to bed, tossing in sleepless indignation. Late that afternoon he arose for a walk. On the slope just below the rooming house several ragged men sat and sprawled on the ground. Seeing him, they leaped to their feet, removed their hats and hailed him joyously.

The Hollander recognized Old Antonio, and realized that these were the *tratta* men lying in wait for him. He tried to escape but the faster he walked the closer they pressed after him and the more vociferous their babbling.

He sought refuge in a water-front bar but the men poured in after him. The only thing left was to call the police. He appealed to the bartender in French, Dutch and German.

"Please call the police. These men are hounding me for money, and I owe them nothing."

The bartender spoke German. Old Antonio slouched forward, addressing the bartender.

"Can you make him understand? We have business with the foreign gentleman, and we are respectable men. We only want to explain."

The bartender translated.

"Well, what do they want?" the Hollander sighed.

"The *tratta!* We must give an accounting of the *tratta.*"

He surrendered. All right, let them give an accounting of the *tratta.* But not another cent could they get out of him. His world had collapsed during the last year.

Old Antonio sat down surrounded by his companions. From the bosom of his shirt he took out a canvas bag and turned it upside down. Out tumbled a wad of crumpled bank notes and coins.

Counting with trembling fingers, the old man divided the money into two piles—3,200 lira. Three times he counted the money, and finally gestured to the Hollander that he should count it too but received a curt refusal.

"Tell him that 1,600 lira are his profit on our first year with the *tratta,*" pleaded old Antonio. "The amount is correct, and the village mayor will testify that we are honest men."

The Dutch gentleman chewed his lip in embarrassment. He tried to smile but his face wouldn't work. As he looked at these ragged fishermen he suddenly felt tears burn in his eyes. He didn't dare trust himself to talk much.

Clearing his throat, he spoke to the barkeeper, softly, "Tell them to keep

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the money—divide it among themselves—and I wish them good luck."

The man scratched his head, thinking. Finally, he said: "Please sir, don't do that. It would cause a lot of ill feeling and trouble here. The custom here, ever since the memory of man, has been—whoever shares in the *tratta,* owner or fisherman, must also share the profit of the catch. Our people would not understand if you refuse the money. They might feel that you consider us beneath you."

The Hollander paused briefly, and pocketed the money. The men crowded about him to shake hands.

As he walked back to the rooming house, a curious warmth flowed in his heart.

A few days later, he went away. Another year passed before he came again.

Then, he did not appear in his white ship. He arrived third-class on a coastal steamer. Age had withered his face.

The *tratta* men found him the next day. They wondered sadly what had happened to their patron in his outside world.

For he sat on a beach rock and gazed silently out to sea. They brought him the year's profit of the *tratta,* not so much as before. He thanked them, wistfully.

Four years have passed, and the Dutch gentleman has not returned to his world.

Every day he wanders down the beach and over the countryside. Sometimes he drops in to chat with the bartenders in water-front inns, and drink a glass of local wine.

His home is a little peasant hut. Occasionally, he fishes. He lounges beneath the fig trees. He has become a calm and pleasant man. The light fish diet has given him health. The *tratta* brings in a small but sufficient income. Life is not expensive on an Adriatic Island. —LAJOS ZILAHY

MONKS AND TRAINED SEALS

A WISE man once told me that everyone of us is by instinct either a monk or a trained seal, or somewhere in between.

"The trained seal," he explained, "hasn't much foresight and works only for immediate reward. It wants a piece of fish after each act it performs. But the monk is willing to live an uneventful life for 80 years or more, because he believes he will get his reward in the world to come."

Anybody can look about among his neighbors and acquaintances and see plenty of examples of both types of mind.

Men even marry according to the tendency to be a monk or a trained seal. One weds a cute little trix for the immediate joy of admiring her charms of face and figure; another shrewdly selects a trained nurse who can look after him when he grows old and gouty. —FRED C. KELLY

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HOUSES OF EARTH

THE MODERN, INEXPENSIVE WAY IS TO BUILD WITH EARTH, LIKE THE ANCIENTS

IF YOU want to experience the real joy of living—try bringing your castle-in-the-air down to earth and build your home of Mother Earth. To do this you must revive the most ancient art of construction and use the materials at hand.

Results will convince you that given a site and a bit of earth, any man or woman may build a house that will cost less and be more durable than one built of any other material. It will be fireproof and practically air-conditioned without extra cost in time or material, and it will help the family budget also by reducing the repair costs if not actually eliminating them. Rammed earth walls gradually become like stone and are alike impervious to moisture, rats and termites.

Two such houses already flank the city of Washington, one at the extreme eastern boundary, the other on the west. The first, called Hill-Top House was built in 1773. It has literally withstood the storms of well-nigh two centuries. The original walls turned to stone and defied the demolishing touch of a house-wrecker who tried to raze the structure and, after repeated failures, canceled his contract. It was then decided to restore the house. The front of the house with its 27-inch walls, is 20 degrees warmer in winter than the modern addition, which is not of rammed earth. In the summer time, the old part of the structure is as cool as an air-conditioned house while the new rooms throw off a sweltering heat.

The modern example of this ancient architecture, was erected in 1921 by Dr. Humphrey in the western suburbs of the Capital near Cabin John.

Interest in this work kept pace with our construction and the curiosity of sightseers sometimes interfered with the workmen who were asked to explain the process as the work progressed.

There is an excellent reason for the present lack of information on rammed earth construction. There's no money in it for anyone. No material to sell. Rammed earth is free to all and unpatented, offering every man a chance to reap the reward of his own industry. The material costing nothing is right at the building site, and the walls can be built at approximately

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25% of the cost of a similar wall in brick, less than 50% of a concrete wall, and from 25 to 30% less than the cost of a good frame. Earth seems to be about the only material which has not risen in price. Masonry walls are rarely watertight, concrete walls twelve inches thick will shed water, and brick walls are both damp and cold, while earth walls are not only damp proof, but also heat and cold proof, for once dried and water proofed, moisture will never penetrate them. These walls will last for centuries and are proof against frost, rain and fire and are superior in solidity to any cement. They are too dense for vermin to penetrate; rats cannot gnaw through them. The solution of the lower cost building is found in the revival of (*pisé de terre*) rammed earth.

The use of earth in the construction of human habitations greatly antedates the written history of man. In Normandy alone, *pisé de terre* construction dates from Neolithic times (3,000 to 10,000 years B.C.) down to the present. In the valley of the Rhone River (France) *pisé de terre* houses of great age (600 to 900 years) are still occupied and in good condition. Adobe buildings in Mexico, California and elsewhere in the Southwest certainly date back to early Spanish occupation.

Rammed earth is not a slow process. Three men can haul, dig and place 54 square feet of 18-inch wall of the first story in a day. It is a method by which a farmer may solve the housing problem on drought-rayished acres. About his only cost is a few sacks of cement. The lumber for the forms can be taken from an old shed or a corn crib, and the labor cost is removed since the farmer and sons can do it themselves. The doors and windows can be purchased ready-made, and the framework, clamps, etc., can be put together by the farmer himself. The actual erection of rammed earth presents so little difficulty that it can be done by anyone who has sufficient strength to shovel earth and wield a rammer.

Before starting, a detailed plan must be made, showing the location for various wooden plugs, to which trim or window frames or door lintels may later be fastened. The work progresses as in masonry construction.

Summer is the best season to build, but it can be done any time that is dry with no probability of frost.

The most important considerations in *pisé* work are:

(1) The selection of a proper soil having the correct amount of moisture content when used.

(2) A thorough compacting of the earth. But success of this material is dependent upon other factors. The soil cannot be too moist, else a stroke in one place will make it rise in another. This condition will stop your work until it is dry enough for ramming. When the soil is too dry, there is no need for stopping work, for it may be sprinkled with water to as-

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sure the proper amount of moisture.

In digging cellars, it generally happens that the dirt which comes out of them is suitable for the purpose. But the top soil is not fit as it contains vegetable matter and will prevent proper compacting. Rammed earth is a mineral substance and anything that can slake or rot must be excluded. It is better to cast aside nine inches of top surface soil and it is a good plan to sift a large heap of it and keep it under shelter, to permit uniform distribution of moisture, so that a supply in proper condition will be always on hand.

The Tools and Forms

The only special equipment for this work comprises rammers and forms. These are simple and can be made by anyone handy with ordinary tools. Of course, picks, shovels, screens and watering pots are required in proportion to the size of the work. Three rammers are needed; one being of heart-shape, another of wedge shaped head and both cast iron. The large rammer of flat-faced type is a hard wood block covered with an iron shoe and makes the best rammer to start the work. These three weigh about 15 pounds and can be made by any blacksmith or pipe cutter.

How To Judge Soil

The soil in a foot path which remains hard in wet weather is fit for rammed earth walls. Difficulty in crushing a dry lump of soil between the fingers is another indication, but to prove that the earth is suitable for building, the following test should be made. Place a small wooden tub without a bottom in a hole in the ground in which a flat stone has been set. To prevent bursting, the space around the tub should be filled with well rammed earth. The soil to be tested should then be rammed into the tub in four-inch layers until it rings like metal, then removed. If when the natural moisture decreases, it continues to increase in density, then it is fit for building. Pure clays are not suitable because of excess shrinkage and pure sand will not bind. A mixture of the two is good.

Foundations

A concrete or stone wall must be built to go below the frost line. Lay the foundation 4 inches wider than the earth wall is to be; that is, for an 18-inch wall lay a 22-inch foundation up to or slightly higher than the surface level. The rammed earth walls must be off of the ground. On top of this lay a 2-inch section of concrete exactly as wide as the wall is to be. The width is important as the mold must later be laid plumb and true, and clamp to the course at the start. You are erecting a house which will last for centuries if you use care.

To make the molds, you need 6 planks 1½ inches thick and about 10 feet long and 9 inches wide—with 50 feet of 2 by 4—all planed timber. These planks are nailed on stout bat-

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tens. They are held together by 4 pairs of posts 3 inches by 3 inches which are connected above and below with tiebars of flat iron 1½ by ¼ inch. The tiebars have at each end a certain number of 1-inch holes punched in them to receive pins for the purpose of preventing the posts from slipping off. By changing the pins, walls of any given size can be obtained.

Although commonly confined to one or two-story buildings *pisé* walls have been carried fifty feet high, as in a church in France which was 80 feet long, 40 feet wide with walls 18 inches thick. If the building is to be 40 feet high, the bottom walls should be 22 inches thick; for the second story, the wall may be 18 inches thick, and for the third story, 14 inches thick.

The Ramming Work Begins

Place in the mold boards any section pieces for doorways or windows which will reach to the foundation. In order to provide openings in the earth wall for the floor joists, wooden blocks of the proper dimension should be placed inside the mold at the correct positions where the beams are to come, and lightly nailed to the mold boards. The floor joists may be set as soon as the blocks are removed. The joist recesses should be large enough to permit the circulation of air. All openings in the walls must be foreseen and blocked off in the mold. The openings must be made the exact size.

If made by a carpenter, a set of molds should not exceed in total cost $130. This amount should cover all iron parts and blacksmithing, lumber and carpentry. Quarter-inch iron-pipe and ordinary "tee" fittings will serve for the mold "tiebars," eliminating blacksmithing.

Piping

Provision for the soil pipe, electric conduit should be carefully made in the original plans. The pipes and conduits can be placed against the inside surface of the molds which will render them more accessible and the rammed earth will hold them in place. Bulkheads must be set in the forms at door, window, and other openings to withstand the pressure created by ramming.

The earth is shoveled into the form in 4-inch layers. The most skillful workman should be placed at the corner to see that the form does not swerve from line or level. The earth in the corner and close to the side of the form should be rammed first and then the rest of the surface. The strokes should cross one another so as to press in all directions. The ramming should be rapid but never in unison. The men must not keep time in striking the earth nor drive heavy blows. When the rammers bring forth a singing sound, it is time to place another 4 inches of soil in the form. Layer after layer is rammed hard until the form is full and level with the top, and the form can then be taken apart and

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reset for the next wall, by knocking the keys or pins out of the bolts. The top of the lower course walls should be roughened and slightly moistened so that the next layer of earth will adhere to that already in place. Thus section by section the walls are raised to the desired height. Carry the first course all around the building and when this is completed start the second course. It is exactly the same system followed in laying brick or masonry.

The top of the earthwork on which it is proposed to erect another section should be well moistened and covered with wet bags while waiting for the completion of the next layer to be set upon it, and if this section adjoins one already built, the ends of the latter should be beveled off so as not to form a straight joint.

The earth is first beaten down with a V-shaped rammer and then surfaced with a flat-bottomed one; the sides of the molds are rammed with a spade-shaped rammer. The doors and window frames are correctly set in the molds and anchored into the walls by long hoop-iron ties, while the walls are going up.

Boards in the earth wall will be as sound in 100 years as on the day they were placed in the wall. The rammed earth over doors and window openings should rest on heavy wood reenforcement and 3-inch Georgia pine will last for centuries.

Once properly rammed, the earth is so solid that it will support from 10 to 30 tons per square foot. Beams may be set at once when the mold is removed, and the heaviest roof and floor timbers may be put in place in the freshly rammed wall. A house for a single family is generally finished in about 2 weeks. 2 men, new to the work and therefore proceeding slowly, completed a six-room house in 26 days. With a power plant, I believe 4 men could do the work in about 3 working days, by using air-compressers to do the ramming, or in 8 to 10 days with hand ramming.

If plaster is desired for your inner walls, just apply it as you would on lath. It sticks tightly if you give it additional holding surface by scoring it with a rake.

For outside walls the cheapest finish is a waterproof coating made from 1½ gallon unslacked lime, 3½ gallons boiling water and ½ pound of common tallow, mixed thoroughly, adding enough water to insure easy handling with a brush.

Fireplaces may be finished in rammed earth walls in exactly the same fashion they are finished with any other walls, and if the house is being built in the summer, it will be dry enough for occupancy within 10 days after completion.

The housing problem has all at once become an acute national need, and while a world-wide search has been going on for lower-cost building materials, we have actually found a superior product right under our feet. —A. B. Lee

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REVOLT IN THE ZOO

THE TIGER, BECOMING A FUEHRER, FOUND THE GOAT GUILTY OF GIVING AWAY MILK

THE young chimpanzee ignored the crowd of spectators surrounding his cage in the Bronx Zoo, and scratched at a louse. His mouth gaped open in a yawn. Through the bars his bright black eyes peered out at distant trees, multi-colored by autumn printing. A peanut thrown by a child bounced into the cage. Disdainfully he sniffed at it. He would have preferred a ripe banana.

Frequently, during the day, a curious crowd peered in at him. Invariably there were exclamations: "Ooh, Mama, look at the funny monkey!" from the children, or, "Why it looks almost human!" from the adults. And someone read from the little green sign:

CHIMPANZEE
Pan satyrus
Habitat Central Africa
This specimen is three years old

He knew how to amuse them. Leaping violently, his long arms dangling, he launched himself across the cage on a swinging trapeze. Then he thumbed his nose. The crowd roared with laughter.

At two o'clock the keeper came, swinging the keys at his belt. He unlocked the cage and set down a container of food. The chimpanzee chattered with pleasure and seized a handful of cooked sweet potato, which he meticulously peeled and crammed into his mouth.

When night came and the Zoo closed, he crouched miserably in a hay-filled corner. He remembered the vast jungle he had known, and great luxurious fruits, sour and sweet. To be able to scamper again in a real tree —with real branches, without bars and annoying people to stare at him! He ached for the opportunity.

The nervous elephant stamped impatiently as he languished in cramped quarters. The chimpanzee heard the grunting of the hippopotamus as she sneered at the puddle of water given her for bathing. The lowing of a water buffalo, the grunting of a gnu, the bark of foxes and the howl of wolves came to his ears as he lay and rocked with misery.

The other animals frequently complained of their imprisonment. The giraffe was never the same since he had scraped his head against a beam

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in the ceiling of his cage. The lion and tiger complained that their hair had lost its luster, and the bear objected because his nails had become blunted against the cement floor. Only a scraggy goat dolefully chewed its cud all day long without complaint and gazed with sad, fatalistic eyes at the world.

The chimpanzee fell asleep. He dreamed of his days in the jungle and of great wild bats swarming against a full-bellied African moon.

Drowsing fitfully the next afternoon, he heard a familiar jangle of keys as the keeper approached. One eye opened and watched as the cage was unlocked and a container of food hurriedly shoved in. The chimpanzee's alert eyes also saw something else—the flash of a glittering brass key as it dropped from the keeper's waist, unnoticed, and slid into the hay. He waited until the keeper had left, then probed through the hay until he found the key.

When the sun set that evening and darkness came to the Bronx, he crouched, alert and wakeful. At midnight the lights in the Administration building went out, the animals slept, and only the neurotic howl of a coyote interrupted the stillness of the night. The chimpanzee fumbled with the key, hopping in his excitement and chattering softly, and finally sprang the lock. Then he opened the door and scampered on all fours to the adjoining monkey cages.

The monkeys, aroused by his presence, began to chatter loudly. He quieted them with a quick warning and unlocked their cages. They swarmed out and excitedly peered in at their cages from the outside, tails curling with merriment.

The chimpanzee then ran to the elephant cage in an adjoining building. The elephant roused easily and poked a startled and inquisitive trunk through the bars. The chimpanzee turned the master key, and with the aid of the elephant's tremendous shoulder, swung the heavy door open.

When the lion's turn came to leave, he marched out as if on parade. The tiger swiftly shot out of his cage with a grunt of "It's about time!" The hyena sneaked out, without so much as a "thank you." Every zoo-dweller was released.

They waited patiently while the chimpanzee ventured to the Zoo entrance and cautiously poked his head about. He motioned to the others. They crept on tiptoe into the open field surrounding the Zoo and stood huddled together under the moonlight. The chimpanzee led the way to the woods, and once hidden from the Zoo, the procession charged into the forest, drunk with liberty.

They came to rest, deep in the woods, under the shelter of a pine grove, and seated themselves in a semicircle. The forest was pitch-black, except for the moonlight which filtered through the lofty pines.

"Indeed, it is truly wonderful!" chattered the giraffe with admiration,

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as he pivoted his derrick-like neck at the miscellaneous assembly.

"Do you realize," wheezed the hippopotamus, almost losing her breath with excitement, "that this is the *first* time we animals have *ever* come together in *peace?*"

They glanced around at their neighbors and were truly astonished.

"Marvelous!" muttered the zebra. "We are making history. It only goes to show what a common cause can do!"

Nevertheless, an antelope seated near the tiger could not control her nervousness, and restlessly paced the ground. The tiger glanced at her, a smile curving at his whiskers and huge incisors.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked. "No one is going to eat you!"

The chimpanzee scampered up the giraffe's neck and royally perched there. "It is highly fitting," he began, "that we proceed to elect a body of officers for the purpose of preserving our new emancipation."

"What does he mean—emancipation?" queried a wolf, whispering to the fox.

"Why," answered the fox, "he means we are now free citizens. We all have a vote. It really amounts to democracy."

The hyena slunk toward the tiger, followed by the fawning jackal. The three held a brief caucus meeting.

The lion stood up and reared his majestic head.

"I am the King of Beasts," he roared. "I will take my rightful place upon the throne. I shall be your ruler."

The tiger padded forward, whipping his tail back and forth. The hyena and jackal followed at a discreet distance.

"Bah!" he sneered, curling his lip. "Monarchies are out of fashion. *I* shall lead you to a more glorious destiny. *I* shall find your place in the sun. *I* shall be *Dictator!*"

"Hail!" howled the hyena and the jackal encouragingly to the others. "Hail to our new leader!"

"But it was *I* who released you!" screeched the chimpanzee. "I should be President!"

"Quiet, monkey!" ordered the tiger. "You shall have a post in my cabinet."

The lion bared his teeth, made as if to protest, saw the forbidding faces of the tiger, hyena and jackal, and lapsed into indifference.

"There is an election before the house," the tiger went on, purring in a reassuring manner. "Everyone will say, 'Aye'."

There was a sudden silence. The animals stirred uneasily on their haunches. The goat, gesticulating violently with his beard, whispered something about parliamentary procedure, but stopped abashed when transfixed by the tiger's glaring eyes.

"Well?" ordered the tiger impatiently.

"Aye!" howled the hyena, his black jaws slobbering with enthusiasm.

"Aye!" cackled the jackal.

"Aye, aye, sir!" suddenly screeched a rainbow-colored macaw, remember-

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ing his pre-zoo days with a sailor. "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Aye!" chattered the monkeys, clapping their paws and dancing up and down.

The bear hesitated, cleared his throat as if to speak, looked vaguely foolish, and finally nodded. The other animals followed in turn. The elephant punctuated his vote by a nod of his question-mark head. Only the goat stirred his hoofs uneasily on the ground and was strangely silent.

The tiger shot a glance at the chimpanzee. "Where is *your* vote?" he roared.

"Aye!" the chimpanzee uttered hastily, dodging in fear behind the giraffe's stately neck.

"Excellent!" muttered the tiger, licking his chops with satisfaction. "That makes it unanimous!"

The hyena and the jackal once more slunk forward and held a whispered consultation with the tiger.

"We will now proceed to bring order out of chaos," the new Dictator said, glancing around. "The goat will step forward."

"Me?" said the goat, his beard trembling.

"Yes, you!" snapped the tiger. "You with the beard!"

The scraggy goat apprehensively stepped to the center of the circle, all eyes fastened upon him.

"This animal—this horrible creature!" thundered the tiger, "is an enemy of the state!"

The other animals glanced at the goat in astonishment and whispered among themselves.

"Look at him!" growled the tiger, "Just look at him—at his ugly face, the filthy beard of deception he wears, the hangdog way in which he carries himself, the stench he exudes! He defiles the glorious state of animaldom! He is not one of us. He comes from hidden crags in the mountains, a foreigner raised by the enemies of our glorious state to give milk!"

The goat, shivering with terror, hunched his shoulders uneasily.

"But—" he meekly protested.

"Silence, creature!" growled the tiger.

He walked around the goat and snarled. "While we animals—pure blonde animals—have fought gloriously throughout the ages to carry on civilization, this traitor—this defiled creature—this polluter of our race—has been giving *milk!*"

His lips parted terrifyingly. "Go, goat! Get out! You are herewith banished from our state forever! Leave us at once before this peaceful assembly rips you beard from tail!"

The goat blinked his sad eyes a few times, glanced at the animals, whose faces were hard and merciless, shrugged his shoulders resignedly and crept into the forest.

"Now that we have cleansed the state of its traitor," continued the tiger, "we shall march. There is safety farther in the woods. There we shall find our place in the sun and realize to the utmost our glorious destiny!"

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The procession marched into the woods, headed by the Dictator. The hyena and the jackal walked beside him. The giraffe wound up at the rear, with the dejected chimpanzee still crouched on his head as lookout.

"Isn't it glorious!" marveled the giraffe, "to have *such* a strong leader! He speaks with such assurance, with *such* sincerity!"

For many hours the animals plodded steadily into the forest. The night air and unaccustomed exercise sharpened their appetites.

The elephant plucked at passing trees in an attempt to satisfy his hunger. The giraffe paused for a few moments before a tall birch and nibbled.

The carnivorous animals watched enviously and muttered to themselves. A wolf turned and eyed the fox beside him with unusual interest. The fox turned and spoke flatteringly to a woodchuck. The lion sniffed at the rump of the nervous antelope. The tiger cocked his head and fastened his yellow eyes on the deer, who started in fright, but subsided when the tiger smiled with reassurance. The bear licked his chops and moved closer to the zebra.

Suddenly the tiger stopped and roared with fury.

"You have stepped on my feet!" he thundered at the antelope. "I shall eat you!"

The antelope turned in panic. "But how could I step on your feet, Your Highness?" she protested. "I am walking behind the hippopotamus!"

"Bah!" growled the tiger, "I'll eat you anyway!" He sprang up, and dislocated her vertebrae with one wrench of his saber teeth.

Once the odor of fresh blood filled the air, the lion whirled about and sprang upon the helpless deer, too paralyzed to move. The wolf killed the fox with a savage bite of his jaws. The bear crushed the zebra's head with a powerful blow of his mallet-like paws. The forest resounded with the cries and savage roar of warfare. Monkeys shrilled in fear and scattered, frightened out of their wits. The macaw cursed his heart out and flapped frantically out of the hyena's rapacious teeth, leaving a crimson tail feather dangling behind.

The chimpanzee made one wild leap for the nearest branch overhead and scurried off, tumbling, running and somersaulting, his heart knocking with fright.

Dawn was creaming the black sky when the bushes around the clearing of the Bronx Zoo stirred and parted. A dark thin face, almost wistfully human, stuck through and peered about.

The field was almost deserted. Only a scraggy goat, with sad fatalistic eyes and a long beard, knelt in one corner and ruminatively chewed his cud.

The chimpanzee scuttled across the clearing to his cage. Once within, he pulled the door shut and flung away the key as far as he could. Still trembling with fear, he buried himself deep in the sweet-smelling hay.

—IVAN SANDROF

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AMERICA'S EARLIEST BIRD

WISE WAS THE MAN TO MAKE THE EUROPEAN HOP IF ANYONE COULD

JUST one hundred years ago, the worthy burghers of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were busy wondering about that young cabinetmaker's apprentice, John Wise. Would that big wobbly bag he had tethered out in the cow pasture down the road, really fly?

It did. In the month of May, 1837, the young apprentice of cabinetmaking became the first "home-grown" American aviator.

And from then on his life held but one great dream—a flight across the Atlantic Ocean. He was the very first with the idea.

Then, during thirty years spent in regular and constant flying he became the world's most famous aeronaut, and holder of almost all the records. But he never stopped telling people and trying to raise money for a balloon hop to Europe. His claims were based on two original theories—his many flights convinced him North Atlantic air currents prevailed regularly from west to east; a balloon could remain aloft for fifty hours, the time estimated for the passage.

He was right on both counts, but he was always cheated of the chance to add the happy ending to his life's story.

He was an old man with a white beard when his first real shot at the goal came in 1873. The whole world knew him then. Everyone remembered that St. Louis-New York nonstop balloon flight he had made in 1859. Nearly 1,200 miles in twenty hours! Lots of people took the trouble to look up Liverpool packet records and found something in Wise's theories. It was crazy, perhaps, but if anyone could do it, Wise was the man. Even the United States Government agreed and gave its official backing by allowing him the use of the Brooklyn Navy Yard to construct a balloon which towered 180 feet when inflated.

"A daring aerial voyage from New York to Europe," read the announcements. New Yorkers forgot such details as the grafting Boss Tweed, and even the Panic of 1873.

"Every horsecar that passed the Capitoline Grounds in Brooklyn," reported the New York *Times* on one of the tune-up days for the flight, "deposited a large portion of its human freight and the multitude of sightseers swelled to many thousands."

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But this happened every day for three weeks, while the daring aeronauts apologized and publicly announced they waited only for favorable word from the Weather Bureau. Everyone, including the *Times*, began getting more than a little bored and finally that paper reported the same multitudes now exhibiting "a remarkable patience in staring at vacant air." But as the multitude paid fifty cents a head for this spectacle—against Wise's earnest protests—the backers of the flight felt little concern about a temporarily bad press.

Besides the co-operation of the government, the financial backing of the flight came principally from the *Daily Graphic*, a post-Civil War daily that tried for a few years to convince New York City that it needed a newspaper, half-standard size, plentifully illustrated with pictures showing news of the day. The Goodsells, publishers of this tabloid, spent most of their time selling and taking tickets at the gate, and writing stories about the trip "being undertaken in the interests of science."

The white-bearded aeronaut was a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Many of his inventions are still used on balloons, as are tricks of technique he perfected. He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a year after Robert Fulton had built his first steamboat, but twenty-three years after man had flown the English Channel. Until he had built his first balloon, he had never seen one. But it worked and he sailed the skies above his home town one hundred years ago.

Then he literally jumped into minor fame. His bag burst one day and he leaped to safety in a crude parachute he had built. Everybody talked about it, but Wise landed and more or less forgot about the whole matter.

When the Mexican War came along he was the country's greatest flyer and he dropped his transatlantic money-raising program to offer his services to Major-General Winfield Scott, reminding the commander of the American army that Napoleon had thought enough of military aviation to start a flying school. General Scott in turn reminded Wise about the notorious inability to direct a balloon's flight. The aeronaut replied that he had in mind a balloon anchored by a long cable which would drift over the besieged Vera Cruz, drop bombs and be pulled back and used another day. Scott said that nobody had ever heard of a captive balloon, so that idea had to wait for another war.

Wise returned to routine flying and then one day took inventory. Some sort of spectacular flight was needed; something that would prove the dependability of balloons for long flight and at the same time bring fame that could be converted into cash to finance his hop to Europe.

He did it. From St. Louis with three passengers, his balloon traveled a distance of nearly 1,200 miles, and in a fraction less than twenty hours! His acclaim was tremendous, the mark

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was to last until well in the twentieth century, and Wise thought his goal was near.

Financial backing for the great adventure of his life was nearly in his grasp but then, with a monotony that must have been pretty tiresome, another war came along. It was the Civil War, and Secretary of War Cameron sent for him and United States military aviation was founded.

This founding was hardly in a blaze of glory. Wise was told to have his balloon in readiness as it looked as though a battle might be fought any day at Bull Run. He found his bag could be inflated only at Washington and on the eve of the opening battle a detachment of Union soldiers had a hot and dusty time towing the swollen wobbly bag across the Potomac, along choked and dusty roads, over trees, railroad bridges and telegraph wires. Soon the sullen thunder of cannon brought the message of battle. With a last desperate rush the detachment brought the bag to the battlefield when an unseen branch collapsed the balloon with a horrid, hissing sound directly in the yard of the house used as headquarters by General McDowell, Union commander.

Soon after, Wise quit the army in disgust when his request for portable inflating equipment, to cost $7,000, was turned down by a non-air-minded general staff.

Wise returned to civilian aviation. By 1872 he had more than five hundred flights to his credit and many thousand hours flying time. But he was sixty-four and time was growing short for great adventures.

Boston supplied the nearest—as yet—answer to his problem. In 1872, big civic celebrations were planned for the Fourth of July. Wise hurried there and told them a most spectacular emphasis could be given their civic shindig if it featured his take-off for Europe. His ballyhoo idea received official cheers and he was guaranteed funds for a take-off on July 4, 1872.

First he drew his plans for a bag to hold 600,000 cubic feet of gas. This bag set a record for size not equaled until Commander Settle, U. S. N., built one of exactly the same dimensions to make his stratosphere flight backed by the Chicago World's Fair a few years ago. But Boston suffered a disastrous fire that year and official aid was withdrawn.

It was then the Goodsells, as another stunt to get New Yorkers to read their tabloid newspaper, stepped in and invited Wise to come to New York and make his attempt with their backing. He came to New York early in 1873 with the official blessings of the United States Government.

In a sail loft of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, work began on the balloon—to be the largest the world had ever seen. With its basket—divided into two decks and a lifeboat suspended beneath that—the whole structure rose 180 feet when inflated. Besides the main bag holding 600,000 feet, there was attached a smaller, goitre-like

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balloonet to carry reserve gas which was to replace gas lost from the main bag in valving. The latest scientific equipment and navigating devices were obtained, with the Goodsells particularly proud to proclaim the newest and most perfect signaling apparatus. This consisted of two carrier pigeons who jointly held the championship of the United States.

Wise's dream looked rosy. In addition to the *Graphic* backing, some Philadelphia publishers promised $4,000 for a book to be written about the flight. The whole project was to cost $15,000 and in addition to the two principal backers, Wise thought up some commercial tie-ups to help meet the bill.

One of these was with the Domestic Sewing Machine Company. A huge banner across Broadway published Wise's testimonial that these sewing machines were used exclusively in making the balloon.

But almost as soon as the gigantic bag was finished at the Navy Yard, sponsor trouble began. The Goodsells insisted on draining back the last bit of ballyhoo and everything was moved to Brooklyn's Capitoline Grounds, admission fifty cents. Wise fought this in vain, and in a recently discovered letter, wrote to his Philadelphia book publishers: "It is the most trying time of my life. A whole season of hope and exertion to be hung on a mountebank proposition. Read the *Graphic* today. Ground and lofty tumbling in the *Graphic* show for four days and four nights. Balloonacies served up at the counter to suit taste."

Every day meant another battle, but Wise hung on. Wise insisted on the Navy Yard as the only place for the take-off. The take-off was the most critical moment. There was a dangerous fringe of trees around the Capitoline Grounds, and with their great load of 14,000 pounds, getting off the ground held more dangers than the stormy North Atlantic.

"Once over the roof-tops and our worries are over," he told the Goodsells, trying to get them back to the Navy Yard. Their reply was to throw his son out of the park and continue selling tickets.

Then one day late in September, among the throng pawing the delicate navigating and scientific apparatus, Wise spotted Daniel Frohman, a young newspaper man on the *Graphic*. He told him the Goodsells must know that their commercial anxiety was threatening the soundness of the balloon. First, he explained to Frohman, because of the haste to place the bag on exhibition, the cotton used in its manufacture had not had enough time to dry after being oiled and varnished. The bag was gas-tight but probably not strong enough. Then too, it was being exposed too much before properly dry and the tarred marline netting, instead of the more expensive flax cord he had ordered, might chafe the bag dangerously.

The Goodsells did nothing about this except to diminish Wise's impor-

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tance in the flight by trying to organize their own crew for the hop. Seeing his goal so tantalizingly near, Wise suffered these humiliations but refused to withdraw from the flight.

Finally, with relations between the backers and the flyer nearly at the breaking point, the Goodsells found their Weather Bureau alibi completely worn out and announced the take-off. To witness this and complete inflation of the bag—admission fifty cents.

Secretly the Goodsells started to inflate the balloon—perhaps hoping to leave Wise behind. When he entered the grounds, the white-bearded aeronaut found clumsy workmen pumping gas into the balloon. They had poured 325,000 cubic feet into the bag.

In one quick glance, Wise was able to notice an ominous bulging on one side of the bag. He attempted to correct this and take charge of the inflation. His backers would let him do nothing. He told them the danger could be averted—as he later said: "It wanted nothing but an adjustment of the position of the balloon by a trimming of the guy ropes."

Hard words led to harder ones and Wise heatedly resigned from the flight. He added as he left: "You cannot get that balloon up without me."

As he walked slowly away, the Goodsells poured in more gas and sold more tickets. Wise had not gone three blocks when he heard a tremendous rip and a roar. The balloon had burst.

It was a little late in life to start all over again. To his Philadelphia friends he wrote the same day, telling them he would be at their office the following Tuesday, "ready for anything of a practical nature in the line of my profession."

He never dreamed how much his practical nature helped others. Still using his tricks, Commander Rosendahl was able to save a score of lives when the United States Navy *Shenandoah* split in half during a thunderstorm over Ohio. With part of the crew in the after portion of the ship, Rosendahl landed safely by free-ballooning the stern section, using many of Wise's tricks. In the same way, when engine trouble made the *Graf Zeppelin* a "free balloon" over the Atlantic, Eckener was able to use these same tricks and return to land safely.

Many transatlantic flights have since proved Wise was right when he said air current ran prevailingly eastward. And many years after Wise's tragic failure, a balloon broke all endurance records by staying aloft seventy-two hours. Wise had claimed he needed to remain aloft only fifty hours to reach Europe, a likely speculation when his 1,200 miles in twenty hours are considered.

But after his New York disaster, the old man had nothing to do but return to that "anything of a practical nature" in the line of his profession. In 1879 he made a routine flight from St. Louis and an Illinois farmer waved him a greeting as the balloon drifted toward Lake Michigan. He was never seen again. —JOHN PARKER

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ABOUT CAROLINE DURIEUX

A SOUTHERN GIRL WHOSE PAINTINGS HAVE NO LANGUOR, BUT AN ICY BITE

CAROLINE DURIEUX is one of those Americans who belongs to the South. She was born in New Orleans, an American of French-Irish descent. She is now living in San Antonio. She lived so long in Mexico City that her press books contain more Spanish than English comment. Her most ardent rooters are the Mexican painters, Rivera and Siqueiros, and they ought to know. So far as I can discover, Mrs. Durieux has never traveled through Europe; she has preferred Cuba and South America. She came as far north as the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to study and even spent intervals in New York.

But with all that the spirit of her art has nothing soft and languorous about it. The spirit of her art, even when she paints, is caricature and the spirit of her caricature is sometimes as hard as a frost-bitten nail. For one thing, that spirit is conveyed almost exclusively in pure, hard line. In fact even her painting is so contemporaneous with the reportage and comment of caricature that her work might gain clarity and directness if she abandoned color entirely or used it sparingly unless she could set it aside for the landscapes and flower pieces which she did in her early days.

Rivera has written of her work: "Not since the eighteenth century perhaps have such subtle social chronicles been so ably put on canvas."

Mrs. Durieux is interested in people on whom, in Rivera's phrase, she exercises her "subtle insinuations and mordant whimsicality," and she plays no favorites. Her eye, her pencil, her brush deal as hardly with men as with women. There is *Stag Party*—three men telling dirty stories after dinner. She strips people no less remorselessly when they're fully attired at the opera as at the beach, where they help her unnecessarily by stripping themselves. Maybe the truth is that people are their own caricaturists waiting for a Caroline Durieux, or an Adolf Dehn, or a Peggy Bacon, to come along and tell on them.

Perhaps it is a little too early to say (as someone has) that she is a modern Goya, but whether this is prophecy or exaggeration, it proves what an impact her work has made.

—HARRY SALPETER

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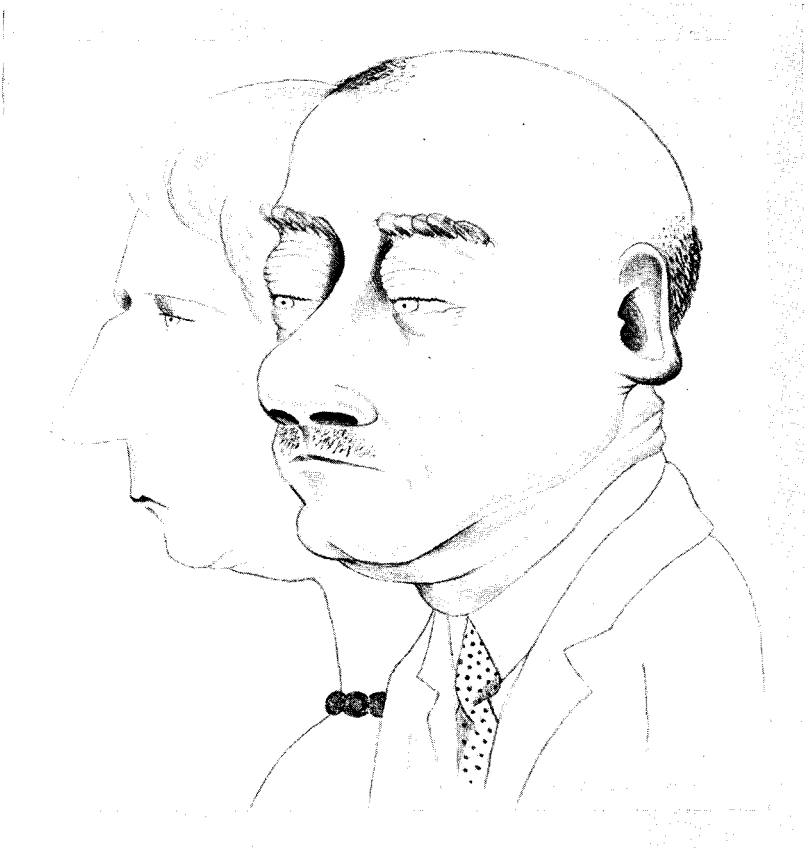

RUGGED AMERICANS

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NICE WOMEN

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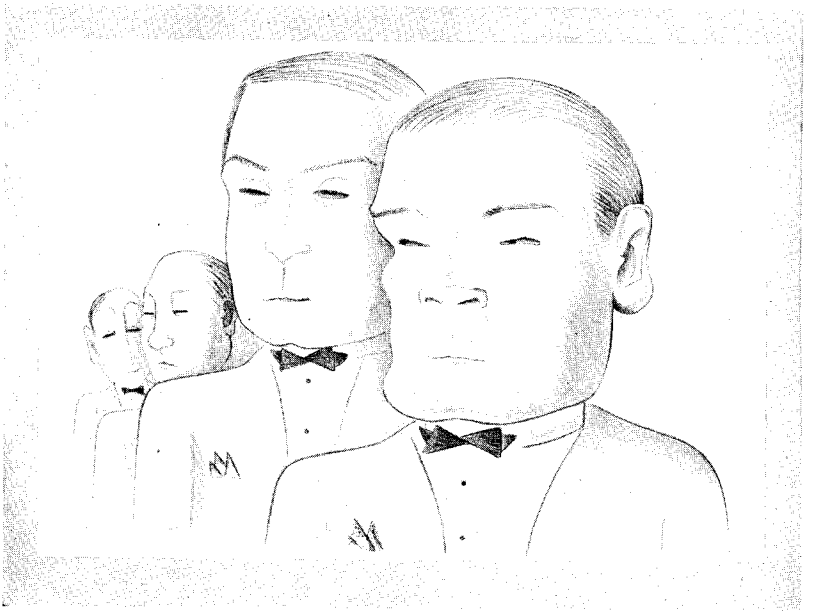

NICE MEN

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COSTUME JEWELRY

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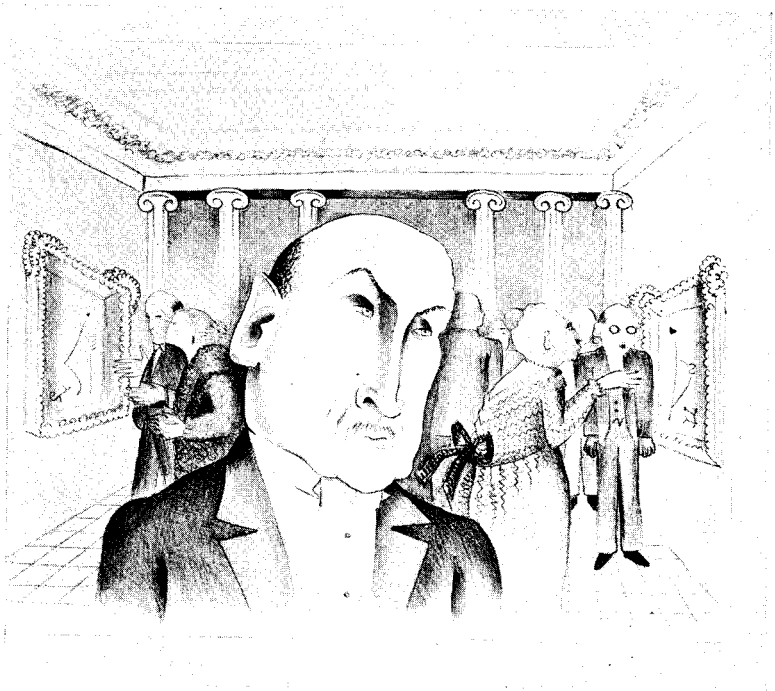

THE PREVIEW

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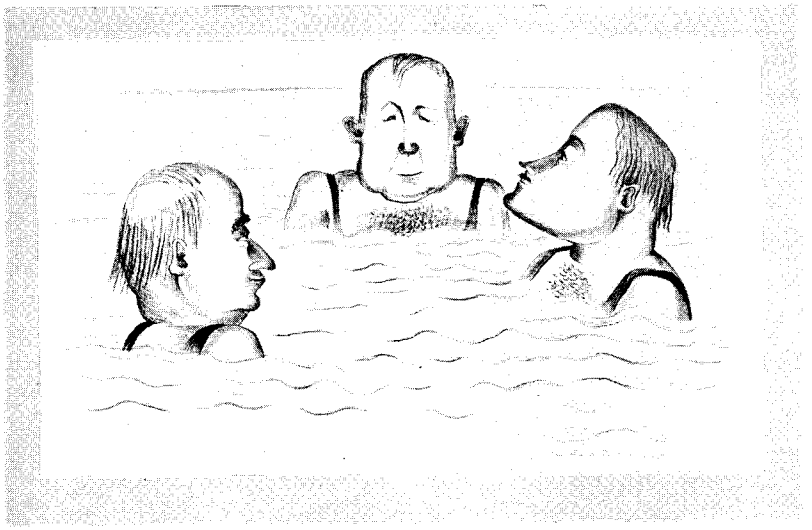

SWIMMERS

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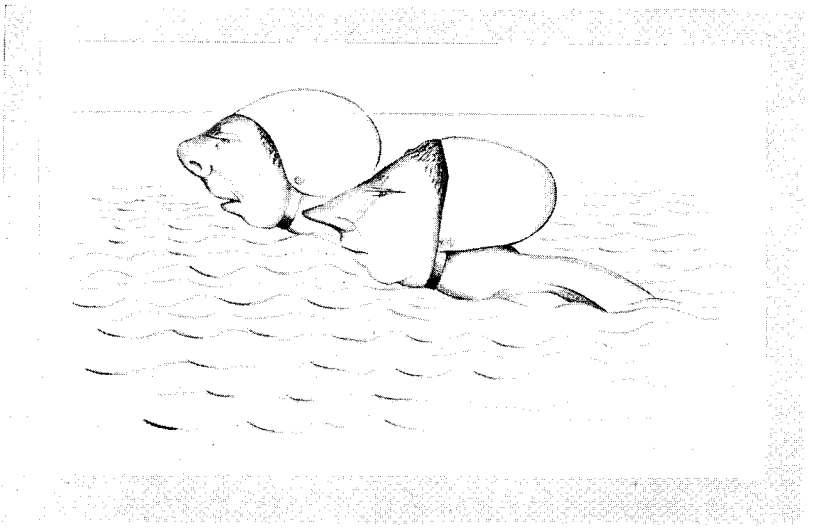

SEASCAPE

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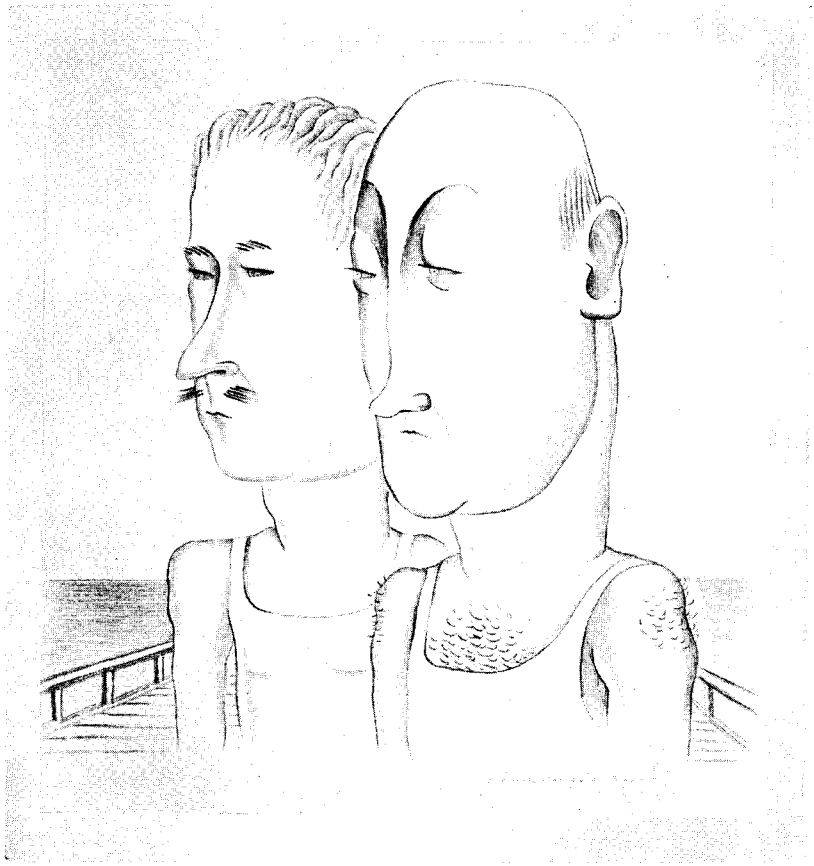

PLAYBOYS

(PAGES 51-58 COURTESY WEYHE GALLERIES, N. Y.)

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TALKING PICTURES

PROGRAM-NOTES ON A FEW OF THE PHOTOGRAPH PAGES IN THIS ISSUE

THIS issue features seven photographs by Stephen Deutch. In this country only since January, he is a young Hungarian who, like Steiner and Dienes, left Budapest to seek his fortune in Paris where, before leaving for America, he had lived and worked for the past eight years. The express route to photographic greatness seems to start in Budapest, with Paris as the first stop. In this instance the third stop (and we hope the end of the line) is Chicago where Stephen Deutch and his wife, also a Hungarian, now maintain a studio. More of his work is scheduled for early issues.

Note-needing photographs in the two sections from here to page 89 and from 107 to 137 may be the following: *Man with Cigarette*, by the young Armenian amateur, Djy Fringhian of Paris, a beach-play scene in which neither man nor cigarette is noticed at the very first glance; *Prince of Peace* by Sibylle von Kaskel of Berlin in which, despite the caption's clue, you may have to look twice to distinguish the Figure on the street-corner cross; and *Stowaways* by J. E. Holt of Milwaukee where again the title gives you a lead but the casual leafer-through may nevertheless miss the three little birds that ride as supercargo on the rhino's back.

Speaking of titles for photographs, Mr. Edward Weston begs leave to inform you that he had nothing whatever to do with the silly captions over which we presented his photographs on pages 132 and 133 of the April issue.

Other pictures in this issue which gave us joy that we hope you share are *Heel* where you can practically hear the lazy bather singing in the bathtub, *Old Grey Mare* where you can almost hear the old cronies saying "Remember 'way back when?" Quigley's distinctive light-study titled *Crescendo*, the X-ray flower pictures, and the pastoral peace and beauty of the *Nova Scotian Portfolio* by W. R. MacAskill.

And remember that you can now have 8″x10″ contact prints, tastefully matted, of any of the photographs in this issue (or any issue since March) for $1 ($1.50 in Canada) each. This is a non-profit accommodation to readers, so payment must accompany all orders.

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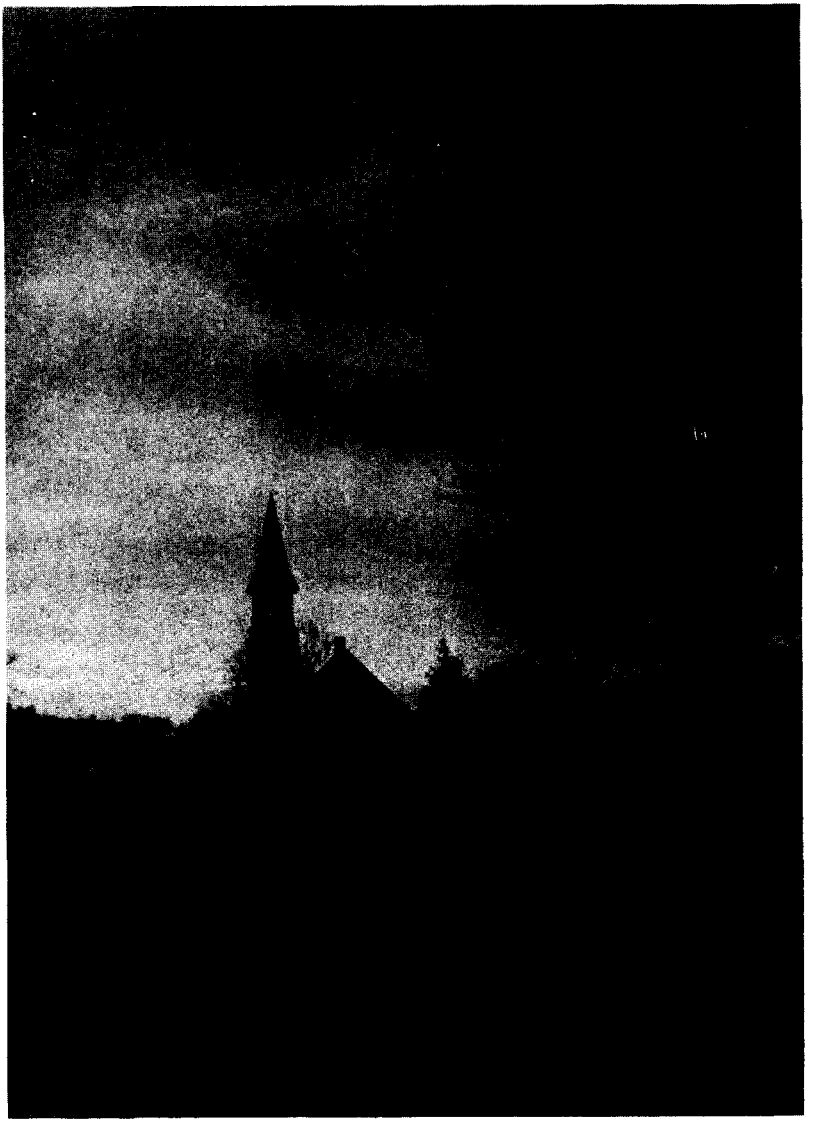

AXEL BAHNSEN YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

A STUDY . . .

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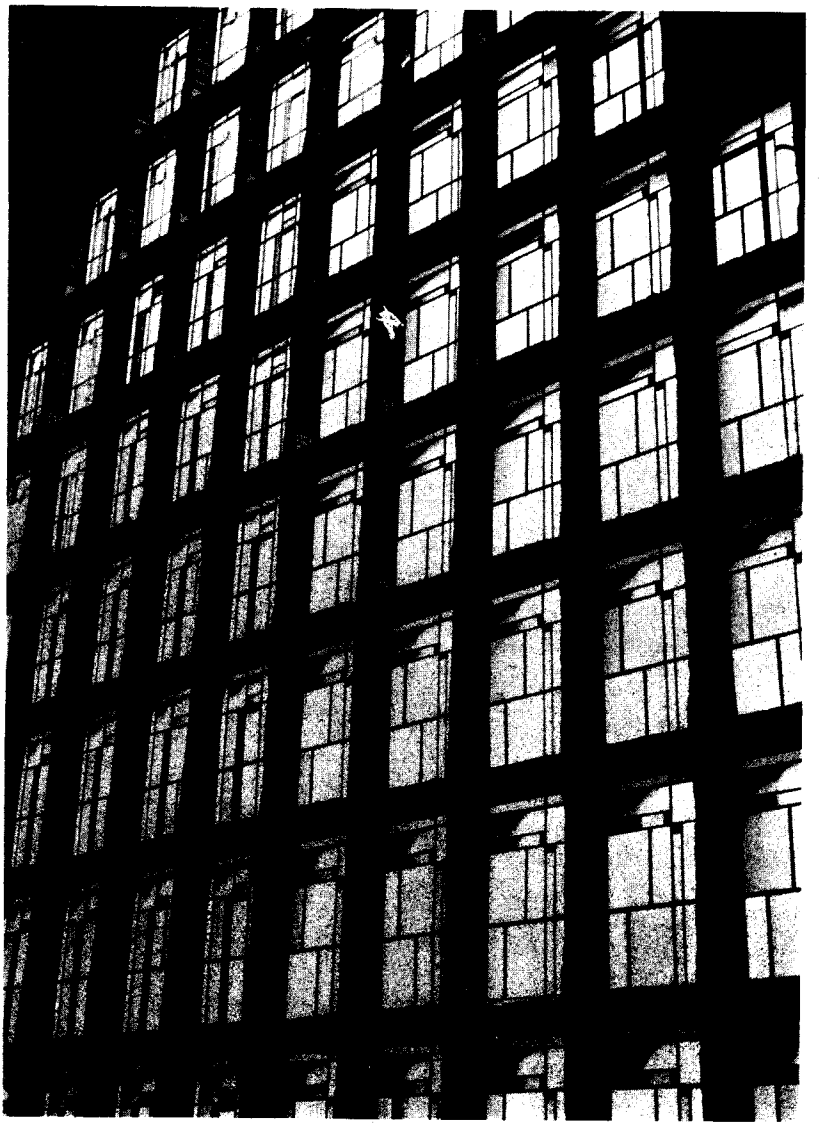

DORIEN LEIGH, LTD. FROM BLACK STAR

. . . IN CONTRAST

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DJY FRINGHIAN PARIS

MAN WITH CIGARETTE

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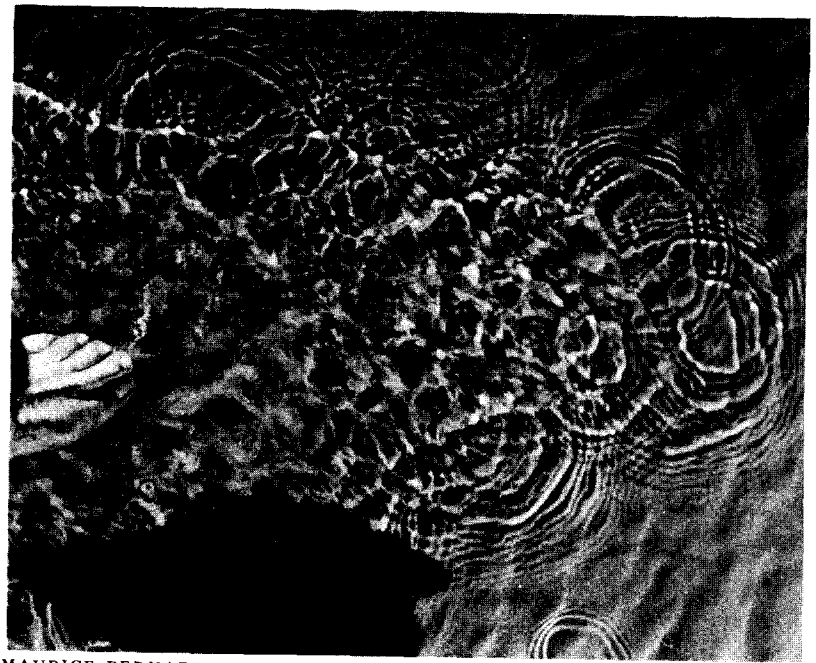

MAURICE BERNARD PARIS

THERMOMETER

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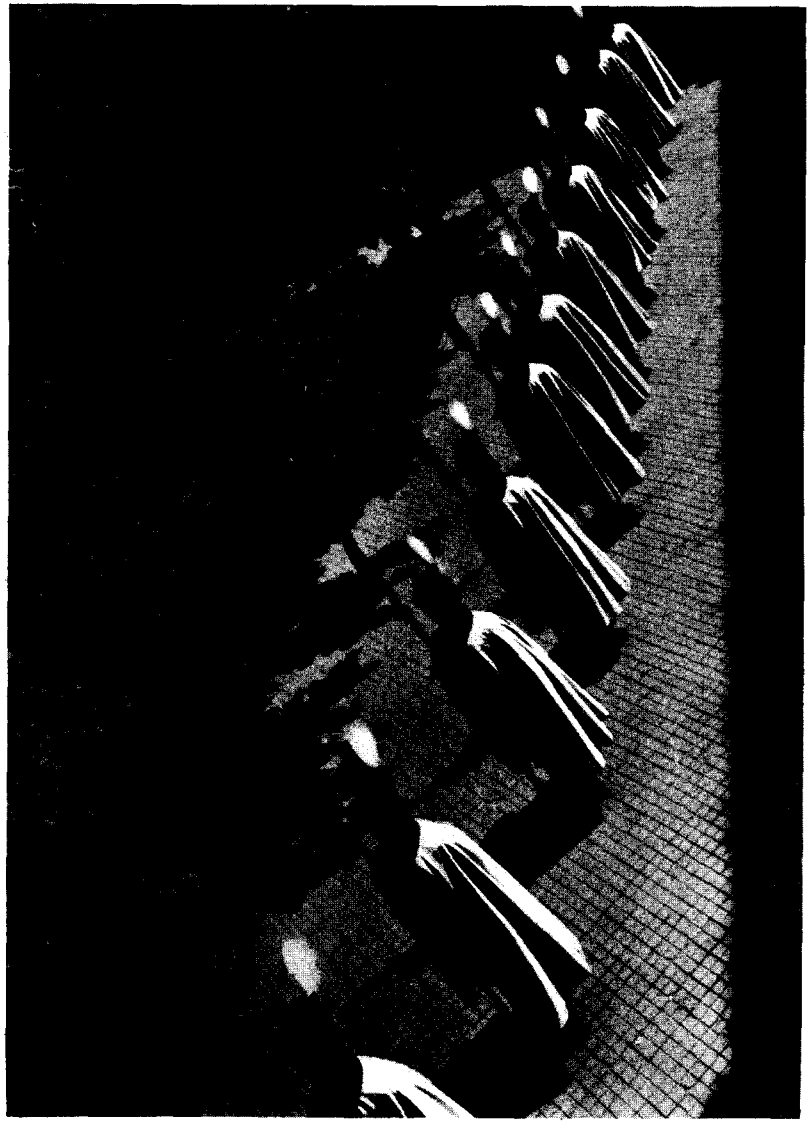

REVESZ-BIRO BUDAPEST

THE GUARDSMEN

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FRANK EHRENFORD NEW YORK

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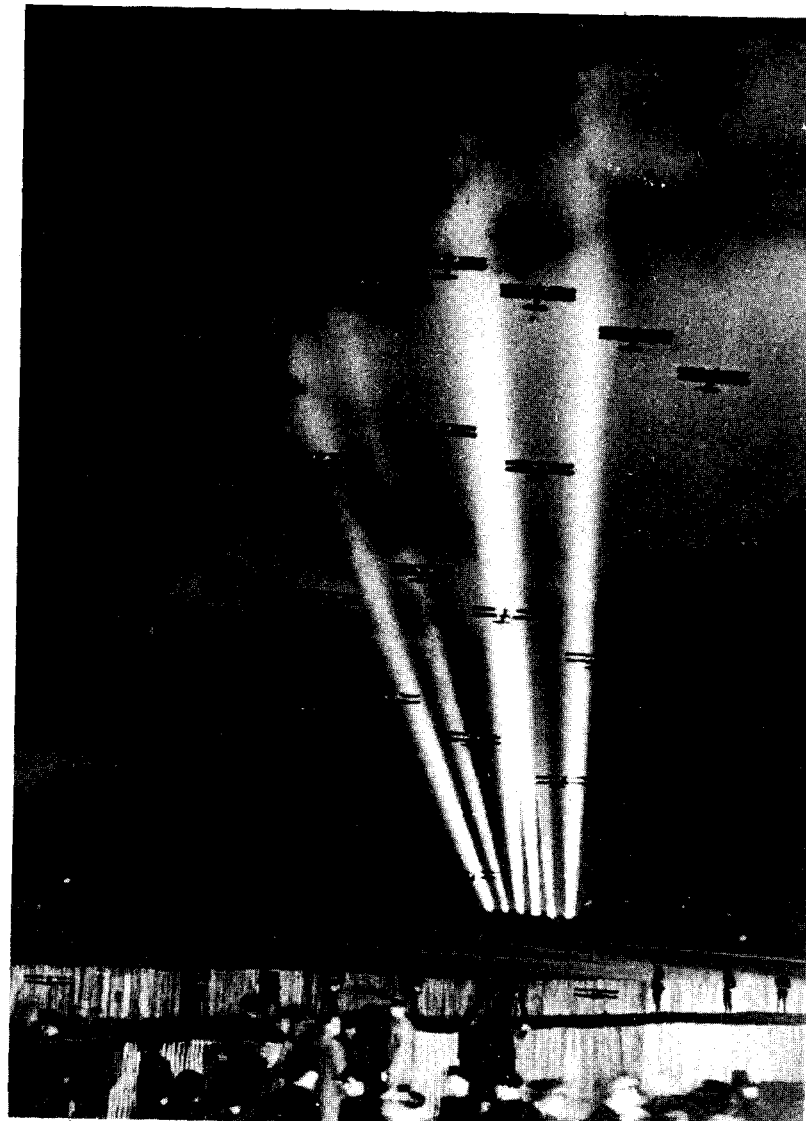

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

MOTHS OF WAR

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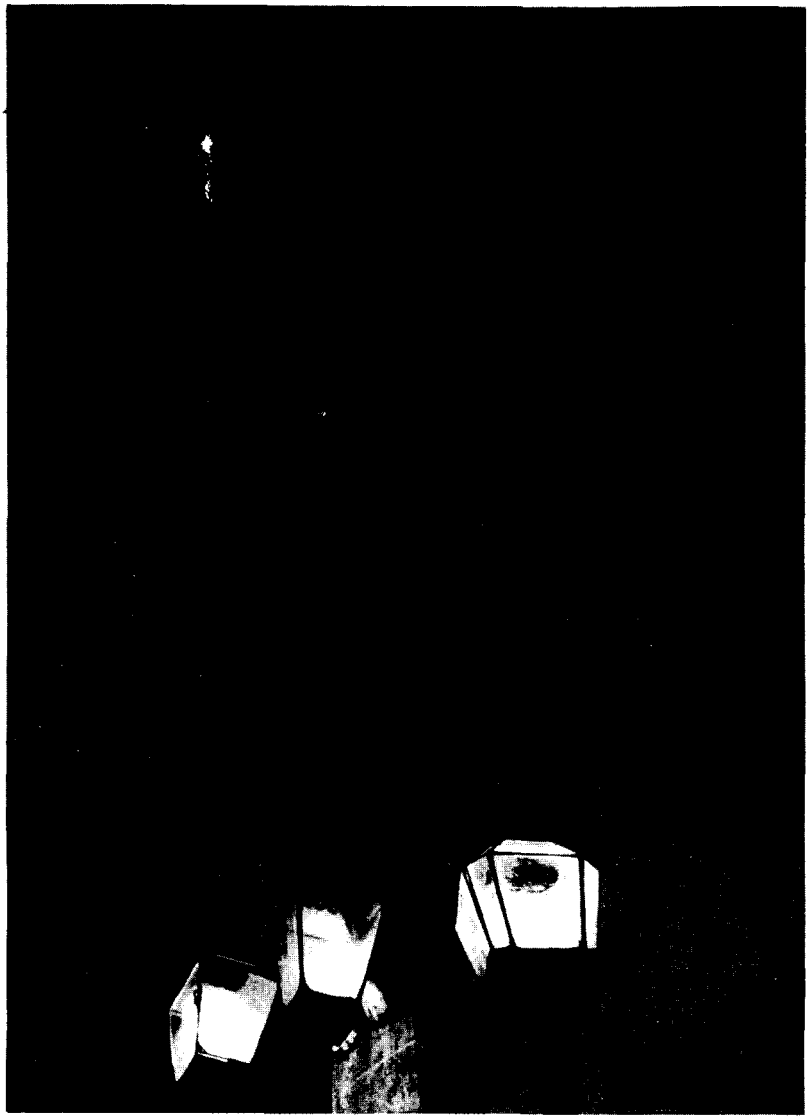

SIBYLLE VON KASKEL BERLIN

PRINCE OF PEACE

JUNE, 1937

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DJY FRINGHIAN PARIS

BODY

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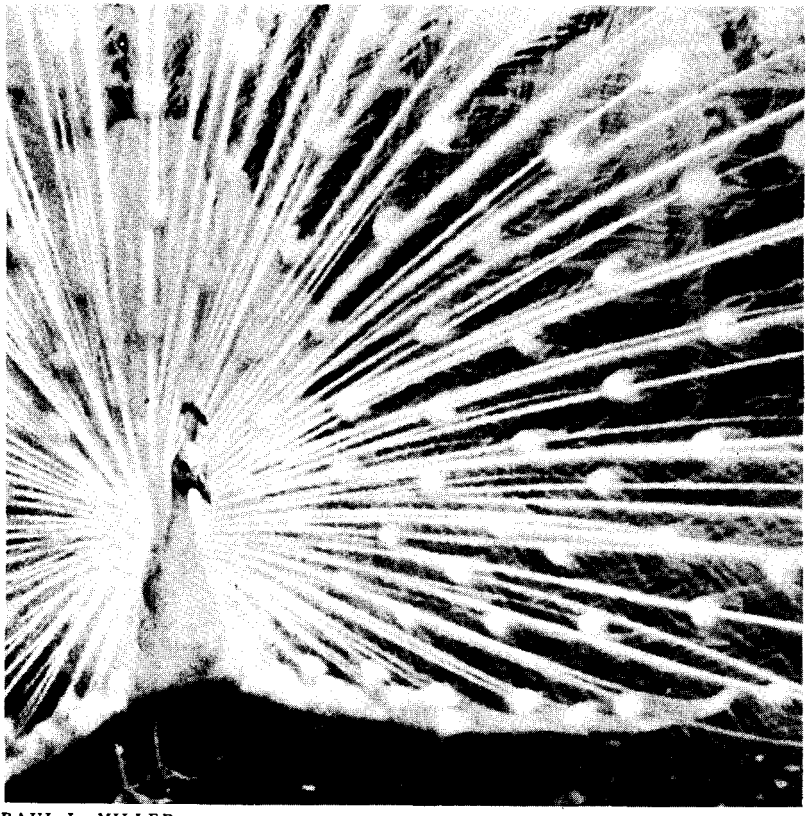

PAUL L. MILLER SEATTLE, WASH.

BIRD

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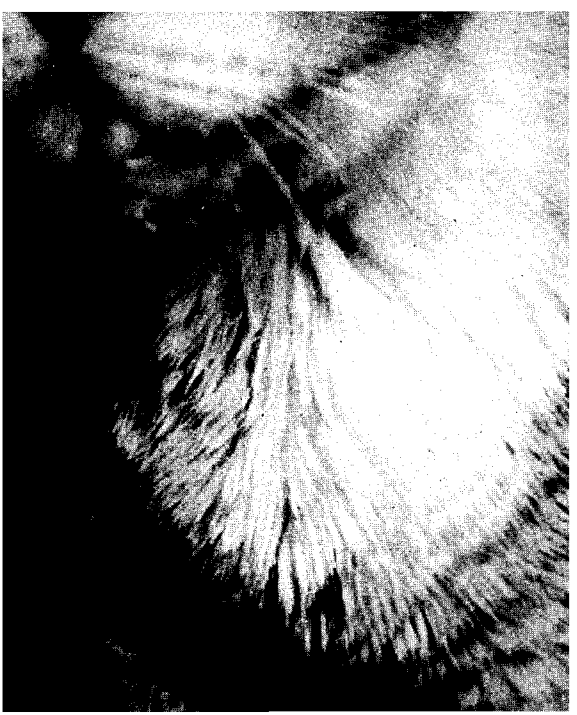

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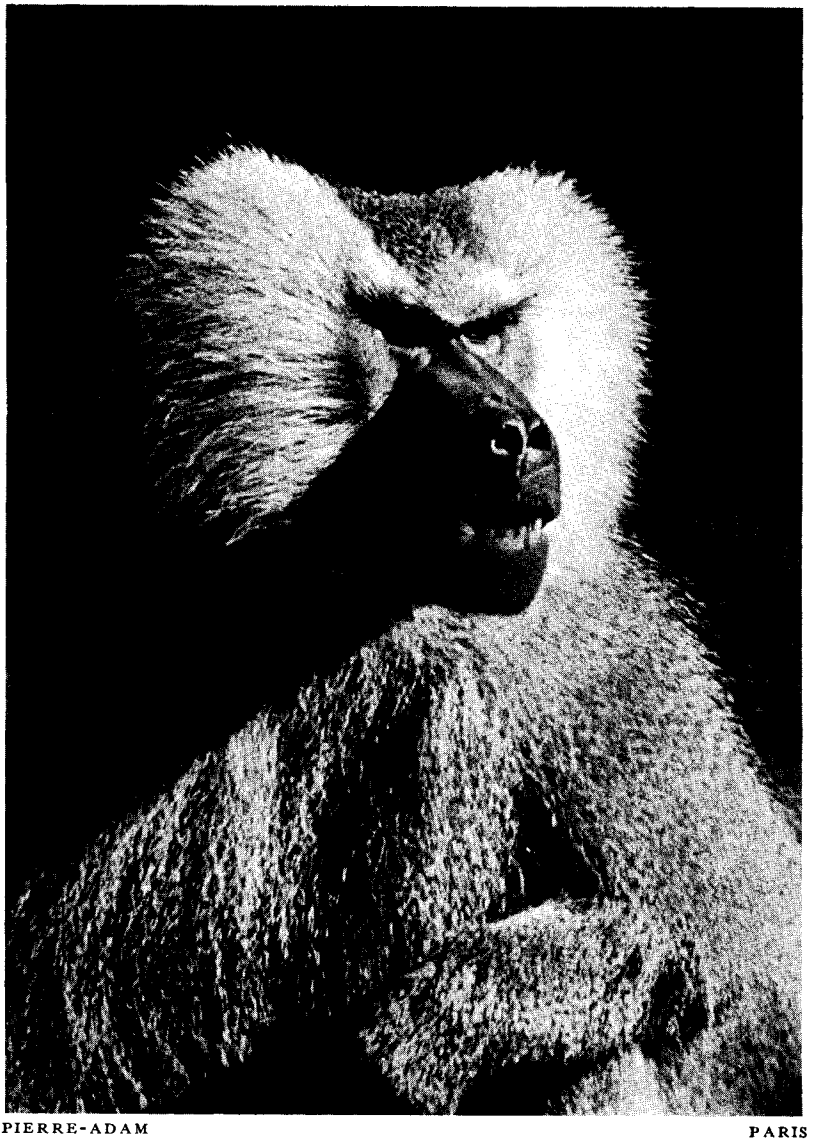

PIERRE-ADAM PARIS

BABOON

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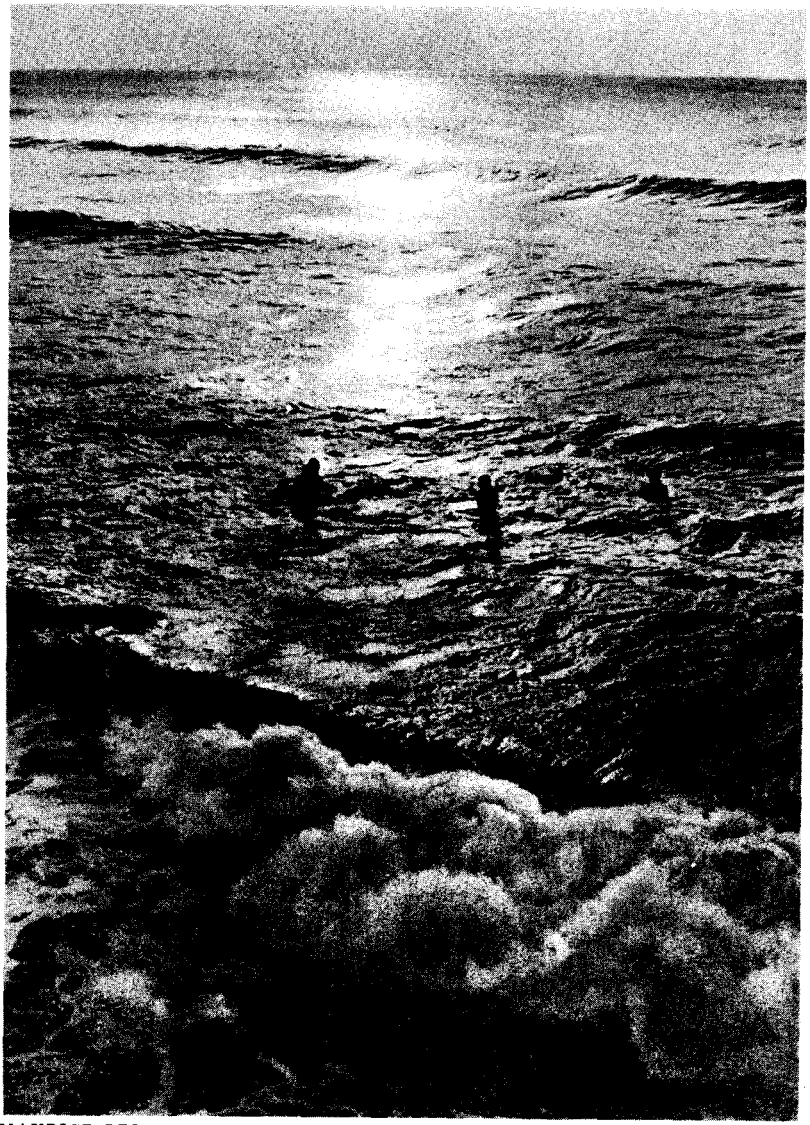

MAURICE BERNARD PARIS

SURF AT BIARRITZ

CORONET

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

SOLITAIRE

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SHELL

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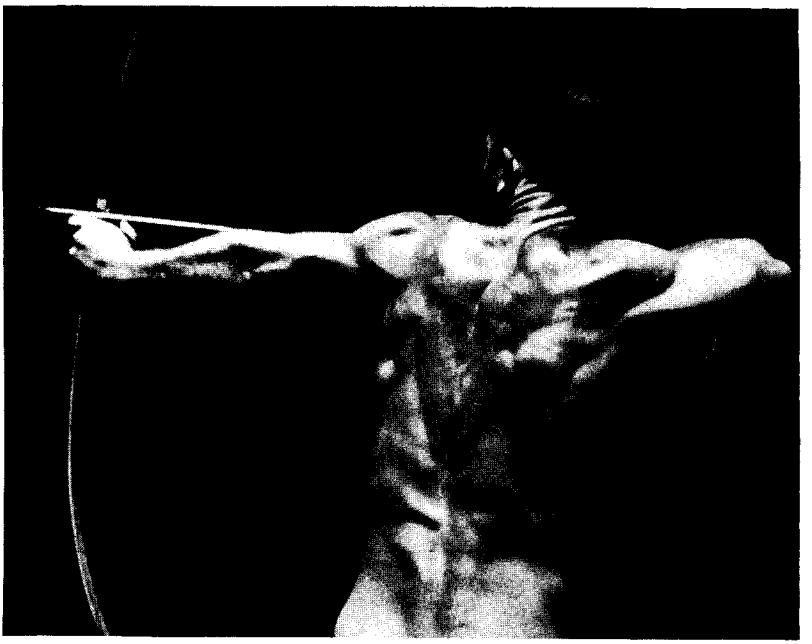

TRACY WEBB SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

ARROW

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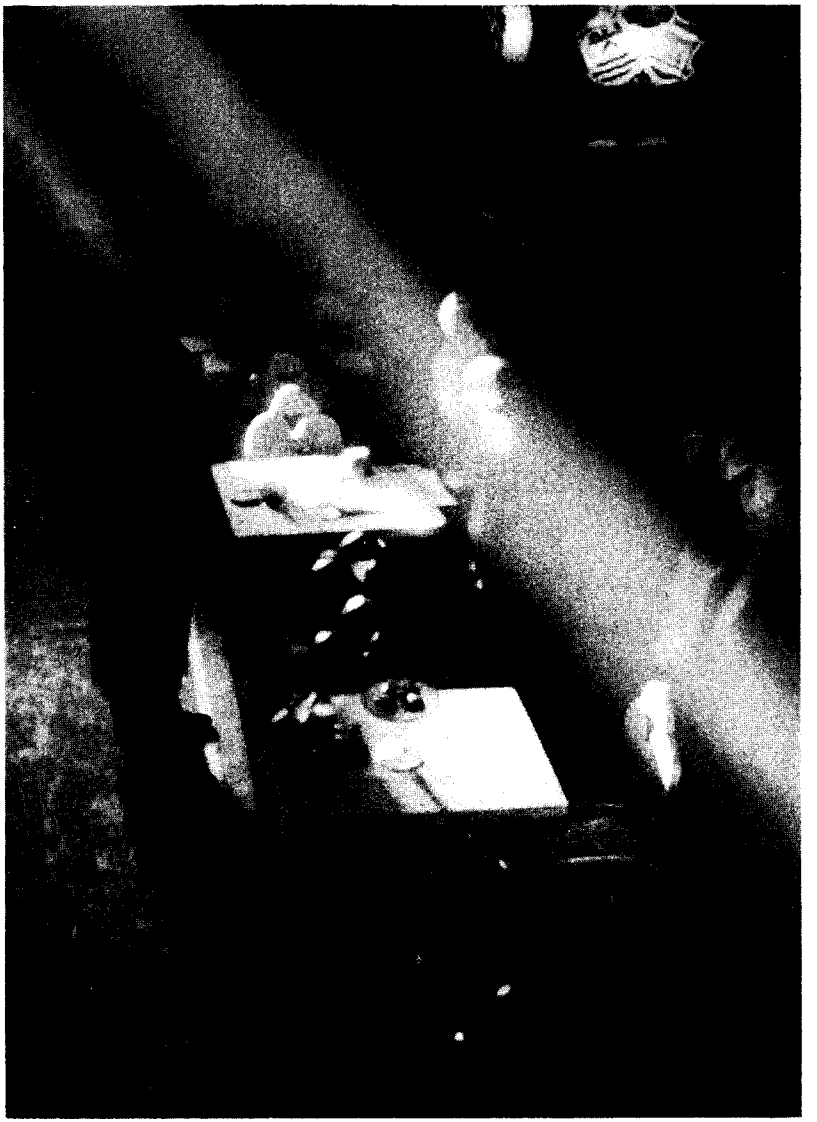

F. GRUBER SOPRON, HUNGARY

TEA TIME

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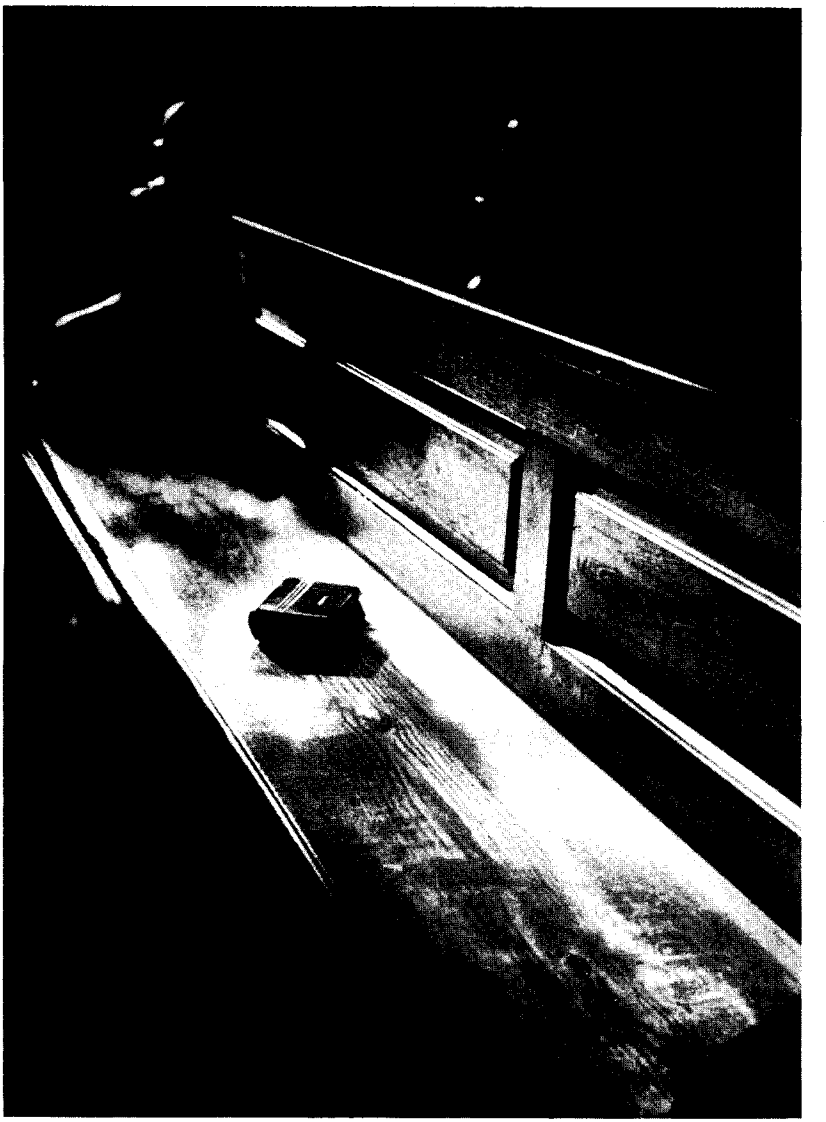

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, JUGO-SLAVIA

VESPERS

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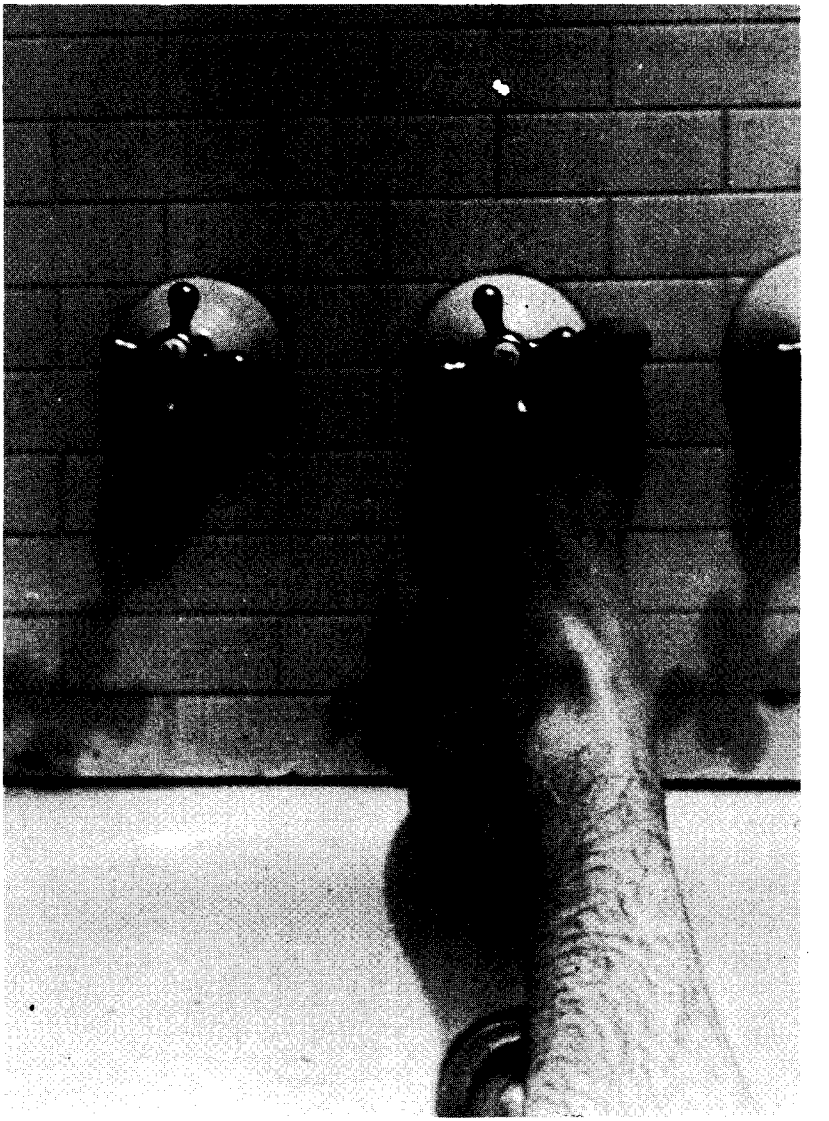

HOWARD C. BARNES HUDSON, OHIO

HEEL

CORONET

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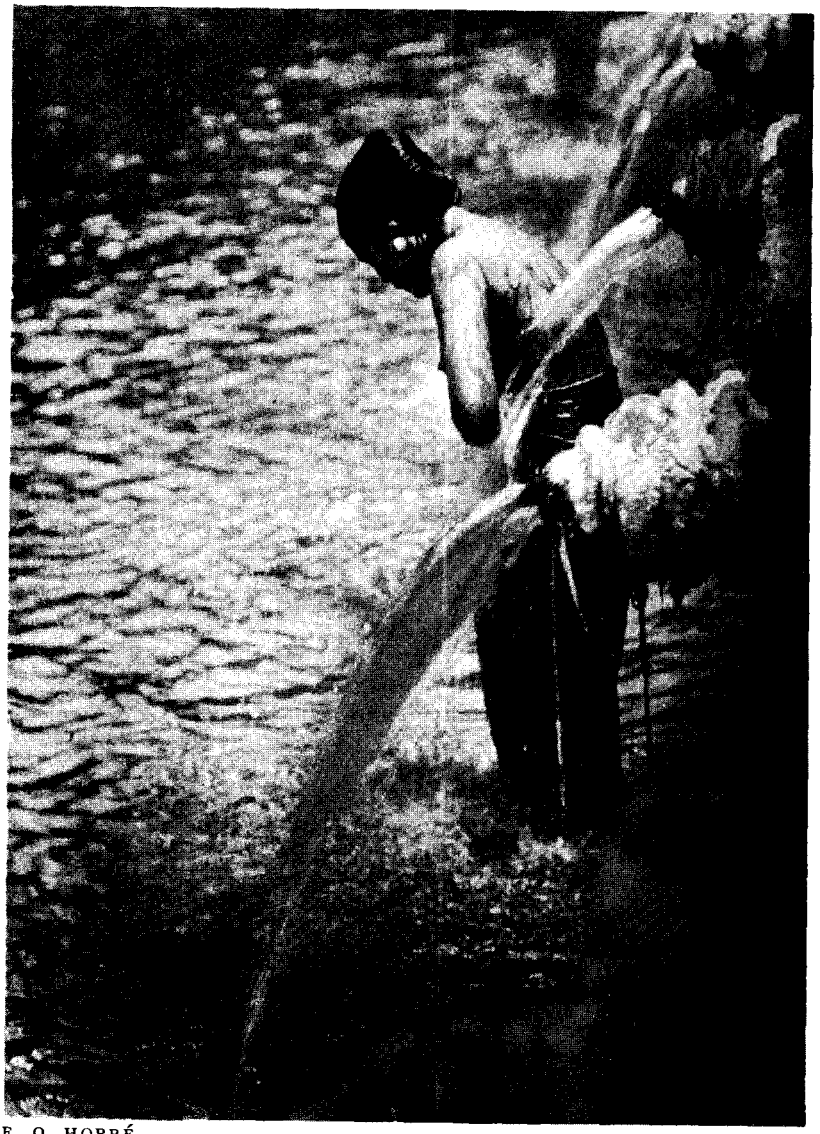

E. O. HOPPÉ LONDON

BALI

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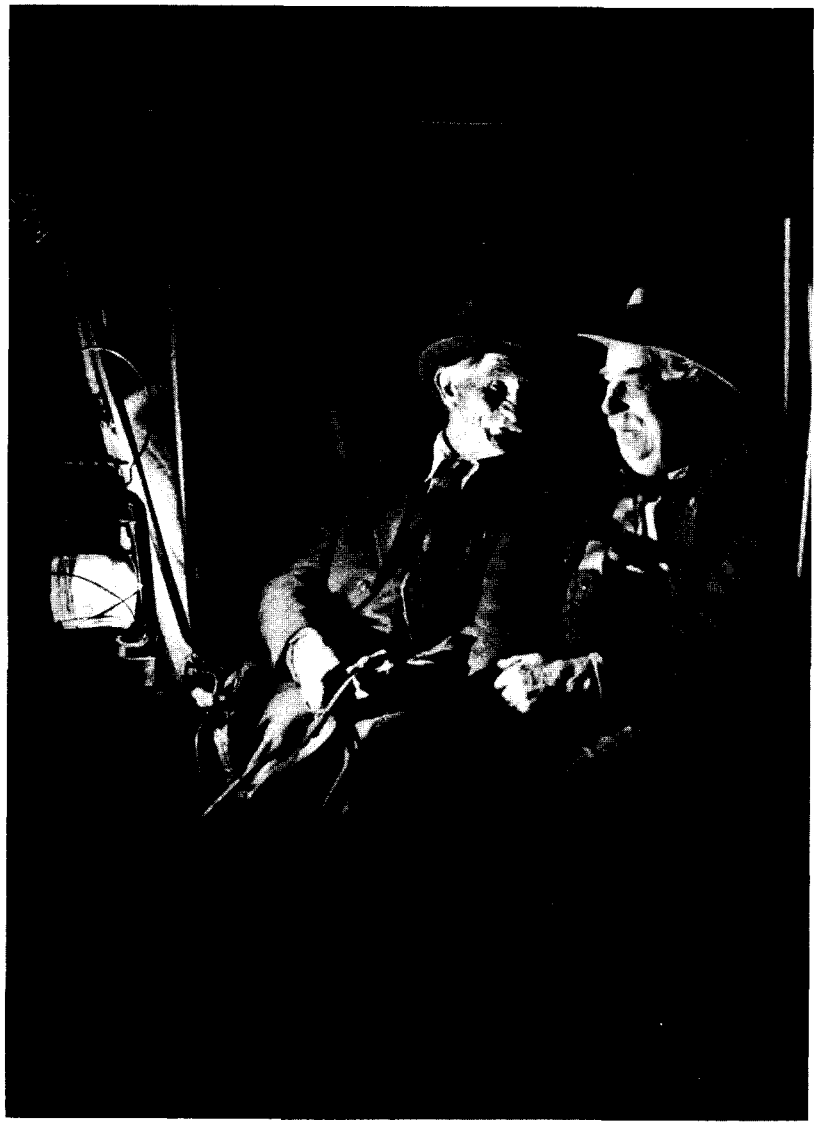

INEZ BENTLEY KELSO BOULDER, COLO.

THE OLD GREY MARE

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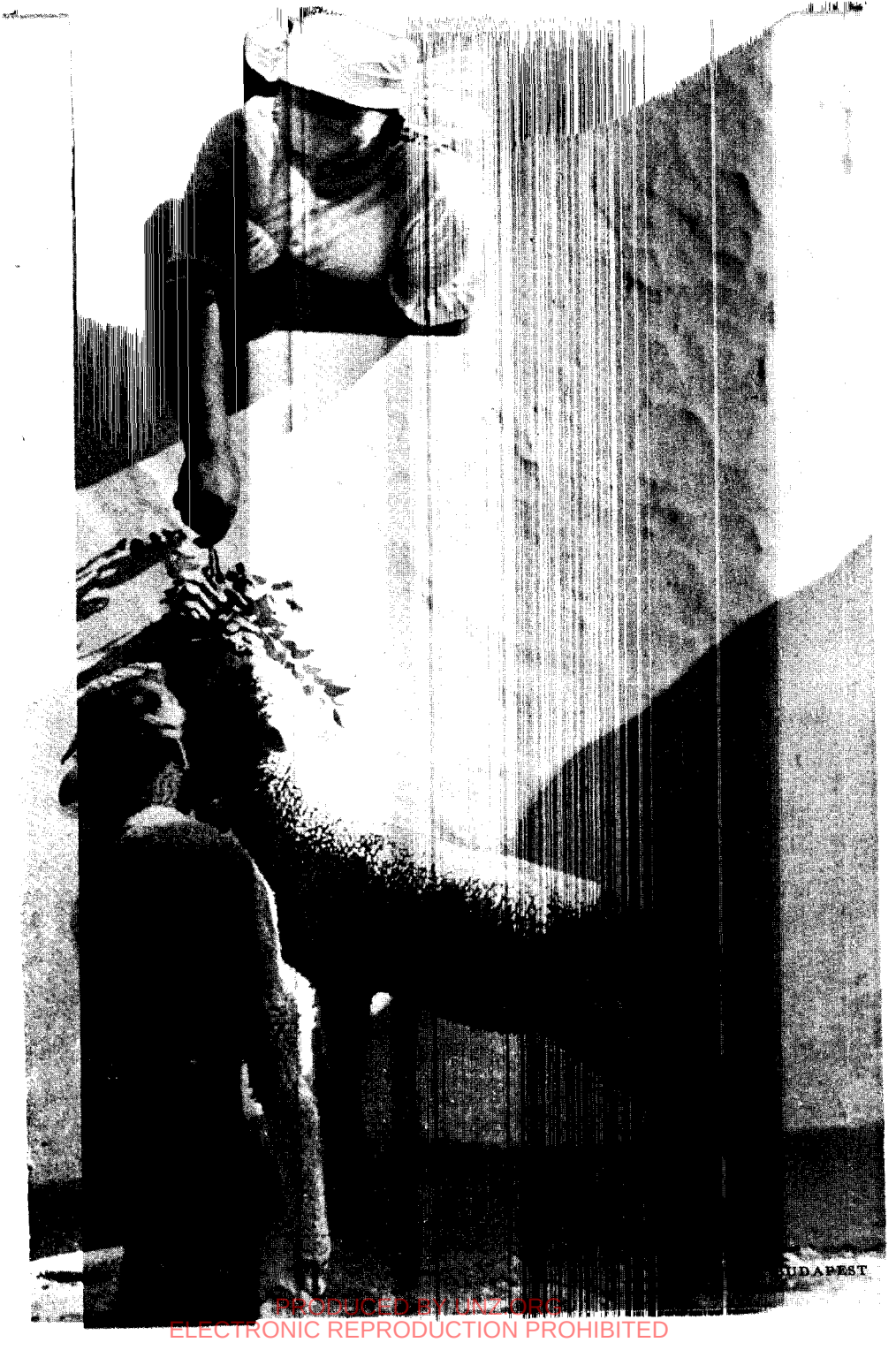

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KUNSZT, BUDAPEST

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K. SZÖLLÖSY FROM EUROPEAN

IN THE FIELD

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LÁSZLÓ HORVATH BUDAPEST

A RIDE HOME

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GYULA RAMHAB BUDAPEST

BREAKFAST

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GYULA RAMHAB — BUDAPEST

SIESTA

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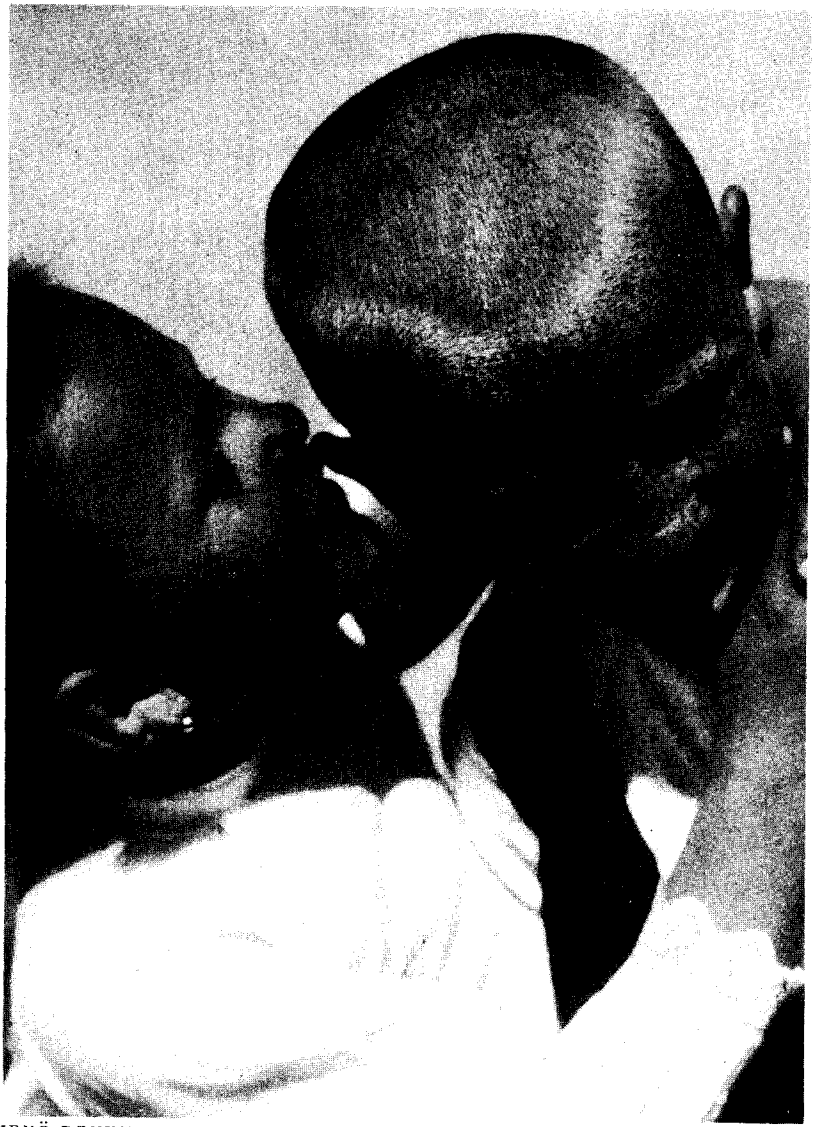

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

SECRET

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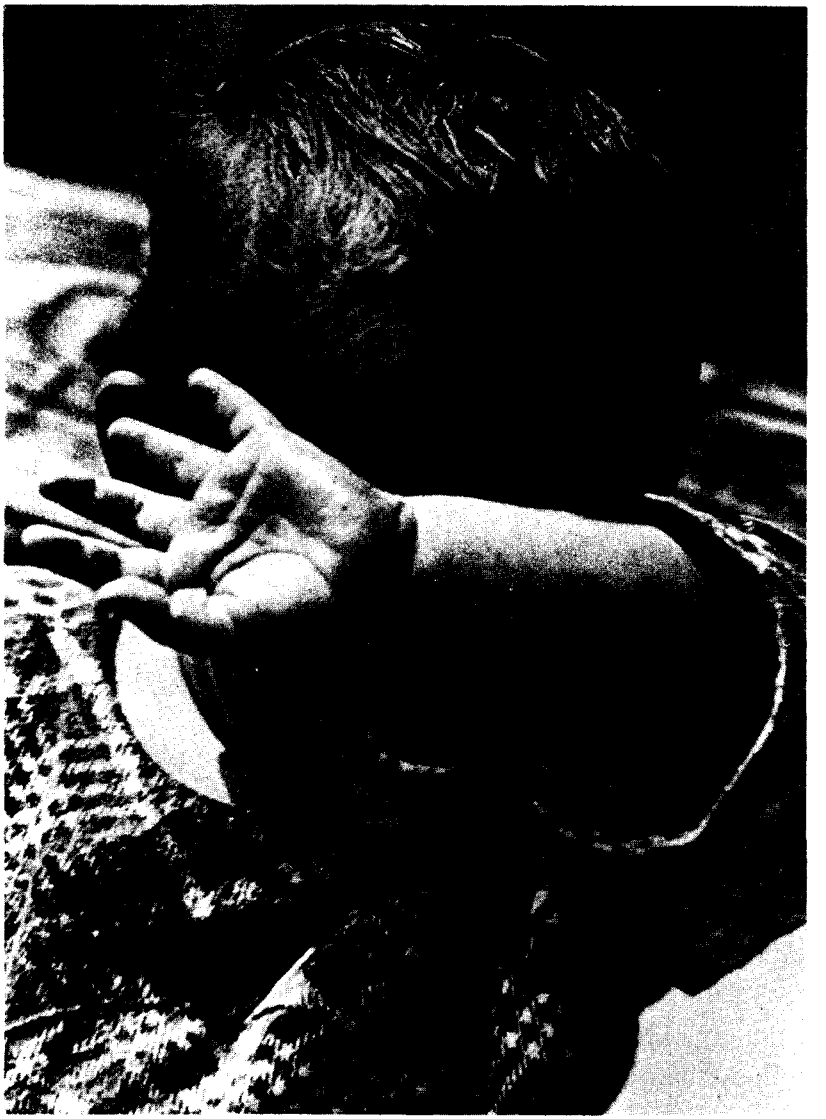

GUSTAV SEIDEN BUDAPEST

OUTCAST

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A PINCH OF SNUFF

"SHE THAT WITH PURE TOBACCO WILL NOT PRIME HER NOSE, CAN BE NO LADY OF THE TIME" (1650)

ALTHOUGH snuff itself has long since ceased to be fashionable, snuff boxes remain as fashionable as ever. They survive not only as the quarry of ardent collectors, but even remain in use today, as the *ne plus ultra* among cigarette cases, a hundred years after being emptied of the nose-tickling contents for which they were originally intended as containers. The best of them date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the highest skill of the goldsmith, the jeweler and the miniature-painter was fused in their creation. Usually the more costly examples were enameled over a chased, turned or engraved ground, while the gold frames were not only carved or chased but also studded with gems or semi-precious stones, the ultimate touch being afforded by the addition of a miniaturist's painting in enamel or in watercolor under crystal. For sumptuous elegance the French snuff boxes were unsurpassed. Some of the most famous names among the French snuff-box jewelers were: Aubert, Drais, Ducrolley, Gaillard, Germain, Herbault, Jacquin, Maillard, Mathis, Mesnier, Quizille, Rondé, Roncel, Tiron de Nanteuil, Vachette. In 1770 Gaillard tendered his bill for 20746 livres (in the neighborhood of $5000) for a gold snuff box with turquoise enamel ground, set with small diamonds, which he had made for Marie Antoinette, then the wife of the Dauphin.

The oldest dated snuff box known is one in silver, oval-shaped, dated 1655. But a papal bull of 1642, prohibiting the taking of snuff in the cathedrals and churches, by all persons of both sexes, upon pain of excommunication, indicates that the habit had long since become general. In England, snuff became fashionable in 1660, with the Restoration, remaining the most fashionable form of tobacco consumption until Napoleon's time. After Waterloo, cigars were most popular. After the Crimean war the ascendancy of the cigarette began. Napoleon, who was a mighty snuff-taker, consuming seven pounds a month, had countless snuff boxes, most of which he considered luck-tokens. Filled with superstitious fear, he worried more over the loss of a snuff box than over the loss of a battle.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

TOKEN OF A TRIP TO ELBA

Engraved and enameled gold box presented by Napoleon to Captain Ussher of H.M.S. *Undaunted* who convoyed him to Elba after his first abdication in 1814. The diamonds framing Napoleon's miniature are only paste brilliants, as false as the Emperor's first farewell to power.

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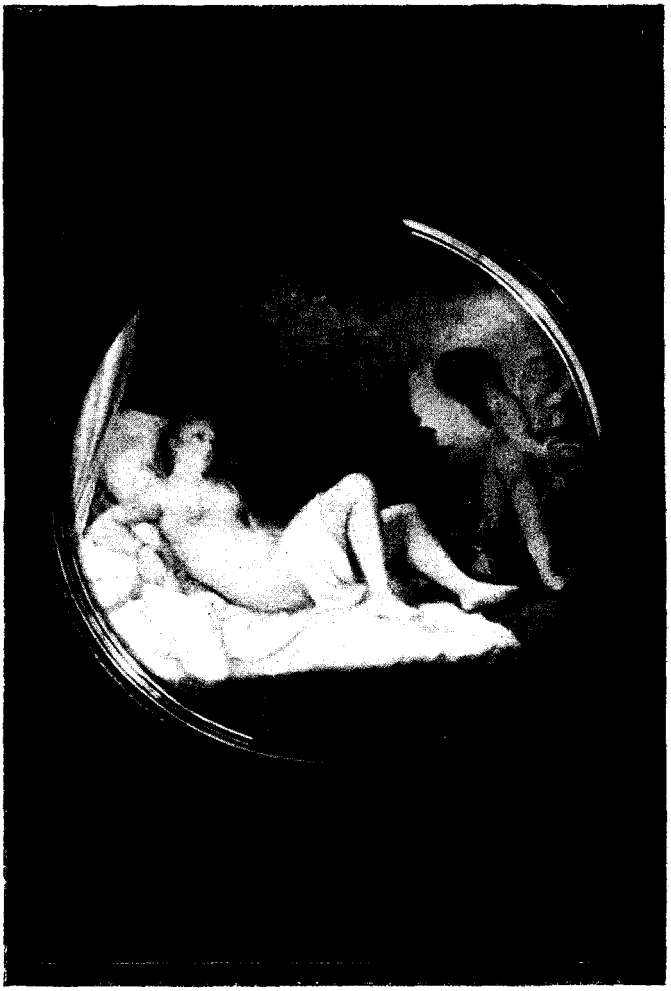

TWO VERNIS MARTIN SNUFF BOXES

The miniature in the cover of this round Vernis Martin snuff box is a copy of Titian's *Danae*, of which the original now hangs in the Museo Nationale in Naples. The Brothers Martin went to Paris from Germany in 1740 and there began producing snuff boxes of papier maché.

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THE MYSTERY OF VERNIS MARTIN

Throughout Europe in the seventeen-fifties it was considered a mark of distinction to own a Vernis Martin snuff box. The secret of their brilliant and translucent varnish passed with the brothers' death, to join the varnish of the Cremona Violin in the limbo of lost arts.

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A SNUFF BOX WAS LIKE A TOOTHBRUSH

When someone took a pinch from the box of Charles II, which was lying on the table, the king threw the box out the window. And Frederick the Great said, to a page purloining a pinch from his box, "Boy, put that box in your pocket; it is not large enough for both of us."

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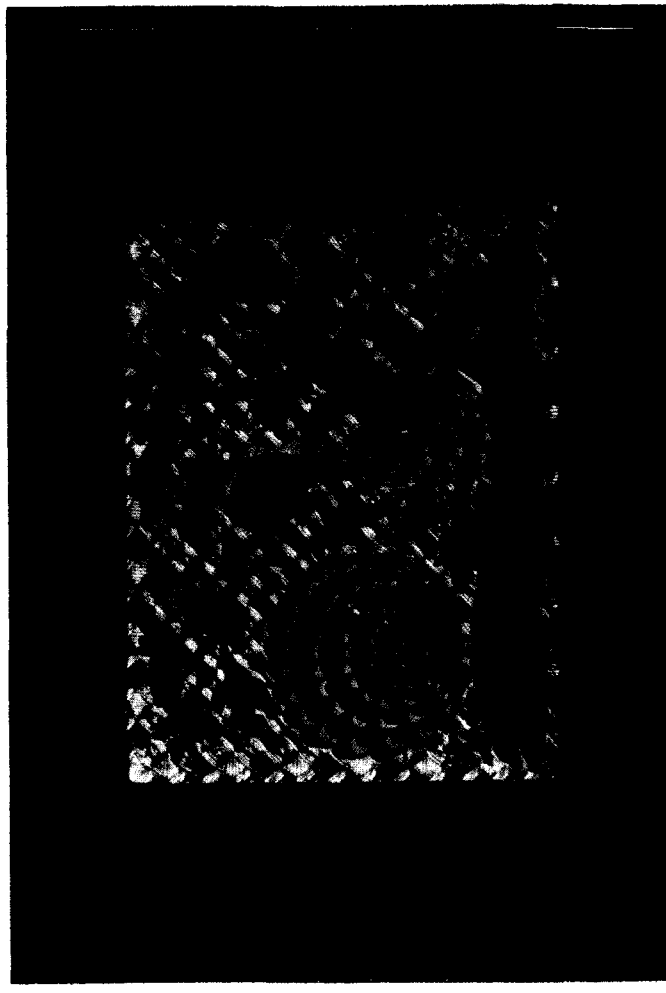

"TOBACCO'S ONLY FASHIONABLE FORM"

Macaulay, describing the fashionable coffee houses in London: "Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly soon convinced him."

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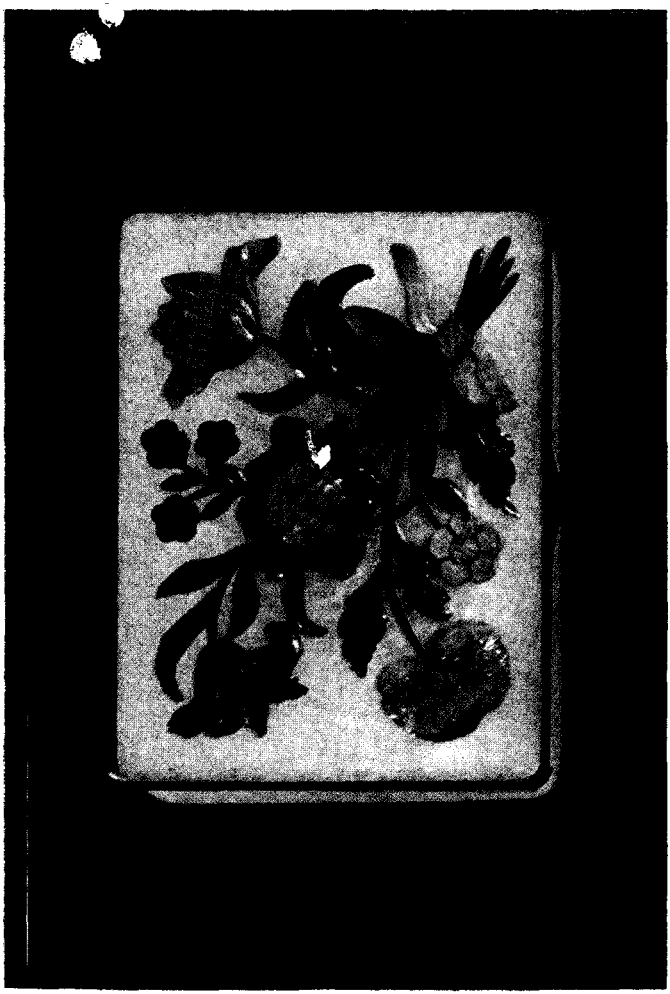

SNUFF BOX OF WHITE CLOUDED QUARTZ

"This snuff is a disgusting affair, I hope you don't take any. It puts me in a temper when I see all the women here with dirty noses, as if they had rubbed them in the muck, come and stick their fingers into any man's snuff box. It makes me sick." (Princesse Liselotte in 1671.)

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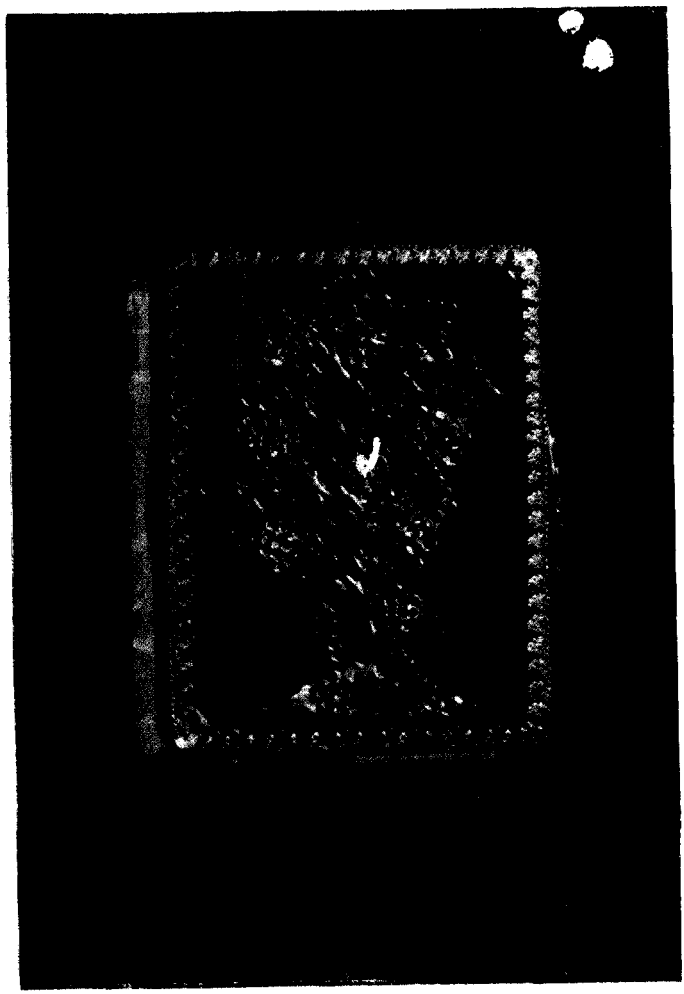

SNUFF BOX OF ROOT OF AMETHYST

"Your old Granny has taken to snuff again, with excellent results. Without a pinch of snuffing my letters were as dry as invoices, but now they go like greased lightning—not a pretty simile, but it is the only one I can think of." (Goethe's mother to her daughter-in-law, 1807.)

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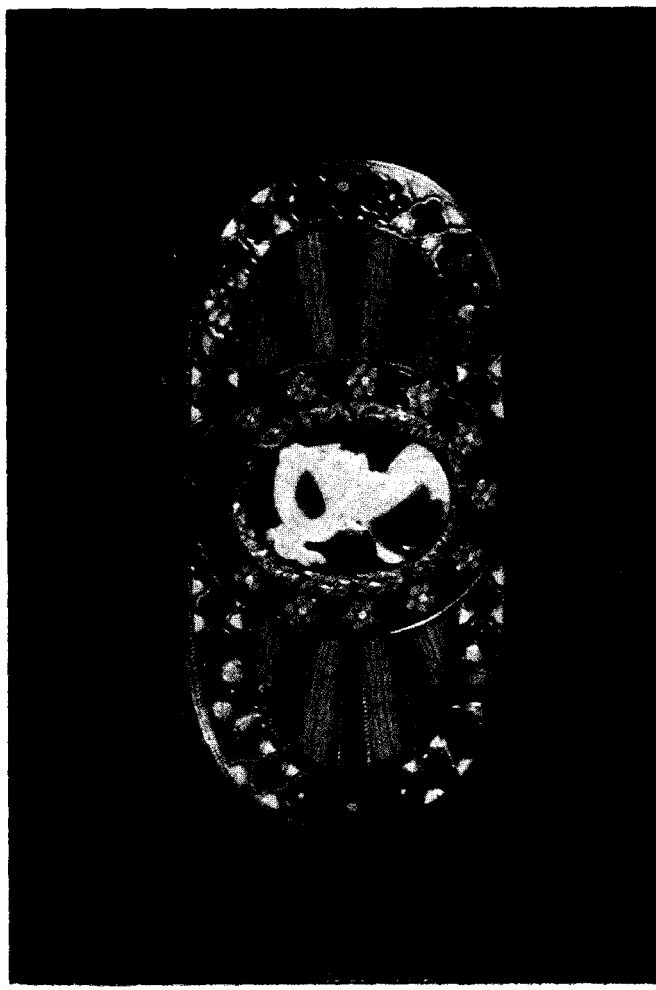

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

SNUFF BOX BY NEUBER OF DRESDEN

Between 1720 and 1770 a few Dresden makers surpassed the French. This is a gold oval inlaid with fruit and flowers of colored stones with an onyx cameo in the lid, in the bottom a porcelain plaque of Cupids, around the sides raised bands of foliage in tinted gold.

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VENUS AND CUPID

(THE ROKEBY VENUS)

By DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ
(1599-1660)

(THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON)

"Velasquez, in whom one may see, by turns and with equally valid reasons, a mere virtuoso (the greatest of all, it is true) and the rarest mind in painting, the king of silence and the air." (Elie Faure, *History of Art.*) The Rokeby Venus is so termed because from 1813 to 1905 it hung in Rokeby Hall, Yorkshire, whence it was acquired by the National Art Collections Fund and presented in 1906 to the National Gallery, London. The first record of this painting places it in the possession of Don Gaspar de Haro, Conde Duque de Olivárez, in 1682; it went as a part of his daughter's dowry when she married the Duke of Alba in 1688; it remained in the Alba collection until 1758; later it was in that of the Prime Minister Godoy. Gallery guides amuse themselves by trapping visitors with a trick question about this picture, which no one ever answers correctly: At whom, from beneath her lowered lids, is Venus looking?

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THE ROKEBY VENUS

(Continued)

Venus is looking at you. Otherwise, because of the angle of the mirror, you could not see her full face. The painting is pure Velasquez but the subject and pose are more typical of Titian (whom he respected most of all the Italians) than of himself. As Court Painter his work was rigidly restricted, confined largely to portraits of the Spanish royal family and personages in their circle. Faure's passage (*History of Art*, Vol. IV, page 130, Harper & Brothers, 1924) makes an interesting obbligato to contemplation of the Rokeby Venus: "The nearer Velasquez approached his end, the more he sought those harmonies of the twilight in order to transport them into the secretive painting which expressed the pride and discretion of his heart. He abandoned broad daylight, he tended to seize upon the semi-obscurity of rooms where the passages of the planes are more subtle and intimate, where the mystery is increased by a reflection in a glass, by a ray of light coming from without, or by a girl's face covered with a bloom like that of a pale fruit which seems to absorb into its vague and lusterless lights the whole of the diffused penumbra."

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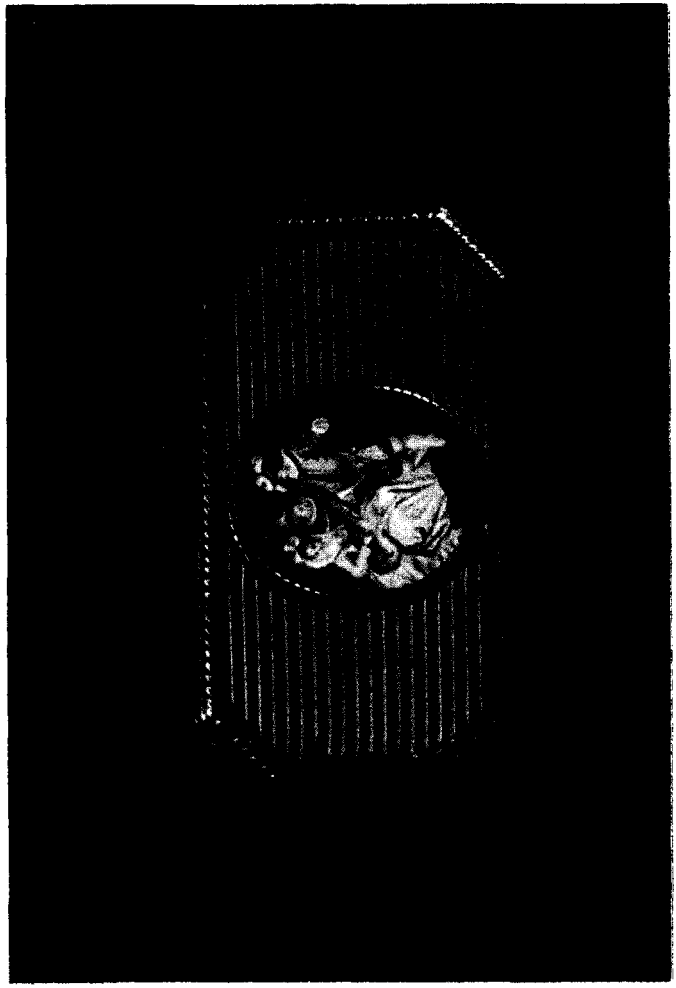

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

OUT OF THE AGE OF GALLANTRY

Snuff was more than a habit, almost a ritual. "The exercise of the Snuff Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Notions in opposition to the Fan will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles, Lillis's & Co." (Advertisement in *The Spectator*, 1711.)

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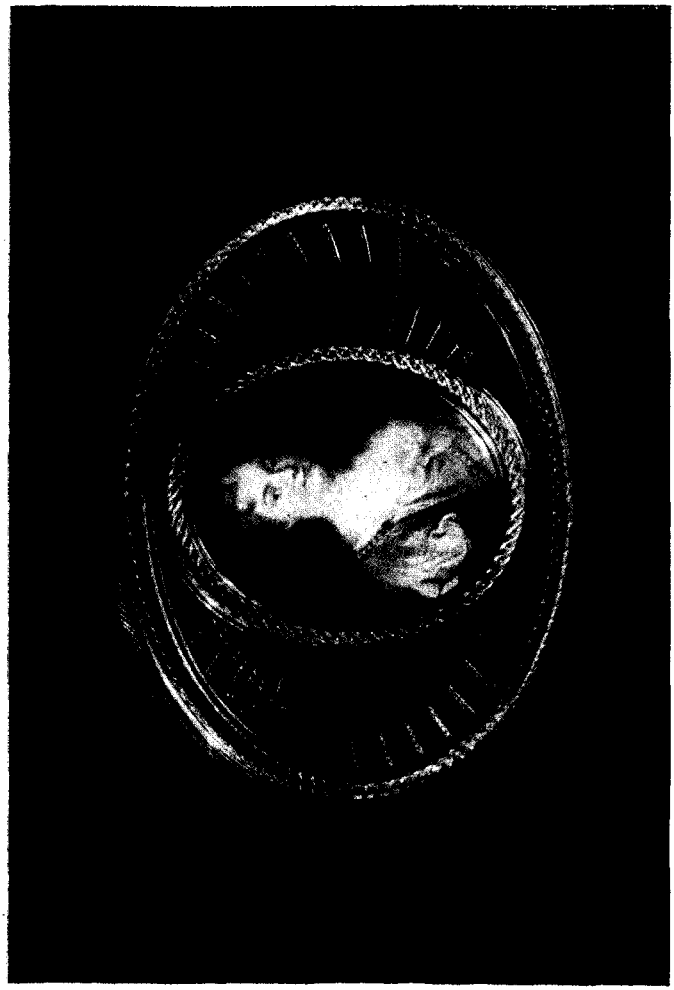

What introduces Whig or Tory
And reconciles them in their story,
When each is boasting in his glory?
A pinch of snuff.

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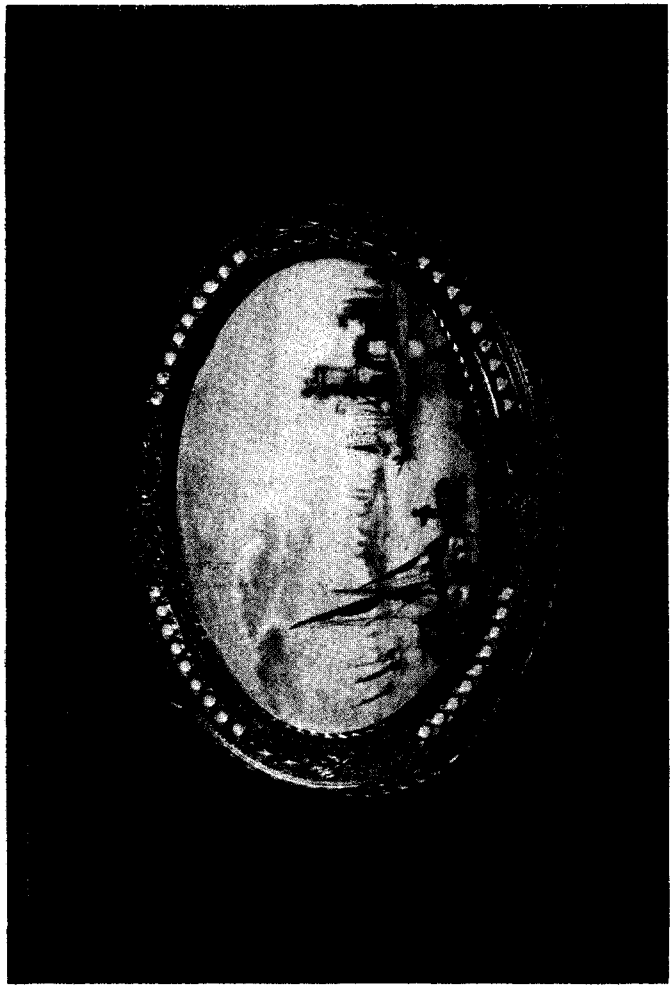

Where speech and tongue together fail
What helps old ladies in their tale
And adds fresh canvas to their sail?
A pinch of snuff.

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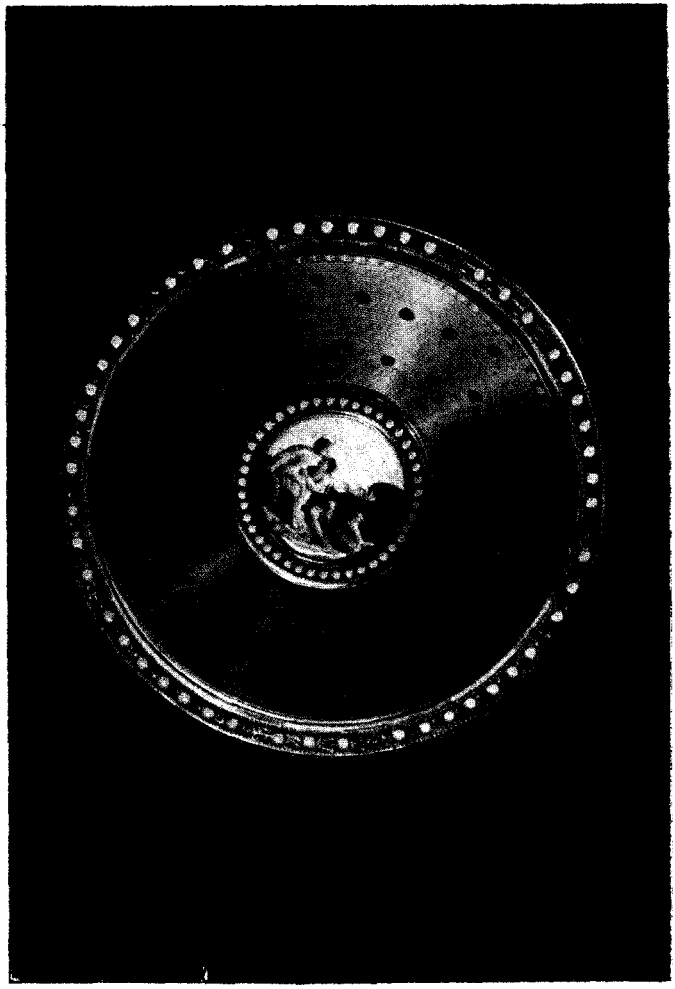

VENUS AND ADONIS ON A SNUFF BOX

Alexander Pope's couplet stressed snuff's social side: "Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat with singing, laughing, ogling and all that." And Talleyrand held snuff-taking essential to statemanship, as it gives time for thought in answering awkward questions.

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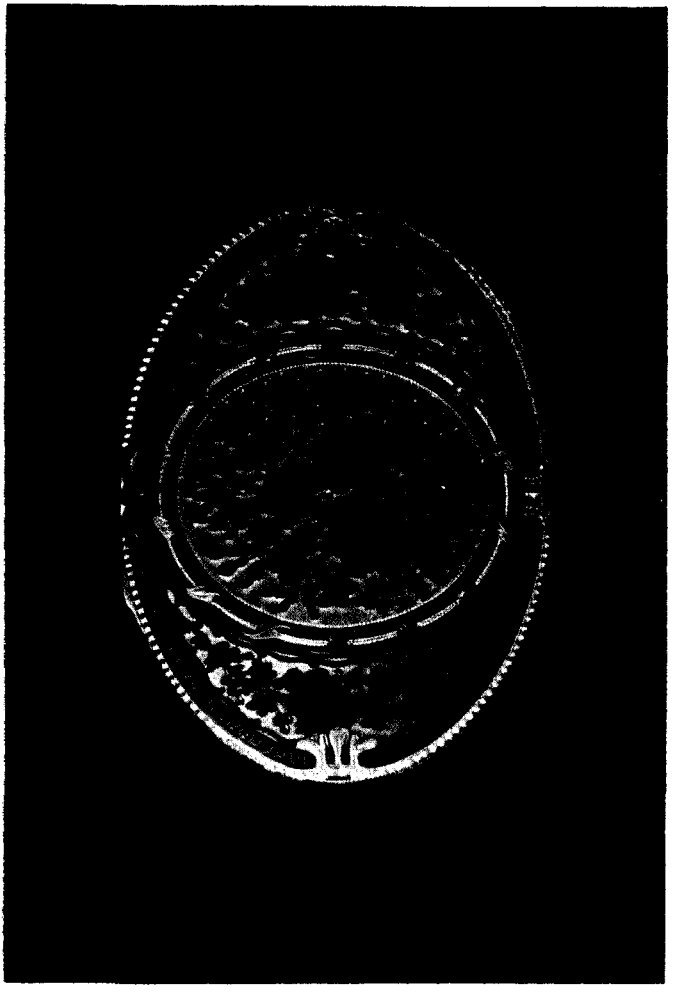

ENGRAVED GOLD, ENAMELED EN PLEIN

Beau Brummel had a box of this shape. It was much admired at a dinner in Portman Square; one of the guests, finding it hard to open, pried it with a dessert knife. Said Brummel to his host, "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff box is not an oyster."

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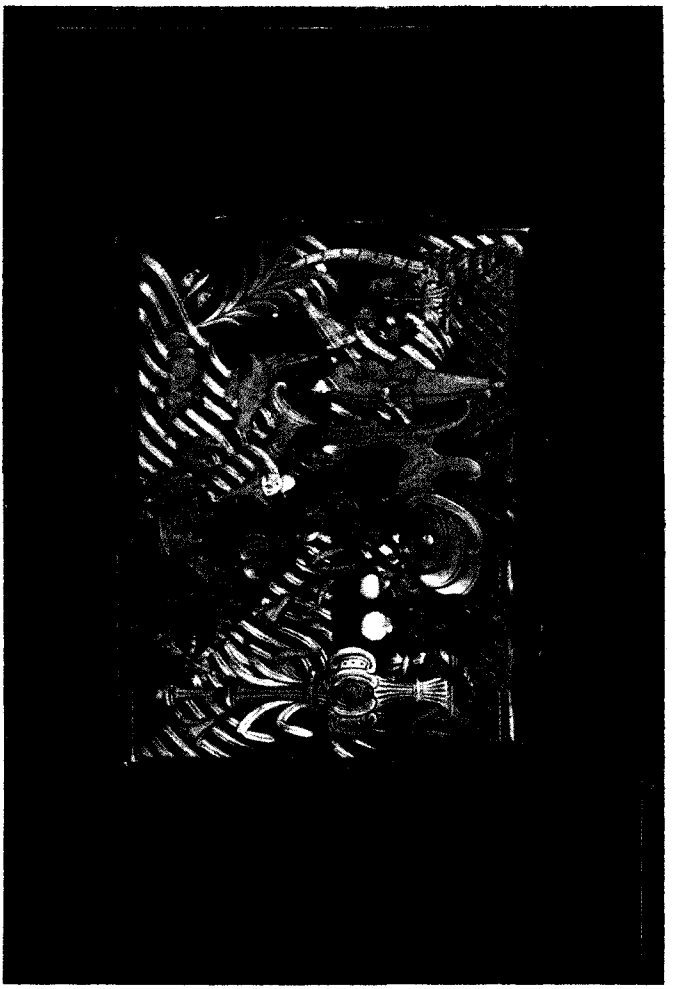

FRENCH EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Throughout the eighteenth century, snuff boxes were the most popular of gifts. And often they were bribes. Many of the most valuable were cherished from the first as objects of art and never used for snuff. Madame Pompadour had a different one for every day in the year.

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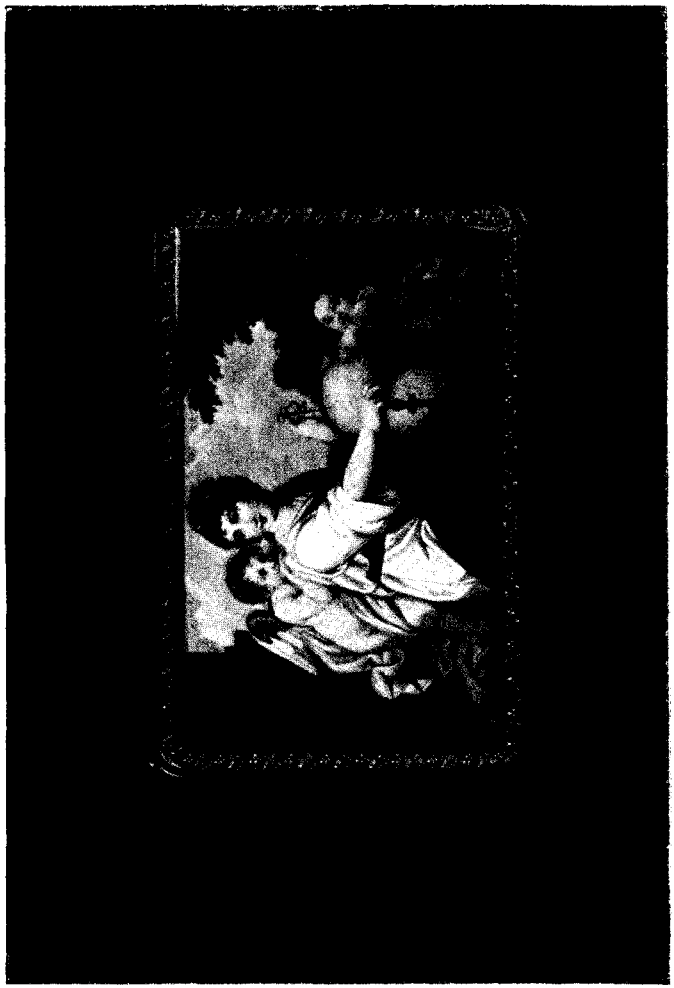

GERMAN EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Austrian Archduchesses, leaving for foreign marriages, distributed scores of gold snuff boxes en route as tips. Among the Wittelsbach treasures in Munich is one with a lid made of a thirty carat hexagonal emerald. Snuff boxes began to go out of fashion about 1845.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

LADY'S BOAT-SHAPED SNUFF BOX

Although as a general rule French snuff boxes were the most elegant and costly, the highest prices are today brought by some of the German boxes of the eighteenth century and by English boxes featuring the work of such avidly-collected miniaturists as Cosway.

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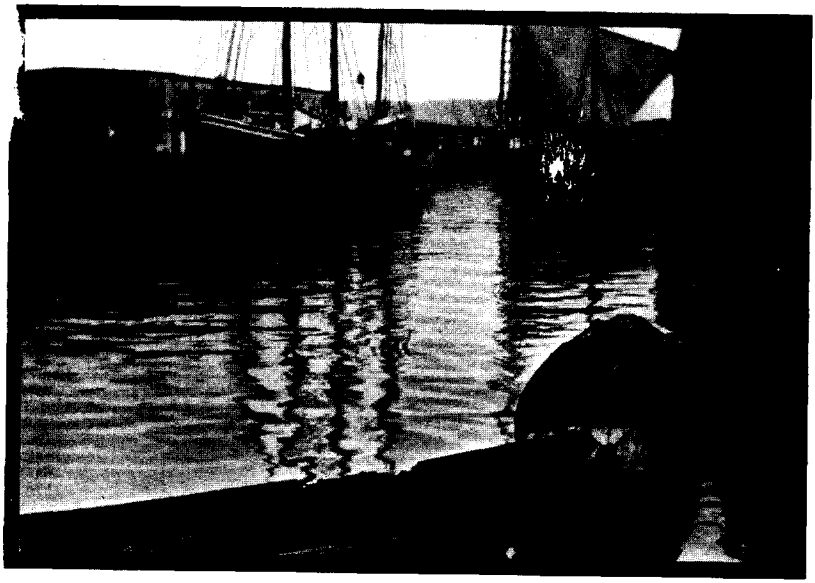

A Nova Scotian Portfolio

of Six Photographs

BY

W. R. MACASKILL

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

JUNE, 1937

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A BREAK IN THE STORM

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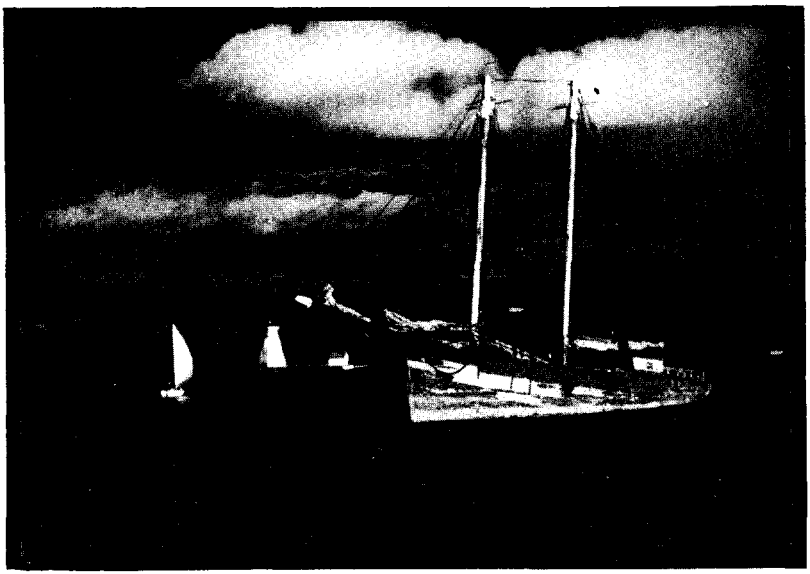

A SNUG HARBOR

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THE CROOKED ROAD TO PEGGY'S COVE

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RAINBOW AT DUSK

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"I WAS A CHILD, AND SHE WAS A CHILD
IN THIS KINGDOM BY THE SEA"

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHIC

PAN AND THE NYMPH

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H. S. ULAN MT. VERNON, N. Y.

CORNFLOWERS

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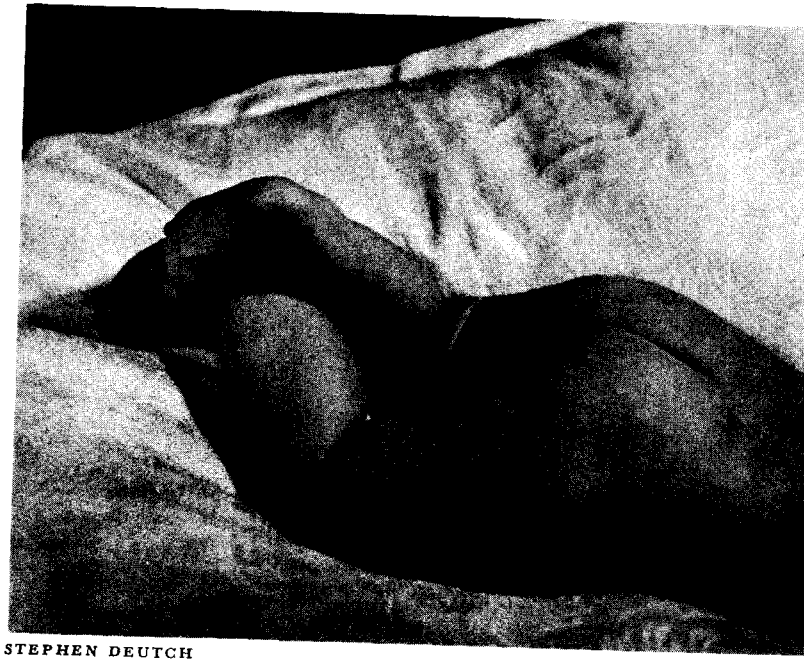

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

DIMPLES

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J. E. HOST MILWAUKEE

STOWAWAYS

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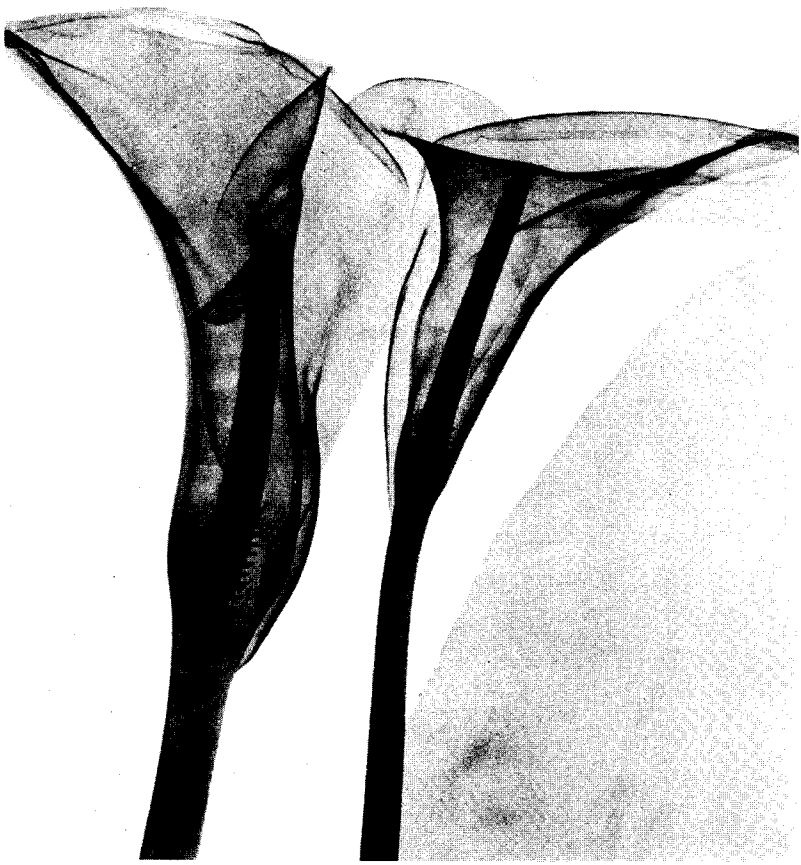

DR. E. L. JONES, JR. ALBANY, N. Y.

LILIES

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DR. E. L. JONES, JR. ALBANY, N. Y.

TULIPS

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PIERRE VERGER FROM BLACK STAR

AFRICAN MASK

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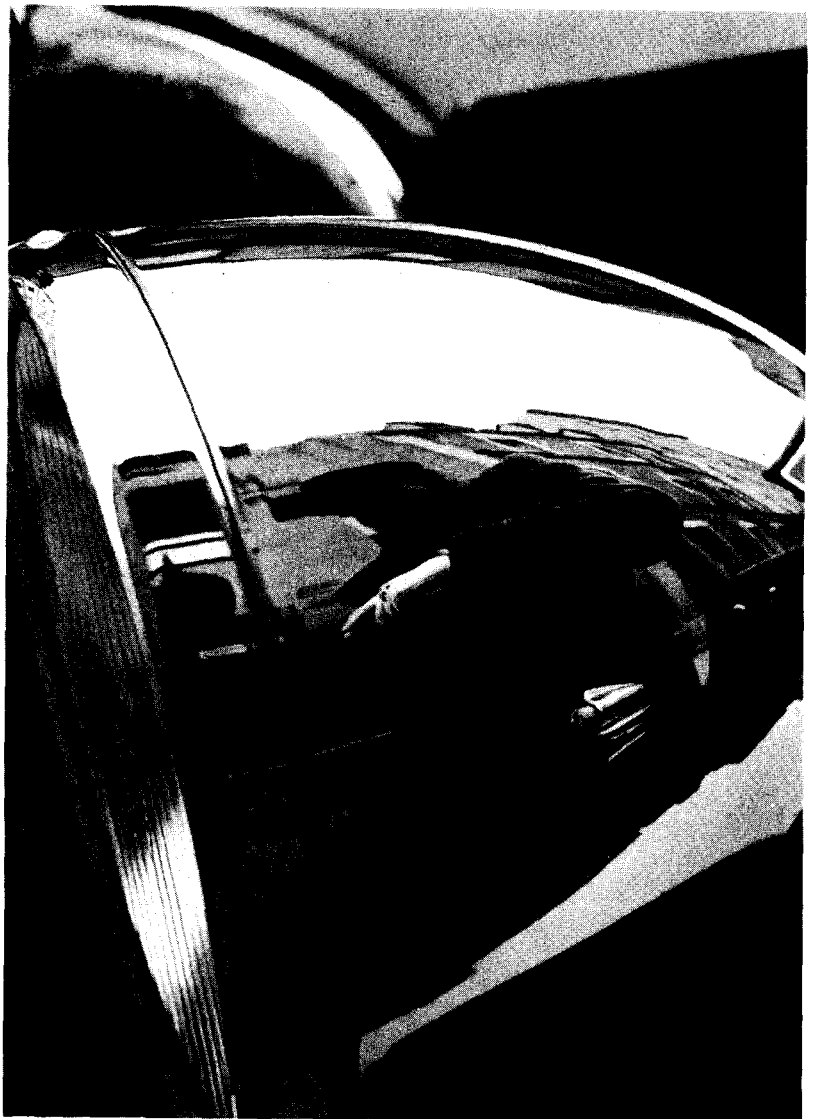

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PASSERBY

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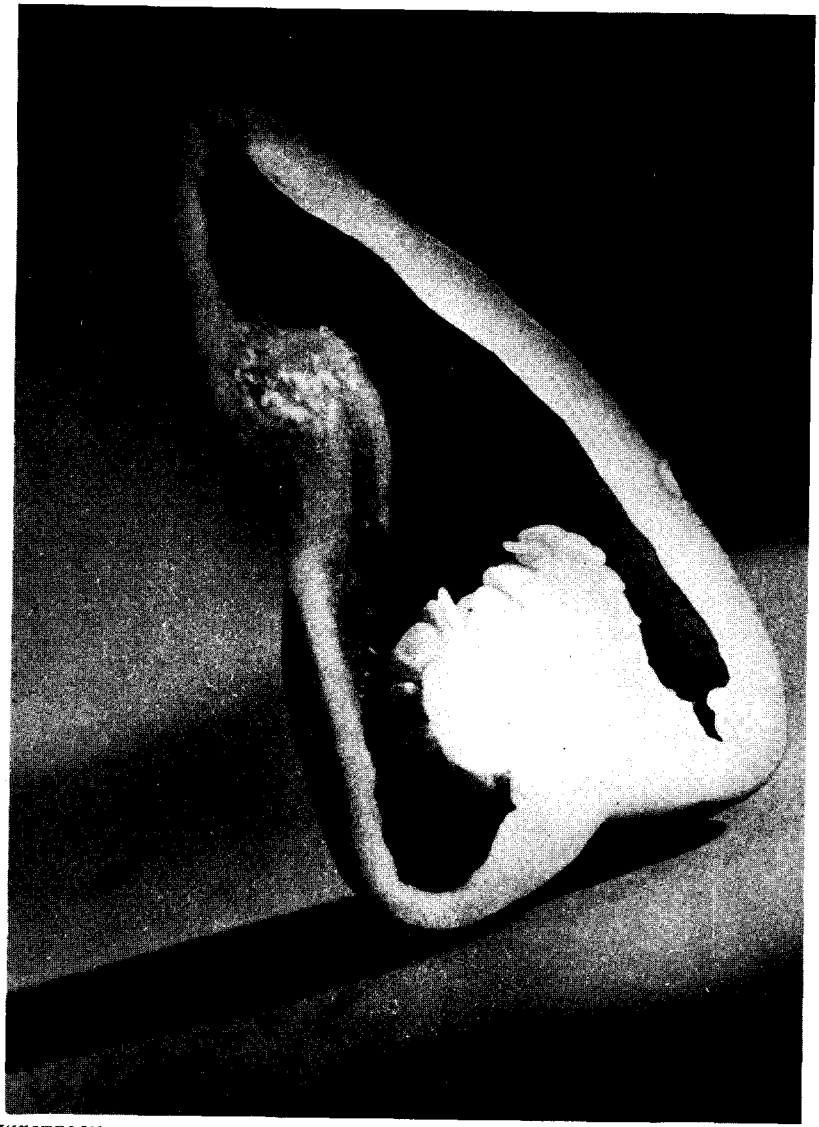

WESTELIN CHICAGO

LEANING TOWER OF PEPPER

CORONET

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

COSMIC CABBAGE

JUNE, 1937

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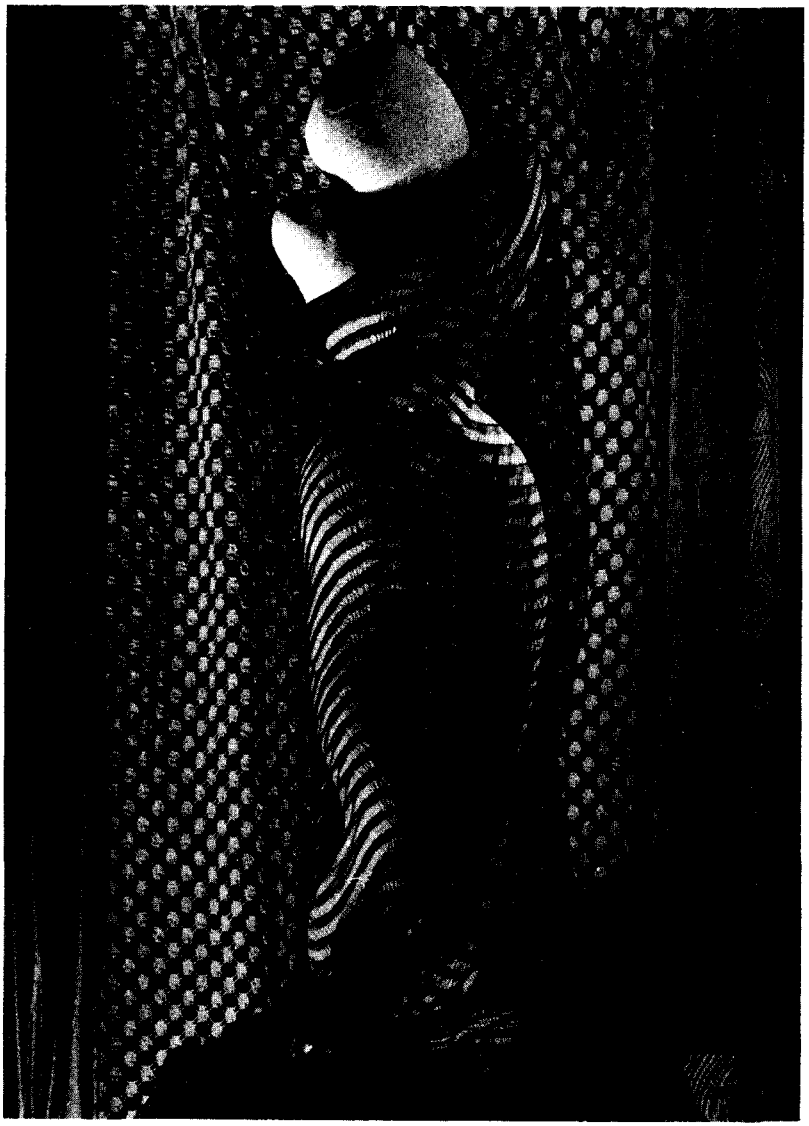

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

COCOON

CORONET

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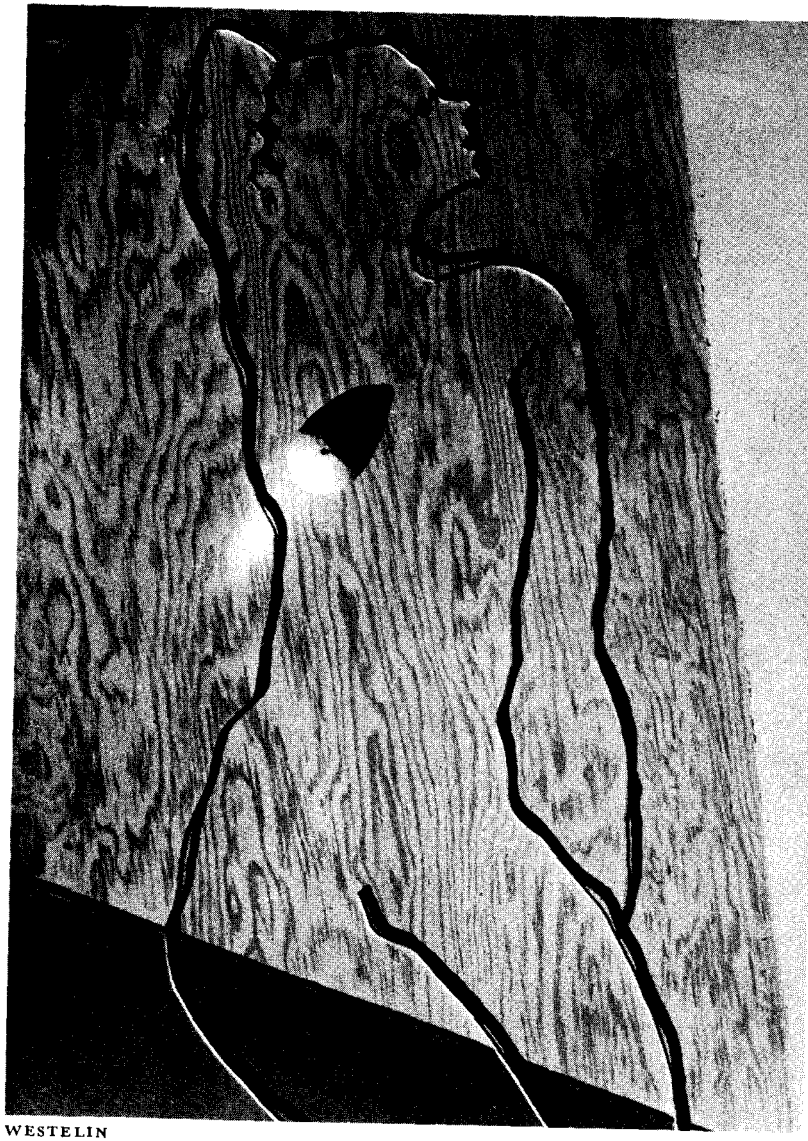

WESTELIN

CHICAGO

THUMB TACK

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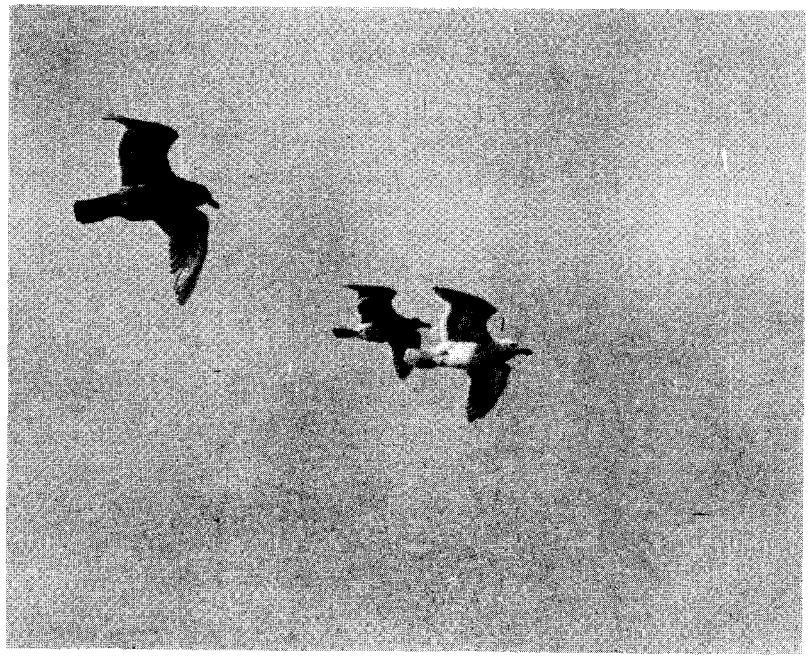

LARRY HOLMES CHICAGO

CONVOYED

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

WHITE SAILS

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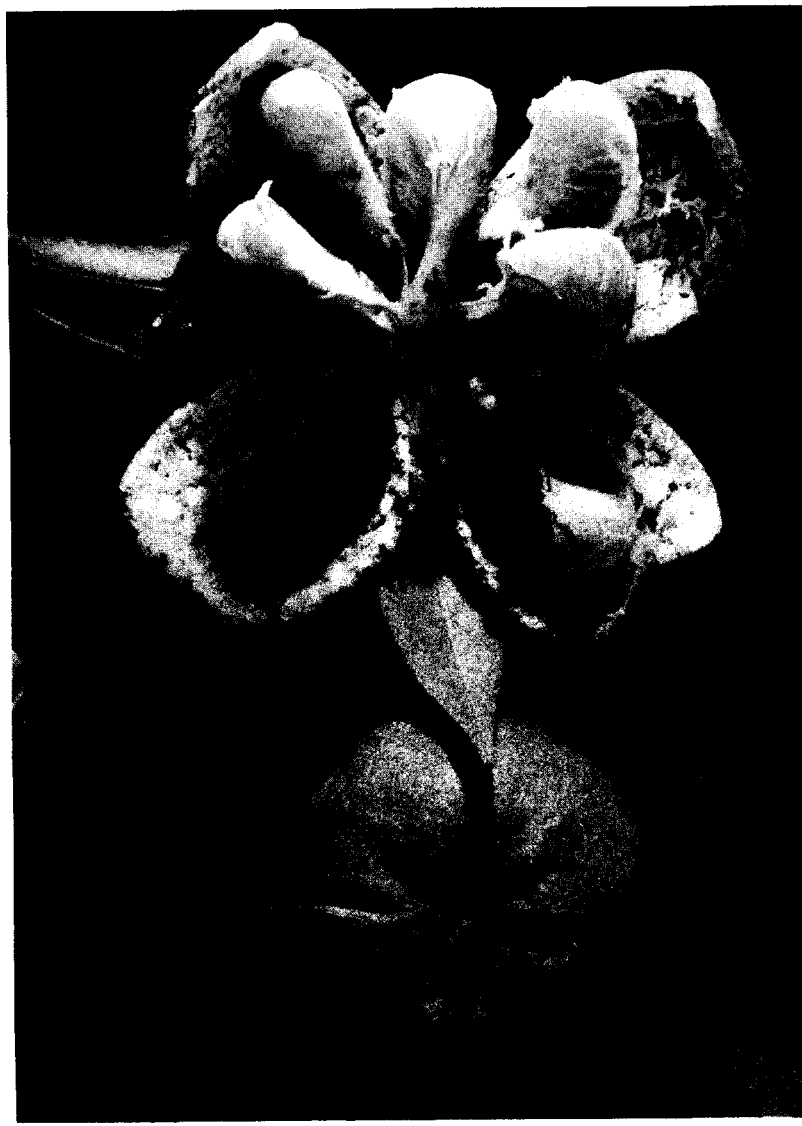

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

ORANGE FLOWER

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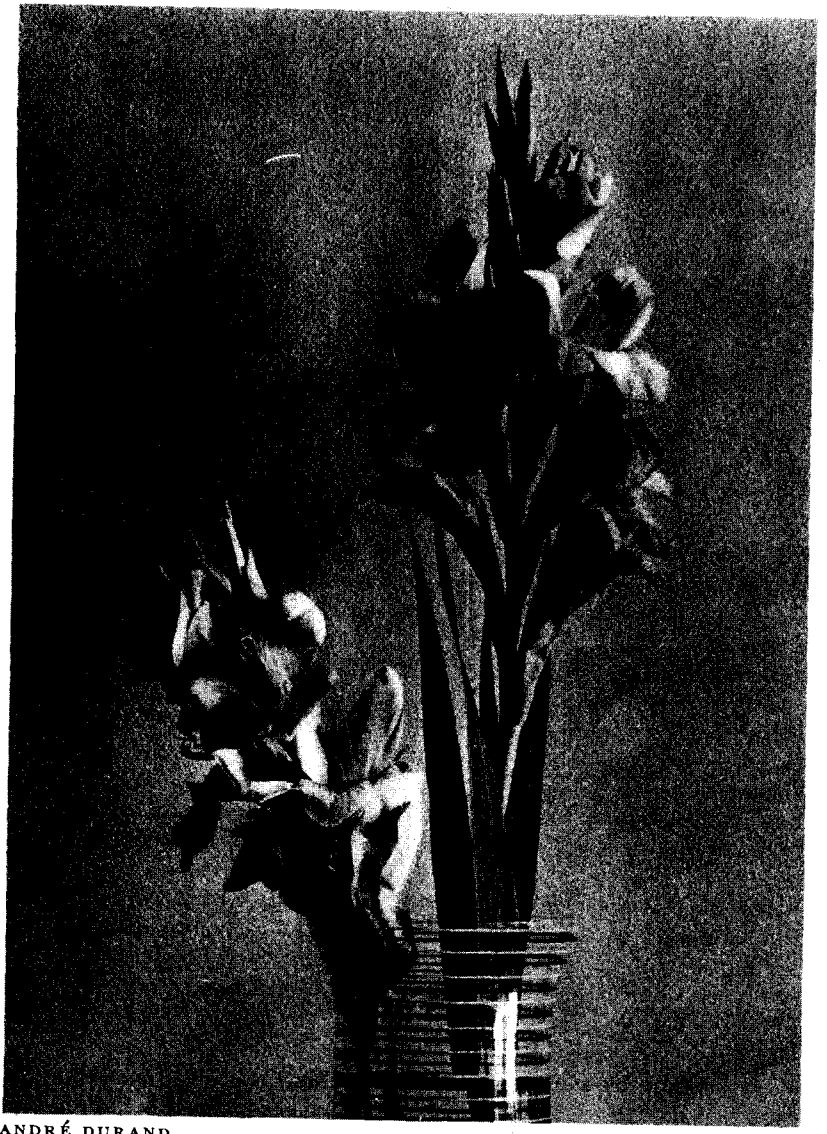

ANDRÉ DURAND

PARIS

GLADIOLI

JUNE, 1937

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ABOUT ADOLF DEHN

HE IS SATIRIC WHEN HE PORTRAYS PEOPLE, BUT LOVING WHEN HE DRAWS THE FARMLAND

THEY thought that Adolf Dehn was one of those foreign artists, they didn't know that he had been born in Waterville, Minnesota, and that he was as American as a silo. For one thing his caricatures had Paris and Viennese subject matter and he had his own peculiar way of ridiculing people that was true and biting but that somehow wasn't nice and therefore probably European.

Know first that Adolf Dehn is the greatest living American lithographer, and the only artist who has somehow managed to keep on the black side of the ledger (sometimes by the skin of his teeth) by making and selling only lithographs. The superb quality of his prints must owe something to the concentration upon that oblong of stone when it is subjected to the lithographic crayon. He has done almost nothing else for twenty years. (Don't look now, but Dehn is secretly toying with water colors, being unable to resist friends who have been nagging him all these years with "Adolf, why don't you do something in color?")

Dehn draws two kinds of lithographs, satires and landscapes. Collectors stow away his satires in their portfolios; nice people run absolutely no risk in framing and showing off his landscapes. The eye that exposes human foibles, becomes literally limpid with love of the land—especially American land. Almost every summer Dehn returns to the little place where folks know him and are proud of him, even if he is poor, and every winter in his New York garret he does at least one nostalgic farmland lithograph.

Mr. Dehn began to draw at 3, decided to be an artist at 5, studied at the Minneapolis Art Institute and the Art Students' League. His recognition came fairly early and those delightful years in Vienna and Paris were made possible by the almost rude way in which collectors fought to buy his prints. There are Dehns in museums stretching from the Metropolitan in New York to the San Francisco Museum of Art, and in Berlin, Vienna and Oslo.

There has been a Dehn lithograph in each one of the "Fifty Prints of the Year" for the past seven or eight years. His work is worth a look. —H. S.

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MADONNA

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IMPASSE

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QUEER BIRDS

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SHELLEY AND KEATS

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LIFE IS SWEET

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ART LECTURE

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BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY

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INNOCENCE

(PAGES 139-146 COURTESY WEYHE GALLERIES, N. Y.)

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LO, THE SUPER SNOOPER

A PROFESSIONAL SHOPPER REVEALS THE TECHNIQUE OF CATCHING CLERKS IN THEFT

THE word "snooper" is generally applied to the many types of investigators operating in various capacities. The "snooper family" is ramified as follows, *to wit:*

We have the snooper who does nothing but ride streetcars day in and day out watching that the conductors do not confuse the company's money with their own.

There is the "spotter" who haunts department stores, keeping eyes peeled for kleptomaniacs and those who bear faith in "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

The man who rides a bicycle through your residential section looking for prowlers and open apertures—he likes to be called a detective, but alas he is only a night watchman, but he may have a diploma and a badge as credentials for his having completed a correspondence course, "How to become a detective in ten easy lessons." (There is, perhaps, an army of thousands of unsuspecting sleuths, who may claim these credits from this same Alma Mater.) This reminds me of an incident in my early youth. It seemed that our neighborhood had been very quiet for some time, and all residents were in accord that our bicycle night watchman was overpaid inasmuch as they figured, on top of his salary, he derived his food supply by raiding their respective iceboxes during the wee hours. Then, there was of course to consider the good, clean fun and exercise which he derived from his work in going night cycling. Soon the rumor of a slice in salary reached his ears and every diploma bearing night watchman has a remedy for this situation, which he promptly put into effect. The following night three sharp pistol shots broke the silence amid yells indicating pursuit, whereon we rushed outside only to be greeted by our genial night watchman, who panted, "he got away."

Then the gentleman who goes around asking your neighbors and intimate friends pertinent questions as to your character, habits and morals, relating to your value as an insurance risk; but don't be fooled my friends, for though he calls himself an insurance inspector, he is still one of the "snooper family."

The attorney's investigator, who

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makes his living by digging up mud for throwing purposes in a divorce action, he is a member, though not of good standing.

Then the detective on your local vice or homicide squad, whom some refer to as "flat feet," ah, but still of the "snooper family" even though the other members will not admit knowing him.

Of the "snooper family" there are many branches, a list too long to cover in this article, so let us now take up the topic of our discourse, "The Shopper." Of this type, I was a recent graduate.

The shopper is an employee of what is called an auditing company. We find three of these major companies operating in practically every city in the United States and Canada, and each company employing an average of twenty-five operators in each office. There are any number of lesser companies doing this type of work, all of whom receive an excellent income from this source. Each company maintains a staff of salesmen, whose duty it is to call upon every type of business house and show the employer that over a period of time he will lose a great percentage of his profits through the dishonesty of some employees. The salesman will get a signed contract from a firm stating that his company shall receive a flat fee for the service rendered, which is, of course, based upon the size of the business, as well as 50% of all moneys recovered from dishonest employees, who over a period of time have stolen money from the firm.

I was hired as an investigator or properly called a shopper, and for my first assignment, was sent out with a crew of both male and female shoppers, to a local department store, which we were to work for two days. Our crew manager carefully chose a parking place near the store, which was not conspicuous, and his instructions to me were as follows: "Always remember to act exactly like a legitimate customer, and take your time so as not to make mistakes." He then counted out to me fifty dollars in various denominations with which to do my shopping. My assignment was to go to the sporting goods department where there were two clerks working, and get "deals" on both of them before leaving the store.

I walked casually into the sporting goods department and proceeded to purchase a tennis racket. After securing the type I wished, which was marked at $15.00, I handed the clerk a twenty dollar bill, at the same time noting the cash register reading which was $2.55-A, as my purchase would directly follow this. The clerk rang the register correctly and handed me my change. Statistics show that one out of every ten employees will steal if given the opportunity, and, therefore, the shopper must make so many catches during a monthly period, and if he does not, something is wrong with his work. In order to give the clerk an opportunity to steal I must

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keep him from writing or issuing a receipt for the purchase. My next move was to make what is called a "test." So, I made inquiry as to the price of tennis balls. I chose three at fifty cents each. I handed him exactly three fifty-cent pieces, and walked away before he could either write or issue a receipt or ring up the sale.

After completing a similar "deal" on the other clerk in the department, I walked back to where our car was parked. After purchases are made, each article is carefully labeled for identification and stored in the car. My next step was to write out a detailed report which must contain the following: Physical description of clerk, and all identifying information such as clothing and jewelry worn. Exact time you paid clerk, how you paid him and in what denominations. Cash register reading prior to first purchase, which in the above case was $2.55-A.

After the store had been checked for two days, which showed that every clerk in every department had been checked six different times by six different shoppers, all reports were turned over to an auditor who checks back on every cash register tape in the store.

Now when the auditor checked the tape for my purchase of tennis racket and balls, above enumerated, he found that the tape read: $2.55-A, $15.00-A, $1.00-A and it should have read: $2.55-A, $15.00-A, and $1.50-A. Now this showed that the clerk either made a mistake or else put one fifty-cent piece in his pocket. In like manner the auditor detected another mistake in the tape readings of this same clerk, when the record of another shopper was checked. This showed that beyond a reasonable doubt the clerk had stolen both times. The clerk was called into the manager's office, where he was confronted by a stranger, the auditing company's "break down artist."

Interrogator: "How much money have you stolen from this firm since you have been employed?"

Clerk: (startled) "Why I don't think I know what you are talking about."

Interrogator: "Come now, don't stall, I know you have stolen plenty."

Clerk: (turning to the boss) "Say, who is this guy and what is this all about?"

Boss: "I am sorry, but this gentleman represents the Acme Auditing Company and he claims he can prove that you are stealing money from this firm."

Clerk: "Why this is an outrage after the way I have worked for this firm, and with the small salary I work for."

Interrogator: "So you think you are underpaid, eh?"

Clerk: "Well, I'm not kicking, but I should get more."

Interrogator: "Let's test your memory. Do you remember selling a 'Daisy tennis racket' to a gentleman yesterday?"

Clerk: "Why, yes."

Interrogator: "And you also sold him tennis balls?"

Clerk: "Why, yes, I believe so."

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Interrogator: "How many balls did you sell him?"
Clerk: (stammering) "Wh--er- two of them—came to $1.00 even."
Interrogator: "Now cut out the lying, you know you sold him three balls and pocketed fifty cents."
Clerk: "You are crazy, I only sold him two."
Interrogator: "Well then, suppose we make an inventory check—that may help you remember what you did with the other ball."
Clerk: "Go on, check all you want to."
Interrogator: "Right after you completed the tennis racket and ball transaction—a woman came in and purchased sweat socks and ping-pong balls—is that right?"
Clerk: "Yes, I believe she did."
Interrogator: "Well, she was also a plant and her report shows that she purchased three pairs of sweat socks and five ping-pong balls totaling to $2.10 and you only rang up $1.60. Again you pocketed fifty cents."
Clerk: "Why that's not so, there must be some mistake."
Interrogator: "All right, fellow, I've tried to be nice about this thing but I guess the only thing for me to do is to swear out a warrant for your arrest —then you'll have to talk."
Clerk: (scared) "All right, I'll talk. I did steal those two fifty-cent pieces but that's all."
Interrogator: "No, that's not all, you either come clean and tell me how much you have stolen in the past year or I'll have to take you to court."
Clerk: "Well I don't know exactly, but I have averaged about one dollar a day."

There, ladies and gentlemen, you have the "payoff."

Now if the employee were to seek legal advice before answering any of these questions, he would be advised to deny each and every allegation, as the evidence held by the auditing company could not possibly hold up in court, and the auditing companies know this to be a fact. If they did sue and lost the case the defendant would have grounds for an action of defamation of character, against both the auditing company and his employer. But through intimidation, they manage to break down nine out of every ten employees.

After the interrogator gets a signed confession from the employee, he makes a contract whereby the employee agrees to pay back all of the stolen money in consideration that he will not be prosecuted. This agreement happens to be illegal. Under the Penal Code of California, the employee would be guilty of embezzlement. Therefore, the interrogator representing the auditing company as well as the employer would be guilty of compounding a crime, and liable to imprisonment for three years. This law is universal throughout the United States.

The auditing racket takes in practically every business, including bars, restaurants and hotels.

—THOMAS R. HART

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JACK HORNER'S PLUM

CHILDREN OF THREE CENTURIES HAVE LISPED DARK INSINUATION OF GRAFT

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."

WELL, maybe "Little Jack Horner" considered himself a "Good boy," but the man on the street in England during the reign of Henry the Eighth, was very far from holding this flattering conviction. In fact, if the familiar name of grafter could have been rotten egged about as freely during that long ago period as it is today, Mr. Horner would have been spared none of its opprobrium. As it was, public sentiment contented itself with singing the verse which was in reality a stinging political lampoon, although the slow processes of evolution and long usage, have since established it as one of the favorite classics for children.

Secure in the knowledge that no income tax could reduce his revenue, Henry the Eighth stretched forth a grasping hand and claimed for himself the wealth of real estate, gold and jewels in possession of the Holy Catholic Church. The rich monastic properties—many of them the finest in the land—were ordered into the private coffers of the king, on pain of confiscation and dire punishment.

Abbot Whiting, the white haired, white bearded Archbishop of Glastonbury, bowed his head to the inevitable. Deeds to twelve magnificent estates were sorrowfully placed within a great pie—this being a popular method of presenting gifts during the Middle Ages. John Horner was commissioned by the Archbishop to place this fabulous bit of pastry within the hands of Henry.

When the emissary returned from Court, he was no longer plain John Horner, but "Sir John," having been knighted by the King—and with him also returned the deed to Mells Park, Sommersetshire, whose ancient stone buildings and beautiful grounds had been the favorite retreat of the Archbishop of Glastonbury.

The story was noised about that during the long trek to London, Horner's cupidity was tested beyond its strength. It was more than whispered that this trusted gentleman had torn a

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hole in the pie's protecting crust, and carefully removed the coveted deed to Mells Park.

This estate was the historic "Plum" of the jingle, which continues to bear this name even in the present time. However, it is only fair to say that the descendents of Sir John Horner claim most insistently that their celebrated ancestor bought the property from Henry the Eighth, at a goodly figure, and because of his pleasure at receiving actual money instead of land, the King bestowed the title of Sir John upon the emissary. The people refused to accept this unromantic explanation even with a grain of salt, and so the old rhyme was written and sung right lustily in derision of the supposed theft.

Sir John Horner rated fame in yet another nursery jingle, for the home which he erected in Mells Park, was none other than the wonderful "House that Jack Built." The vanity of the gentleman caused him to build this home in the shape of an H, one wing of which still stands, although its twin and connecting corridor have long since fallen into artistic British ruins.

Charming Joan Horner—the "Maiden all forlorn" and a great niece of Sir John, lived in this house. She married Bishop Still—the "Man all tattered and torn," his reputation being torn into shreds during the progress of his courtship by the unsympathetic contemporaries of his time, because of his former caustic remarks about Sir John. He was also the "Priest all shaven and shorn." The "Malt house" of this interminable rhyme was the dark, old kitchen of the great stone dwelling once beloved by the Archbishop of Glastonbury. Its narrow windows look down upon New Street, which really was new two years before Columbus sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to find the East Indies, and instead, stumbled into America.

Many tourists visit Mells Park, to gaze upon the remains of the "House that Jack Built," and the "Plum," which rightfully or wrongfully, came into the possession of the redoubtable Sir John Horner.

—EDNA S. SOLLARS

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

GOVERNMENT—Monarchy never failed, only our monarchs. Democracy cannot fail, only ourselves.

★ ★ ★

PROSPERITY—Economists teach as simple arithmetic that national prosperity requires a favorable trade balance. Then world prosperity requires that all nations have favorable trade balances. That is simple, but it's not arithmetic.

★ ★ ★

ADVERTISING—A copywriter is a lost literary soul writhing in eternal torment because magazines have to be paid to print his stuff.

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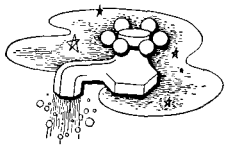
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN . . .

. . . YOU FETCH A DRINK OF WATER BY SIMPLY TURNING ON A FAUCET



How many people do you suppose ever give the slightest thought to where their drinking water comes from? How often, for example, have you gone to the faucet, turned it on, filled your glass and taken a drink without so much as a passing thought about how the water got there?

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand knows or cares—yet it makes a fascinating story.

To supply drinking water to a great city like New York with its eight million people is quite a problem, especially when the average daily consumption is around 125 gallons per person. Although the city is surrounded by water, no one would be foolish enough to drink it. Everyone knows that the rivers around large cities are polluted by sewage and to drink any of that water would be extremely dangerous.

It is an easy matter to figure how much water eight million times 125 gallons amounts to—it is equivalent to a cubicle tank as high as the Woolworth Building and would make a good size lake anywhere in the country. This is consumed every day in New York. The people drink it, they bathe in it, they flush the streets with it, and they use it for a thousand and one other purposes. It is a vital necessity and must always be there—on tap—at the rate of one billion gallons per day.

Now, although the City of New York is surrounded by water, that water is quite unavailable as a source of water supply. Being situated on the ocean, the water is naturally salty or very brackish and you cannot drink it. But that is not the only reason. Unfortunately, rivers and harbors around our big cities are used as a means for disposing of our waste. We all know that we empty our sewers into these waters. Besides that, all along our rivers, factories and other industrial plants are located, and they discharge their waste products into these waters. Some of these waste products are disagreeable and others are positively poisonous. The result is that not only are the waters adjacent to our large cities, in most cases, unfit for drinking—they are even unfit to bathe in. Therefore, where does this huge quantity of drinking and bathing water

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come from every day? Without it, there could be no large city. It was one of civilized man's most urgent problems, and that he realized it is evident in the remains of some ancient water supplies that still exist today.

The best water supply that can possibly be obtained is pure rain water. With that no elaborate purification or filtration plants are necessary. The whole trick is to catch enough rain water, keep it stored until needed and then lead it to the place where you want it. In other words, we must build a reservoir, and by means of an aqueduct, lead it into the city. The water supply, therefore, should originate in streams in an area far out in the country, where there is little or no possibility of contamination or pollution. That means that we must find a sparsely inhabited area and depend on this to give us the water we need. This area is usually located in the mountains, and the little mountain streams that are formed by the heavy rains saturate the soil, overflow into the brooks and constitute what we call the watershed, and the watershed, in most cases, is located far away from the city it serves. The principal source of water supply for the City of New York is in the Catskill Mountains, 120 miles away from where it is used.

It is the engineer's problem to collect enough rain water to yield a sufficient quantity for the estimated consumption. The way he does it is comparatively simple. In a sparsely settled region like the Catskill Mountains, there will be many little water-courses where the water collects, and forms little streams which join larger streams, and the larger streams join brooks and brooks flow into creeks and creeks into the river. The problem then becomes one of collecting these various streams, brooks and rivers into a reservoir. In locating this reservoir, two things must be borne in mind: It must be far enough from the source so that there will always be a sufficient flow of water into it, and yet, it cannot be too near the large city because the nearer it gets the more chance there is of pollution.

During the course of a year, the quantity of water yielded by any watershed will be fairly constant and the engineers can tell quite accurately how much water will flow into the reservoir over a period of a year. They know from the topography of the country and from the Government meteorological stations how much each square mile will contribute to each contemplated water supply. The watershed therefore can be depended upon to give a fairly constant quantity of water over a period of years. That does not mean that its yield will be the same every day during the year. We know that more water falls at certain times of the year than at others. In the spring we have heavy rainfalls and the streams fill up. Sometimes we have floods. In the summer, when there is less rainfall, streams sometimes dry up completely, and very often during one year there will be a heavier rainfall

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than during another. It is for that reason that we must have the reservoir and store the water during the periods when there is heavy rain against the time when there will be little or no rain.

The construction of a reservoir for a large quantity of water is extremely expensive and no chances can be taken. So, after the location is determined, a further check is necessary, in order to make sure that it is the proper one. The engineers then for a period that may last several years, take observations at the proposed site on the stream that is to constitute the reservoir. They actually measure the flow of water in the stream, determining the quantity of water that flows by this point during the course of the year. While they are taking measurements, they take samples of the water, and these samples are taken to the laboratory and carefully examined, as to suitability for a source of water supply and to make absolutely sure that no possible contamination has taken place that may have been unobserved.

Having definitely determined the location of the reservoir, the building of it is decided upon. This is done by building a dam at its lower end. The dam is nothing more than a big wall built to hold back the water. If it is very high it may be built of reënforced concrete. The construction of a dam requires some of the most careful and accurate figuring in all engineering. The enormous pressure of the water which the dam must hold back and which is continually being applied to the dam itself, must be taken care of to insure safety for the countryside for miles around. It would be a pretty serious thing if a dam were to give way and, for this reason, extra precaution is taken to build a wall which will withstand many times the pressure exerted by the water. The wall of the dam is triangular, in cross section,—it gets thicker and thicker until it reaches the base which, in some cases, is more than 250 feet thick. A wall of concrete, 250 feet thick, heavily reënforced by iron rods to form a great homogeneous mass, rising to a height of several hundred feet, is frequently necessary to keep large reservoirs in their places. The top of the dam must be above the surface of the water in the reservoir. On some occasions, during periods of very heavy rainfall, the reservoir may overflow. Provision must be made for this. This provision is called a spillway and the excess water in the reservoir is allowed to flow over the spillway down into the stream where it is wasted away. A reservoir like the Ashokan Reservoir in the Catskill Mountains covers many square miles and the site must be carefully prepared, before it is filled. Villages have to be removed; roads and railroads re-located; cemeteries have to be removed and all vegetation that might decay and affect the quality of the water must be taken away. When all this is done, and the dam completed, the water slowly fills the reservoir. It may take years to fill. And

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where we have had a former, rural countryside, we now have a man-made lake.

Now that we have collected our water, the problem is to take it to the city. This is done by means of the aqueduct. The aqueduct starts at the dam and ends at the city. In the case of the Catskill water supply of New York, the reservoir is located far enough above the City so that no pumps are necessary. The overflow is by gravity. The aqueduct is simply a large conduit, built underground. Along the line of the aqueduct we are apt to find storage reservoirs, similar to the original one. These are placed many miles apart and are for emergency purposes. From the secondary reservoir nearest the city, as well as from the aqueduct which approaches the city, large water mains branch out. These water mains vary in diameter and are sometimes as large as six feet just before they enter the city. They are led under the main streets of the city from which smaller mains branch out into the side streets, and we have a network of water mains under the entire city. From the street mains smaller pipes branch out into the various houses and apartments on that street, so that the water mains and water pipes are constantly filled with water under great pressure. The pressure in the water pipes causes the water to enter the service pipes in the house, right up to the top floor. Of course, in almost any city there will be some very tall buildings and the pressure in the pipes will not be sufficient to supply water to the higher floors of these buildings. Therefore, a building like this must have a pump in the basement and a tank on the roof, and the water must be pumped to the tank on the roof and from that tank it flows by gravity into the house service pipes. When you turn on your faucet, you are simply opening a door that allows the water to come out.

The next time you turn on the tap in your kitchen and fill your glass with clear, cold drinking water you will realize that this water has traveled perhaps 100 miles. That it actually started far off in the mountains and, by careful planning and engineering skill was collected in water sheds and led from there into a reservoir where it was dammed at one end by a huge concrete wall with a large opening at the bottom connecting the reservoir to another reservoir many miles away by means of an enormous pipe or aqueduct. You will realize that the drinking water which comes up the main pipe in your house or apartment taps the water main under your street in front of your house, and in this water main flows the water from the secondary reservoir. All this water, of course, is under pressure because the mountain region where it started is much higher than your house, and water always seeks its own level. By turning on the tap the pressure is released. The water is always there—clear, pure, mountain water.

—JEROME S. MEYER, CHARLES S. BRISK

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NOTES ON A T'ANG POET

Po, a wise man, enjoyed solitude;
I, an unwise one, want never to be alone.
If I cannot bear my own company
Who, then, will stay by my side?

When Po's friends married, it meant the end
of youthful distractions;
When my friends marry, it is quite the opposite.
The long discourses over the cup are replaced
by longer silences while I drink alone.

In the year eight twelve, when he was forty,
Po was sad, abed throughout the day.
So much later I, at twenty-five,
Abed at night, feel old and sick at heart.
Day and night, different times, different places:
Is it a different sadness, after all?

Po, having learning, caps, and fame,
Marriage, honors, and a court position
Regretted his lot, calling himself unapt
To the duties and the ties that bound him.
I have a different lot; Po would find
None of these were he to take my place.
Could we have changed lives, then we might
have changed
The reasons which we give for our regrets.

—JOHN PIERCE

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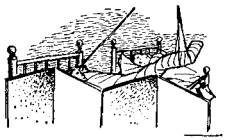
WARD TORTURE

SECOND STAGE IN AN EPIC OF BOOTLESS SUFFERING, THIS TIME IN A HOSPITAL



For months desperate sickness had forced me from my job as an oil geologist in California and brought me to my Mid-western home, penniless, defeated and near to death. There I lay scarcely able to move, out of the fight, but feeling much less worried than at any time since my sickness started. I had lost sixty-five pounds, my temperature hovered around 103, and my left leg was drawn up, rigidly immovable. Any movement, even a deep breath, caused a stabbing pain in my groin. I knew the doctors had failed, that my money was gone and I was nearly through.

My mother, aunt and wife were fine nurses and did everything to make me comfortable. They called in a local doctor but it was soon evident my case was beyond him.

Then, before I realized what was going on, my sister-in-law had completed arrangements for me to go into the ward of a big Michigan hospital. My people were to pay only the cost of my ward bed and X-rays. The doctors were to be paid from a charity fund which she had been able to tap through a relative who, as it happened, was on the hospital board.

I roused up at this news for I didn't like any part of it. To accept charity was humiliating, but to go into a ward I felt was dangerous. I had seen hospital wards and I feared the nerve drain caused by so much noise, confusion and suffering around me would leave me without energy for my own death fight.

But I could think of no alternative, so I went. All during the torture of the thirty-mile ambulance ride, I hoped the ward would be small, say four to six beds, with no one in it who was very sick.

As I rolled swiftly into the ward on the low ambulance stretcher, I had a sinking feeling, for the room seemed enormous, big enough for a twenty-bed ward. My high hospital cot was the second on the left, and to get into it I had the ambulance men hold the stretcher flush with its white surface while I slid crab-wise, inch by painful inch, stopping often to rest, from stretcher to bed.

After the ambulance men had gone, I lay back panting, for slight as the exertion would have been to a well

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person, it was enough to exhaust me. While waiting for the pain to quiet and my strength to return, I was conscious of a great deal of room noise, but there was nothing I could identify, and I was lying too flat to see what was going on.

Suddenly, from somewhere close by, a yammering broke out. I heard loud groans as of someone in agony mixed with a mumbling in a foreign tongue, all sounding as though it came from one person. For three or four minutes I listened to this noise until my nerves were jumping from the shock.

Groping for the bars at the head of my bed and summoning all my strength, not helping with my legs because that would hurt too much, I dragged myself high enough on the pillows so I could look around.

Across the room and one bed farther up the ward was a dark little man, an Italian by his looks, who was making all the noise. He had the head of his bed raised until he was sitting almost upright. His right hand was huge with bandages and he waved it slowly from left to right, swinging his head at the same time, and all the while uttering these agonized groans and strange words.

When he caught sight of me staring at him, he waved his bandaged hand at me and shouted, "My han' she ees hurt. She ees feel lika da hell!" Although his big, brown eyes were wide with pain, he had no shame about the fuss he was making.

I nodded in response, and he went back to swaying his hand and head in unison and uttering his hearty groans.

Glaring at the Italian from the next bed on my left was a little, hard-bitten man with iron grey hair. His left arm was in a sling, but he looked healthy. He gave the impression of a man used to authority, probably a gang boss, I thought. Suddenly, he sat straight up in bed. "Shut up, ya wop!" he barked.

"Yeah, for God sake pipe down," growled a young, good looking fellow who was in the second bed on my left; he had his right leg in a cast and was pale but in good flesh. "Mac, here, lost three fingers," he continued, waving an arm at the gang boss in the bed between us, "and he never peeped. The docs say you ain't going to lose nothing, yet all you do is yell. Now, shut up! Or I'll heave a glass at ya!"

The Italian shut up.

Mac turned to me. "The damned wop can't take it," he said. "That'll hold him for about five minutes and then he'll be back at it. There's no damned rest with him around."

I nodded but I didn't say anything.

From the high hospital bed I could see that it was only a twelve-bed ward. In the bed nearest the door a young lad of not more than seventeen slept through all the noise. His right arm was in traction, pulled straight up in the air by ropes and pulleys, his face was contorted and flushed with fever so that his sleep did not look natural. I thought he must have been heavily drugged. In the bed next to him, the one directly opposite mine, an unkempt

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old man whose most prominent feature was a sadly drooping, dirty white, handle-bar mustache, sat with his left leg in a cast. The third bed contained the troublesome Italian, and the one beyond that was empty. In the fifth cot lay a middle-aged fellow who showed no outward sign of sickness. He watched everything with a rather blank face, but said nothing. The last bed was also empty.

My survey of the room was complete with the exception of the bed on my right, the one nearest the door. I turned my head to see who was in this bed and looked into one of the most terror-stricken faces that I have ever seen. A man who looked to be about thirty, a foreigner of some sort, was gazing at me, fascinated, as if I were a rattlesnake about to strike. I could not imagine that he was afraid of me. I assumed that he was in pain and terrified because he was sick. I smiled reassuringly, but he never changed expression.

I turned back to Mac. "What goes on over there?" I asked, jerking my head back towards the terrified one.

"I don't know. The Polack's been here a week and the docs can't find out what's wrong with him. Maybe he's going nuts."

I looked back at the Pole but he hadn't changed a muscle. I gave it up but it made me uneasy to have a potential lunatic in the next bed.

I had arrived at the hospital about ten-thirty in the morning, but I knew more about hospitals now and I wasn't surprised when nothing was done for me that day. I had stood the trip well but already the noise and confusion had rubbed my nerves so raw that everything I was to see and hear in this ward was recorded photographically in my memory.

The Italian continued to break out with his unearthly groans and murmurs, but either Mac or the man in the bed beyond him, whose name was Jack, put the quiet on him. I felt sorry for him, but I was out of sympathy with his groaning. Weeks before I had experimented and come to the conclusion that groaning only made pain worse. I realize that all people may not be alike, and to some groaning may be a relief. Still I cannot imagine anyone with the least consideration for others groaning in a room full of sick people.

A doctor came about eleven o'clock and cut the cast from Jack's leg. They both talked loudly about what a wonderful job the doctor had done. I learned that the leg had been broken in four places and that it was fastened together with silver plates. Jack was so happy to have his cast off that, after the doctor had left, he climbed into a wheel chair and went tearing around the ward. He could turn on a dime and his dexterity with the chair amazed me. But twice he bumped my bed, giving me an extra stab of pain, so that it was a relief when at last he wheeled out of the ward and down the hall.

Another doctor came and dressed

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the Italian's hand. He worked quietly and efficiently and seemed to realize that there were people around him trying to rest. With the bandages off, I could see that the Italian did have something to moan about. His hand had been smashed until his fingers were squashed out as big as bananas. The screams that he made while it was being dressed were nerve-racking and brought a look of utter disgust to Mac's face.

Around noon there was a clatter of dishes down the hall and Jack came wheeling in and climbed into bed shouting the obvious fact that "the grub was coming." Then a large cart filled with all the ward trays was pushed noisily into the room.

The old man across from me called for an orderly who put a screen around him and brought a bedpan.

"My God! Wouldn't you know it," said Mac. "He spoiled my dinner yesterday, but, by God, I'll eat today."

The food looked to be of good quality and Mac and Jack wolfed into it. The young fellow with his arm in tractions said plainly but unprintably that he couldn't eat because the old man had spoiled his dinner.

When Mac saw I wasn't eating he said, "Don't let that old fool stink you out. You have to get used to that around here. Why, when I'm hungry enough they can wave a bedpan right in my face and I can still eat." He went on with a lot more. It wasn't exactly table talk, but it was offered in a kindly spirit He explained his theory that you have to eat to get well, that he had noticed that it was the fellows who ate a lot that got out of the ward the soonest.

I explained that I hadn't eaten anything solid in three months, that I couldn't keep anything down. Even then he persisted, saying, "You gotta eat. You ought to try a little somethin'." So I gave it up and stared at the ceiling for it tired me too much to talk.

After lunch the Italian was quiet for awhile but about one o'clock he started his infernal racket. I noticed Tommy, the young fellow with his arm in traction, was becoming more and more restless from the noise. Mac had told me that Tommy had bone decay and that the doctors had scraped the bone of his upper arm many times in operations. That his pain was such that he couldn't sleep without morphine.

At last in a high pitched hysterical voice he shouted, "For God sake, shut up, can't you?" and when the Italian didn't stop he started swearing, his voice cracking with excitement.

The ward nurse rushed in full of concern. It was evident from her attitude that Tommy was dangerously sick. She smoothed his pillows, got him a hypo and lectured the Italian. He stopped his act and from then until two o'clock we had quiet.

Visiting hours were from two to four afternoons, and from seven to eight in the evening. Long before two o'clock I had my eyes glued on the door waiting for Marje. She was late,

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and before she came the Italian's wife arrived and sat by his bed. They didn't speak English but what they said was very plain to me; the Italian was describing his troubles and she was all sympathy. A woman came to see the Pole too. They spoke in their native tongue and he seemed to be pleading with her to take him home. He pointed at me once or twice as if to strengthen his argument. It made me uncomfortable for I could see that for some reason he was still very much afraid of me.

It was three days before Christmas and Marje was late because she was shopping. At last Marje came. I told her that the ward was taking it out of me too fast and asked if she thought it would be at all possible for me to get a private room. She pointed out that because the doctors were being paid from a charity fund it would be better if I could stay where I was. It soothed me to have Marje there even for a few minutes.

Shortly after visiting hours, Dr. Small, my diagnostician, an elderly, brisk, little man, came to see me. A screen was put around my bed while he made a short examination. He was noncommittal merely saying that he would leave orders for X-rays and different kinds of tests to be made. His hands were gentle, but he had a neutral personality which left me unimpressed.

The night meal was at five-thirty. Mac continued to urge me to eat, but at last I made him understand that I simply could not manage it.

Hardly had the trays been carried away, when the Pole let out an unearthly shout. He sat straight up in bed, pointed at me and yelled loudly, "He goin' to get me. Help! Police! He after me!" He shouted it over and over, his eyes wide and wild, and his rather pleasant face contorted with fear. His own shouting seemed to excite him to greater frenzy. His shrieks became ear-splitting. He looked ready to jump me.

The fact that I couldn't move made me feel helpless. I was scared.

At the same time Tommy, from his bed directly opposite the Pole, became hysterical with excitement. He pointed at the Pole and shouted in his shrill voice. "The Polack is nuts! Ya-ya you're nuts! The guy can't even move, how could he hurtcha?"

The Pole kept screaming for help. Finally in his terror he jumped out of bed on the side away from me. His hospital gown came loose from its ties and slid slowly to the floor. He stood there naked, howling insanely for the police at the top of his lungs.

I heard a noise back of me and looked around in time to see Mac emptying the water out of his heavy glass pitcher onto the floor. Scrambling out of his cot, he rushed around the foot of my bed and stood there protectively. With his left arm in a sling, about half the size of the Pole and twenty years older, there was yet something about the quiet way he stood there with his pitcher held ready to strike, that made me know that if

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the Pole started anything Mac would be enough for him. Still I was terribly excited. I could feel my heart thumping and racing. I remember being surprised there was that much life left in the old pump.

I could see a nurse watching from the safety of the hall. She kept glancing back over her shoulder as if waiting for help. The Pole was a big man, far too large for any woman to tackle, and I didn't blame her for waiting. Meanwhile, both the Pole and Tommy kept up their shouting.

"The Polack's crazy! He's gone bats!" screamed Tommy.

The Pole stood still, glaring at me insanely and shouting over and over, "Police! He got knife! Help! He after me!" He stood there naked, the muscles of his face jerking crazily in his excitement.

At last an intern and an orderly burst into the room. Grasping the Pole by the arms they thrust him back on his bed and held him there. The nurse hustled a screen around his bed. In a few minutes comparative quiet was restored.

I thanked Mac for standing by.

"These foreigners are a goofy lot," he said. "Polack is off his base. They oughta take him out a here. He ain't safe."

But they did not move him. They left the screen around his bed and he and Tommy both got a shot in the arm. The Pole did not go to sleep for I could see him peeking at me through a slit in his screen. It kept me feeling nervous, excited, and utterly helpless.

An orderly came and put a screen around my bed and said that the doctor had left orders for him to give me an enema. When he came with the enema can, its odor was bad and looking at the hose and nozzle I saw that it was filthy; far from having been sterilized between patients, it hadn't even been washed off. It sickened me and made me mad.

"Take that thing out of here," I said.

He did, but in a few minutes he was back with a clean one. However, I was unreasonable. My nerves were shot. I refused to let him give me an enema. "How do I know you sterilized the damn thing?" I said. "Get out of here, I don't want anything." A nurse came and argued with me but I was thoroughly disgusted and wouldn't give in. So they took the screen away.

Marje was staying in town at her sister's so she ran in for a few minutes during night visiting hours. As usual she restored my sanity. She told me what everybody was giving everybody else for Christmas. We laughed a little.

Soon after she left, I heard a strange murmuring going on behind the Pole's screen. Looking over I could see him peering at me again through the slit in the curtains of his screen. This went on for about ten minutes with the murmurs gradually getting louder, until finally he began to shout again. It was the same old story; he wanted the police, only this time I had a gun. Even though nothing had happened

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to me during his last fit, I began to get excited and to be afraid.

"My God!" I said to Mac. "He's in again."

"You mean off again," said Mac, dumping his pitcher and jumping to his feet.

With a shrill yell the Pole scrambled out of bed upsetting his screen which clattered noisily to the floor. "Out!" he shouted. "Help! Let me out!"

An intern and two orderlies came running through the door, but the Pole dodged past them. An orderly caught hold of the Pole's hospital gown but it ripped off in his hand leaving the Pole stark naked and free. He streaked it up the hall with the intern and orderlies after him; even the ward nurse joined in the chase.

The ward was in an uproar.

No one came near the ward for ten minutes and then the ward nurse returned looking very serious. Without a word she came over and gave me a shot in the arm. It didn't help.

In a few minutes the intern came back and sat down by my bed to take my case history.

"Where's the Pole?" I asked. "You caught him, didn't you?"

"Oh, we caught him all right," the intern said grimly. "He ran upstairs to the next floor and we cornered him in a room there. He fought like a wildcat but we got him down. I got his pulse and it was 145. Boy, he was really scared!"

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Dead," said the intern.

"Dead! What made him die?"

"I don't know. Scared to death, I guess. All of a sudden he went out like a light. His heart just stopped beating. I think he had a brain tumor. We're going to try and do an autopsy and find out."

By the time the intern left you could tell by the noise that quite a few of the inmates were sleeping. At least three of them were expert snorers and one was in the professional class. The old man with the broken leg was giving an exhibition of plain and fancy snoring with all the volume of three sawmills trying to keep up with a building boom. I marveled as I listened to his crescendos and basso profundos and remembered how commonplace the old boy had looked sitting in his wheel chair. My, my, I thought, genius certainly comes wrapped in strange packages.

There was absolutely no sleeping with such a racket going on. Mac in the bed next to me and Jack in the bed beyond were sitting up smoking cigarettes in defiance of the rules.

"Does the old boy put on this act every night?" I asked.

"Every night and all night," said Jack.

"Yep, there's only two things that old buzzard does well," said Mac, "snoring and calling for the bedpan every time anybody wants to eat."

"Won't the night nurse drag him out if you ask her to?" I asked.

"Na-a-a," said Jack. "I tried that

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the first night I was in here. She said (here Jack assumed a sugary tone), 'I think if you try real hard and snuggle down you'll go right off to sleep.'"

"But we kin fix him," said Mac. "The nurse'll take him out if we soak him. Here, you better get in on this. Is your water glass full?"

"It's full," I said, inching painfully over to the right-hand edge of the bed so that my arm could swing down over the side. I grasped my glass of water and waited. In the semi-darkness I could see Mac and Jack leaning forward, each with a glass full of water poised ready to throw.

"I'll count three, and on three let her go," Mac said. "One—two—THREE!"

At three we all let fly. I think we all scored. My bed was the nearest and I was mean enough to be pleased when I felt sure I had hit him in the chest, and felt rewarded for the pain the effort had caused.

With a gasp the old man awakened. "I'm aw wet," he whimpered, putting on his night light to call the nurse.

The nurse came. "I'm wet ri' here," said the old man patting himself on the chest. Without a word to him or to us the nurse pulled his bed out of the ward and into a room up the hall.

"I think I hit him in the chest," I said. "Don't we get a cigar?"

"You got it wrong," Mac explained. "The old man wins. He gets a private room for the night!"

After that the quiet of the ward was marred only by some minor snoring from the far end of the room. But I couldn't sleep.

The Pole going crazy and dying, the Italian's incessant moans, Tommy's hysterical shouts, and the old man's snores had stretched my nerves until I felt that they stuck out of my skin a foot. My mind was racing again. I knew that I was nearly through and I began to be desperately afraid of death. Could I act like a man up to the end, or would I crack? Too bad to take this money from my people! How long could I stand this ward? If I had a small place to myself, I thought, even if it were no more than a large closet, but a place where no one would see me suffer.

I would lie there fighting my pain and trying not to wonder what time it was until I was sure that two hours had gone by, then I would strike a match and look at my watch to find that it was only ten minutes since I had looked the last time.

About eleven-thirty the nurse gave me what she said was a quarter of morphine by hypo. It had no effect.

About two o'clock they brought in an emergency case and they put him, damn it, in the bed next to mine—the one the Pole had no further need for. He turned out to be a chronic with some sort of intestinal trouble who had suffered a sudden attack brought on by a blockage. In a few minutes his own doctor, an intern, and an orderly came in. The first thing the orderly did was to drop a bedpan on the cement floor—waking up the ward.

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To his doctor—and now to the whole room full of wide-awake listeners—the chronic, in a voice pitched high with excitement, gave a vivid descriptions of all his symptoms.

In the voice of a sea captain on a hell of a stormy night the doctor ordered the nurse, intern and orderly about. The whole bunch acted as if they were alone in a sound-proof room, making no attempt to do things silently.

Why, I wondered, couldn't all this have been done either in the emergency receiving room downstairs, or in some vacant private room? I am sure it could have. It was just another senseless, thoughtless performance like the loud speakers that blat their nerve-destroying messages in hospitals.

At any rate, it had about the effect you might expect. Down at the far end of the ward some patient began to moan. This reminded the Italian of his troubles and he started his usual routine. Poor Tommy hadn't had shot for an hour or two and he cov ered his face with a pillow and crie softly into it. The Pole, I thought, wa well out of this.

It was about a half-hour more be fore the doctors were done with th chronic. But it was an hour after tha before quiet was restored to the ward

Time turtled on. About four o'cloc I had another shot, but I didn't sleep The pain beat on. At last it was six thirty and a nurse brought a basin o wash water. I had completed my firs night in a ward of a modern hospita under conditions that would have been trying for a well person but which were dangerously nerve-racking for a person near to death.

I believe that being in a ward has killed many a poor devil who might have survived if he could have made his fight in the quiet of a private room. Many a death fight has been lost by just such a narrow margin.

—DON DAUGHERTY

Do we citizens who are well-off, and healthy, have any idea of the way our fellow citizens who are sick and poor, are tortured because of their poverty? The Hogarthian scene of public, collective suffering in a hospital ward, here presented by Don Daugherty—a years-long sufferer with an immense experience of pain—gives us a picture that is authentic, and far from pleasant. It is the extreme opposite of delightful to those of us who fancy ourselves individuals of a species that is above other animal species because of its "humanity" and loving-kindness. Daugherty's searing indictment of ward torture can only be tolerable to those remote and snooty aristocrats who hold that a human being's poverty is only thanks to that human being's general ineptitude. In short this denunciation of the barbaric custom of collecting poor sick people into hospital wards can only be tolerated and shrugged-off by complacent ignoramuses who have never themselves been sick and poor. What makes this sketch by our modern Hogarth most moving, is the curious overtone of humor, of gallows humor, of humor the far side of despair, that he gets into his narrative. What makes it powerful is Daugherty's "J'accuse" which says to all of us: "Alleging that you want to heal us, you help to kill us by forcing us into this ghastly involuntary exhibitionism of our suffering." What makes this true story a little sad is Daugherty's plea for a little corner, a closet, to be alone in while he struggles with death. After all, we do allow dogs to crawl off into the privacy of a hedge to be alone with their pain and their fight for new strength and life.

—PAUL DE KRUIF

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WHY DON'T THEY WRITE?

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE TWENTIES ARE IN THEIR PRIME BUT ARE SILENT

SPOT news from Russia a short time ago was concerned with the position of authors in the Soviet Union. The official of *Pravda* issued a semi-official warning to successful authors that if they wished to remain in good standing with the Party they must continue to produce masterpieces. They must, declared *Pravda*, get rid of the idea that, merely because royalties are rolling in, they can indulge in capitalistic leisure. In fact, they were threatened with loss of property as well as standing if they slowed up production, which is part of the Five Year Plan.

This fascinating news sent one American author, who has never achieved wealth, to the U. S. S. R. Handbook, a noble volume of statistics useful in checking the flights of fancy of the ideologists. On page 445 (English Edition by Gollancz), literature is dealt with, but in a disappointingly general way. We have no information as to royalties, percentages, reprints, copyrights, or serial rights. We are told that Shakespeare, Kipling, Shaw, Hardy, Chesterton, Galsworthy and Wells are enjoying "an immense vogue" in the U. S. S. R., possibly because Russian royalties cannot be exported but must be spent in Russia. Of the economic situation of the eminent native authors, not a word.

Here in the effete and reactionary West there seems to be no machinery available to the public to compel popular authors to go on writing. Here literature is not regarded as a heavy industry. Not only do our authors, as Walter Duranty remarks, write as they please, but they quit when they please, and nothing can be done about it. Publishers may wring their hands, editors raise the serial emoluments, all to no avail. Suddenly, or not so suddenly, a popular writer ceases to write. We gaze around us, and he is no longer with us. We may hear of him shaking hands with Mussolini, or interviewing Stalin, or praising Hitler, but no more do we see the caption in the reviews: "Mr. So-and-So's poignant and brilliant novel of post-war industrialism," or whatever Mr. So-and-So's specialty may be.

Why don't they write any more? This question is addressed more par-

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ticularly to American novelists. English novelists only cease to write novels when death strikes them down. Consider, for example, two veterans like E. F. Benson and Robert Hichens. In the Literary Year Book for 1911, more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Benson had nearly twenty books to his name and he has been at it ever since. Mr. Hichens, whose *Green Carnation* appeared in 1894, was on a recent list with a new novel. Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite fecundity. But Americans of the first rank in fiction seem to lack staying power. Why don't they write any more?

One of the silent regiment, who has stated publicly his contempt for his profession, is Joseph Hergesheimer. The slowing down of Mr. Hergesheimer's work as a novelist is one of the tragedies of American literature. *Java Head*, *The Three Black Pennies*, and *To'lable David* gave promise of a mind that would express America without butchering the language. He had style. But something happened. The style became a manner, and the manner degenerated into a mannerism, and at last it almost seems as if the stories became so uninteresting that even the author could stand them no longer. Oscar Wilde said of a certain writer of mystery stories "The suspense of the author becomes unbearable." In the case of Mr. Hergesheimer this is reversed. The momentum has died. It seems we shall have no more of his heavy brocade, his pictorial elaborations, his ripe and sub-tropical adulteries amid cane fields and oil fields.

John Russell, who electrified us long ago with *Where The Pavement Ends*, no doubt has an alibi; but can we accept the fact that he is in Hollywood as a substitute for the books he has not written? After all, when Hugh Walpole goes to Hollywood he keeps up his home work. His novel appears as promptly as a mail order catalogue. But he is an Englishman, one of Britain's hardy sons. Mr. Russell doesn't write any more. He has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

More serious to American letters is the subsidence, now of several years standing, of Lincoln Colcord. Fifteen years have elapsed since he published those dynamic sea tales *An Instrument of the Gods*. Instead of writing the great American sea story he sails a boat out of Searsport, Maine. There may be something in a theory of my own about men who took their inspiration from the sailing ship era. Not only are the ships gone. Not only are the deep water sailors dead or in poorhouses. The tradition is vanishing too. You cannot "blow the man down" any more. Sailors have a union delegate on board who has to be consulted before an order is given. There will be plenty of fiction material, of course, even in union delegates, but the men who have been in sail, like Lincoln Colcord, are not the men to write it.

Who now remembers *Spider Boy* and

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The Tattooed Countess? Who can recall the mood of novel readers when *Peter Whiffle* and *The Blind Bow Boy* were devoured with relish? Carl Van Vechten publishes no longer. Years have elapsed since his last novel, *Parties*, which fizzed like a damp squib in the mire of Prohibition. Yet it is impossible not to regret that the talent of *The Tattooed Countess* is no longer at our service. It was a brilliant piece of excoriation. It proved once again that singular axiom of American letters—that all first-rate American talent reveals itself best in deriding America.

There are others, of course. Consider two transcendent geniuses of our time—Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway. Since *Tar*, ten years ago, Sherwood has pottered about. He has not worked, really worked, on a great novel.

Hemingway's last novel was *Farewell To Arms* in 1929! His books on bullfighting and big-game shooting are so much Wardour Street lumber compared with the novels he ought to write. I have occasionally wondered whether all the talk about Anderson and Hemingway influencing modern fiction is not having its own sinister influence on Anderson and Hemingway. Consider, in passing, what it has done to Joyce.

Some years ago a new star arose in the West and we were informed that American fiction was safe. Glenway Westcott came out of Wisconsin with *The Grandmothers* and won a prize. He wrote a few stories, and then abdicated. A writer who is an artist with a philosophy proceeds by evolution from book to book. Some men write one book and fade out, of course, but it is generally non-fiction. If one has the maggot of fiction in his brain one has to keep on. One also develops. But American literary annals are cluttered with writers who could not keep up the steam. They were birds of one note. The war (Civil or European) was their inspiration. When the time came to get to work and carry on the business of novelist, they shied away. Some went into the movies, some into radio, some into the theatre. Laurence Stallings, whose *Plumes* was a fine promising first novel, went into all three, and seems to have given up writing altogether.

The left-wing writers, who suspect the capitalist publishers of loading the dice against revolutionary fiction, are planning a trade union, to which all writers must belong. Sit-down strikes will paralyze the market. Dreams of ten dollars a word will haunt the authors of novels based on Marxian dialectic thrillers in which beautiful theories are slain by gangster facts.

The history of literature is full of the tragedy of the struggling author who cannot find a publisher and who starves in a garret. But here is a new problem—the author who has achieved success and even wealth, whose public awaits another book, but who does not write any more.

—William McFee

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LANYI, CARICASCULPTOR

DEZSO LANYI OF BUDAPEST HAS COME TO DO AMERICANS IN UNCOMMON CLAY

OVER the armature he throws a great blob of clay and with his massive hands begins poking it with the power and speed of a Dempsey punching the bag. As if by magic, an uncannily exact likeness emerges with about the fortieth poke. Out of the battered clay the head "comes alive" with an eerie all-at-once-ness, sudden as a ship's prow through the grey fog.

He could quit right then, and you would have a marvelous portrait bust, a likeness from every angle, with the subject's personality pervading and infusing the whole. But he doesn't quit, though the sitter may get up and go away now if he wants to. For Lanyi has caught him, in the round, in three dimensions, as accurately as any camera could catch him in two. But now comes the fourth dimension, as it were, for it is here that caricature begins, that subtle sly distortion, almost psycho-analytic in its probing into the inner personality.

From here on, for the next hour, the likeness will seem less and less exact, as the sculptor makes allowances for the changes that come in the casting and, especially, in the coloring. But after it has come back from the caster and after it has been smoothed down and painted and shellacked it's alive as life, and not half as self-conscious.

A hulking six-footer-plus, with the build of a champion wrestler despite his almost sixty years, with his bristling military moustache he looks like a boulevardier, but out of the pages of Proust rather than Murger. He speaks five languages well but English only rudimentarily. He doesn't have to, really, for his is the gift, in the best sense of the term, of talking with his hands.

At home in sculpture's every shape and form, Central Europe is dotted with his heroic statues and memorials; kings and princes have sat to him for portrait busts; he has exhibited and won gold medals in Budapest, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Paris, and London; and for forty years half of Europe has howled, while the other half squirmed, at his Tyl Eulenspiegel antics in his own special domain of "caricasculpture," sculptured caricatures like those on the following pages. —A.G.

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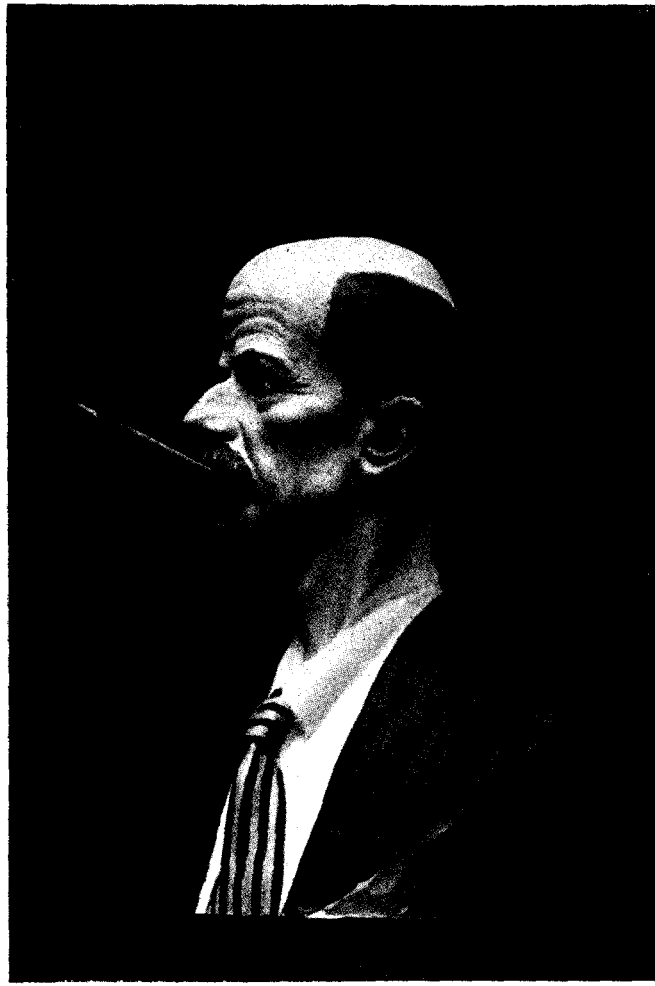

COUNT STEFAN BETHLEN, 1936

Count Bethlen was Hungarian Prime Minister from 1919 (after Admiral Nicholas Horthy's Whites drove out Bela Kun's Reds and established the present Regency regime) until 1932. A heavy smoker, Lanyi has characterized him with his ever-present long cigarette holder.

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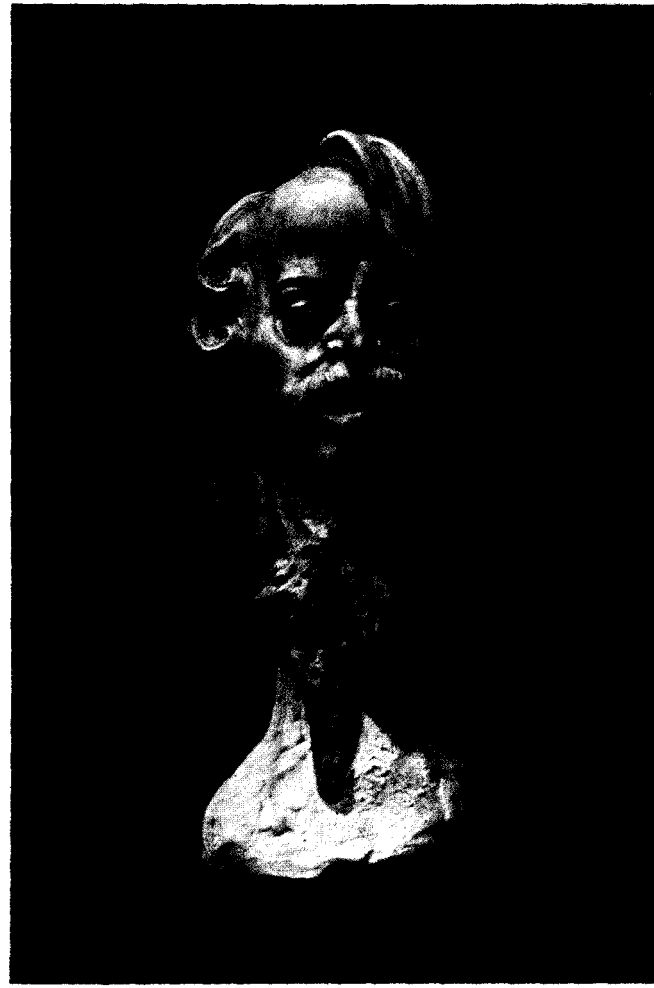

JOSEF RIPPEL RONAY, 1916

The first caricasculpture Lanyi made after his return from the Russian front in the fall of 1916. Ronay was a Hungarian painter of the Impressionist school who enjoyed considerable success in Paris. He died in 1933. Last year Lanyi executed his memorial monument.

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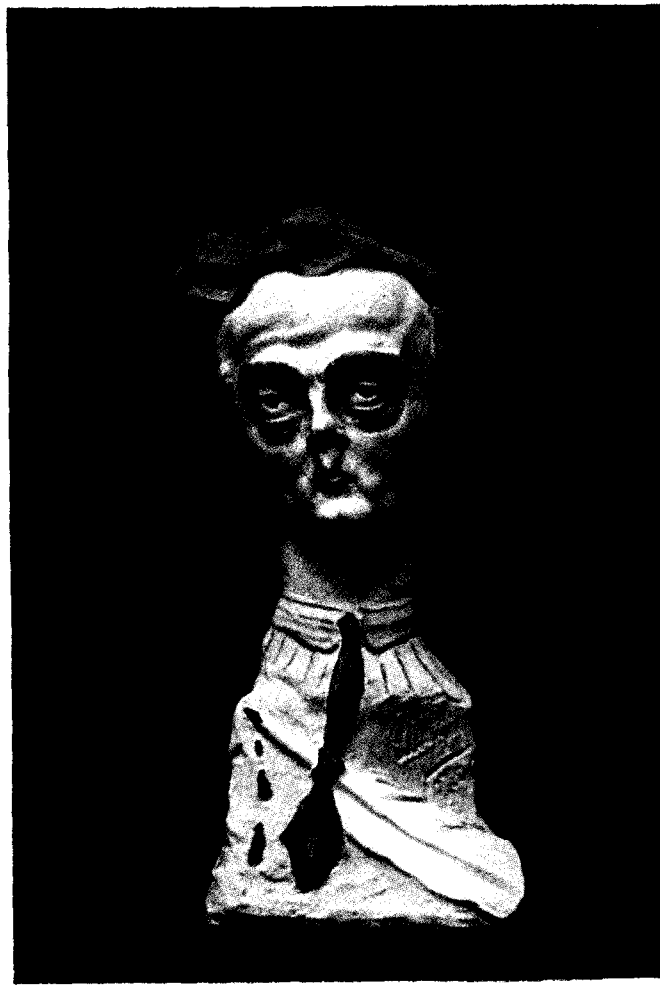

THE AUTHOR LAJOS ZILAHY, 1933

Hungarian playwright and author (of novels and short stories, including the charming parable *The White Ship*, on pages 31 to 34 of this issue). Zilahy has a country home near Budapest but travels a good deal all over Europe, and has twice been brought over to Hollywood.

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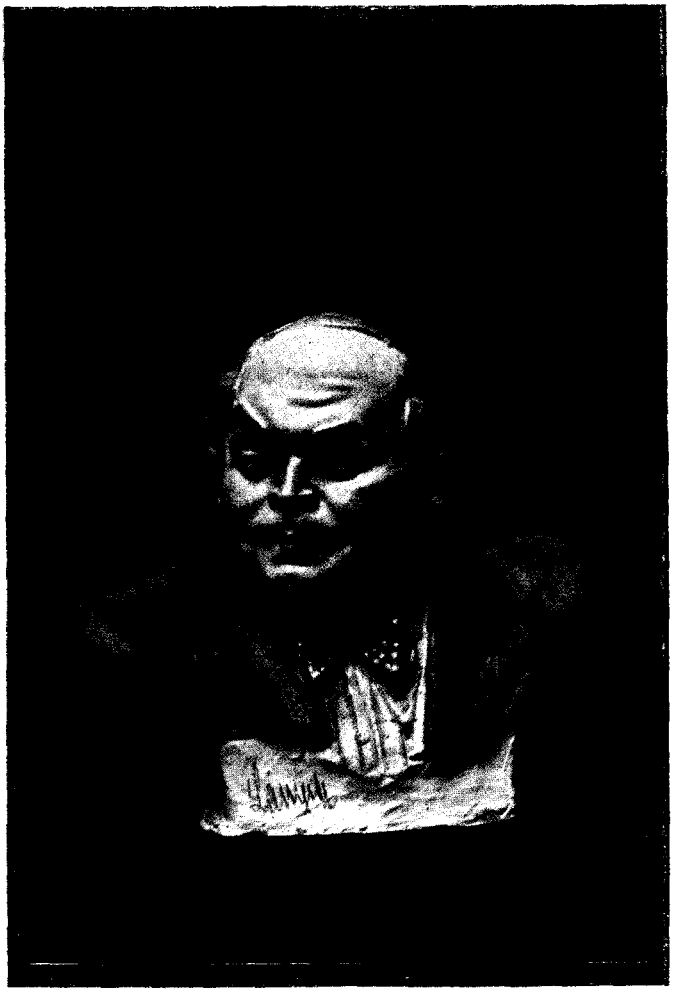

THE KOMIKER JULIUS KABOS, 1936

Stage and screen star of comic roles and a household name in Hungary which he refuses to leave in spite of offers promising wider fame and fortune from Ellstree and Hollywood. Likes his Budapest café card games, where he has often lost purse, pants and shoes.

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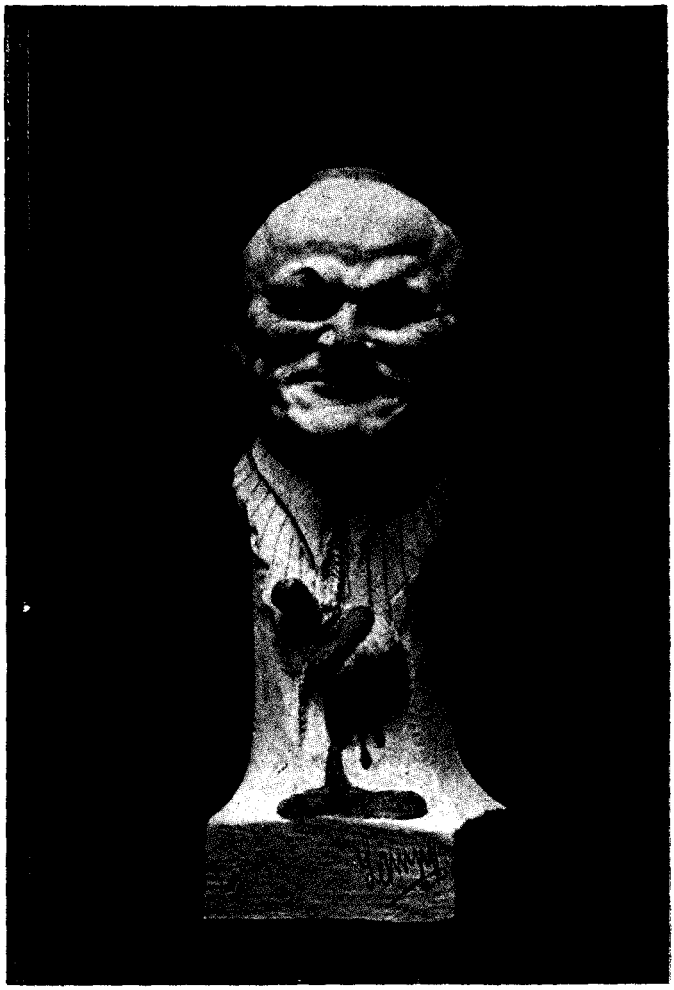

THE PAINTER PETER SZUELE, 1936

It was his insistence on following his routine diet even at a gala breakfast that provoked Lanyi's Gargantuan whim of ordering a thousand and one scrambled eggs, which fed the neighborhood poor, and even horses, for hours on end, and raised the price of eggs next day.

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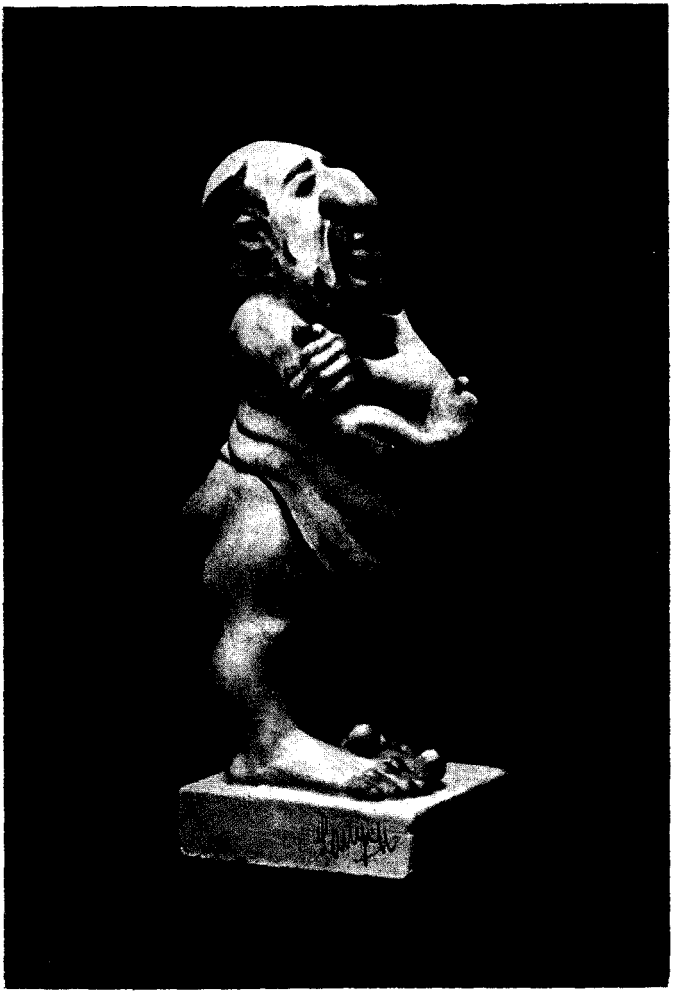

THE DANDY KOLOMAN SZELL, 1902

Onetime Hungarian Prime Minister, he was extremely fastidious in dress and very proud of his appearance. Infuriated by this caricature, he had it removed from the Budapest Art Museum. Of all the hundreds of Lanyi's subjects, Szell was the only one who ever "stayed mad."

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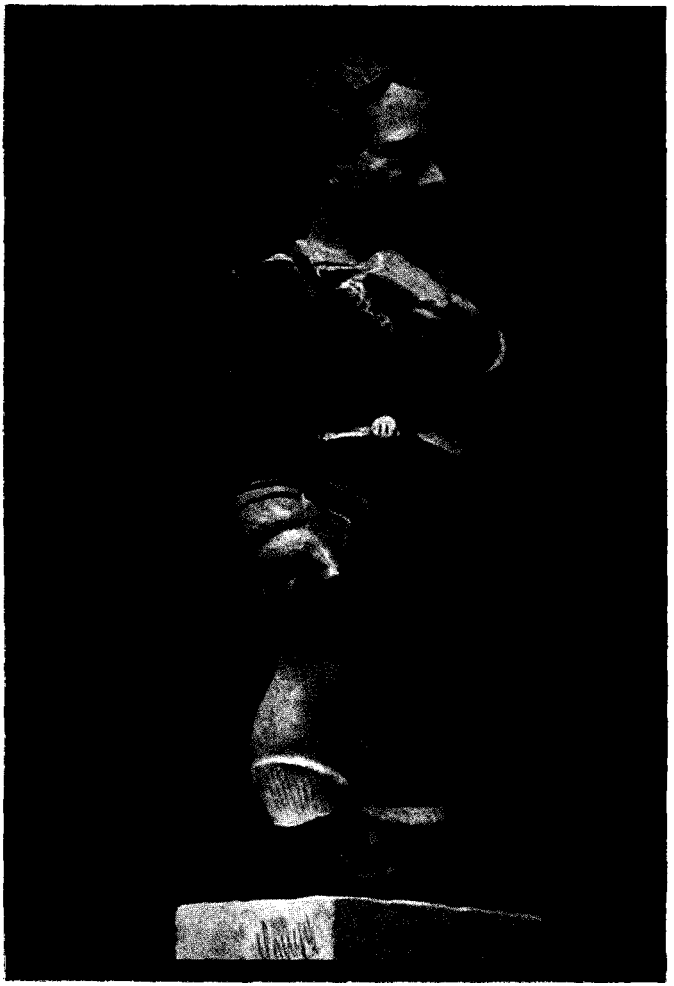

CONGRESSMAN JANOS VAZSONYI, 1936

The youngest member of the Hungarian Parliament, hence the schoolboy attributes. His father was Minister of Justice. This, like all of Lanyi's political "caricasculptures," has been bought by Parliament and stands on exhibition in the museum in the Parliament Building.

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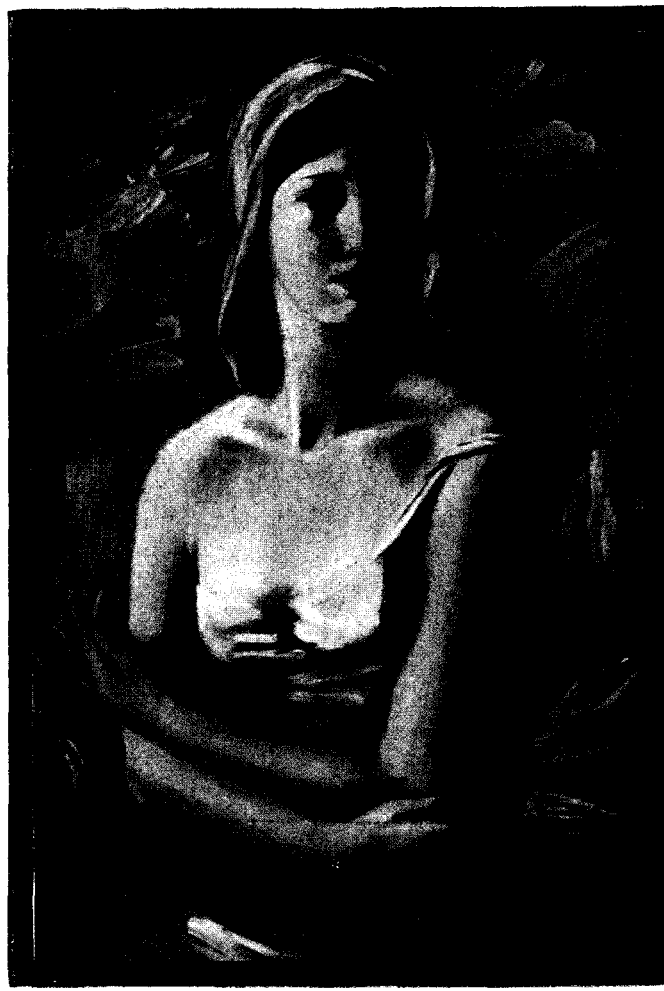

MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

SEATED FIGURE BY FREDERIC TAUBES

"He is the European salon painter who has compromised with modern influences rather than declared war upon them. Final statements about his work slightly hazardous, but his chief danger is that he may find it as easy to please himself as he has found it to please customers."

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ABOUT FREDERIC TAUBES

WHO IS NOT YET AS WELL-KNOWN
AS HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BECOME

FREDERIC TAUBES has a cool palette and a fluid brush. There is poetry and sensitivity rather than force and intensity in his canvases. His is an art of pleasing deliberation which very easily could be adapted to the social exigencies of portrait painting. His life and his work are the crossroads of many influences, chiefly German and French, and there is a not unpleasant odor of Academism about his pictures. In no single canvas is struggle manifest; rather has the struggle been resolved in a final effect that is as competent as it is pleasing. He is the European salon painter who has compromised with modern influences rather than declared war upon them. He is no longer in knee breeches but he is young enough to make final statements about his work slightly hazardous. His chief danger in the future is that he may find it as easy to please himself as he has found it heretofore to please his customers.

He has been around, shopped the best teachers, the best courses. He has exhibited on three continents and sold a carload of paintings. Fashionable portrait commissions have sat to him. He began studying at six in his native Poland under the best available painters. At fourteen he was sent to Vienna where he studied the old Masters and antique sculpture. At Munich he was a student in the master class of Franz von Stuck and with Max Doerner, whose *Technique of Oil Painting* is an international text. He studied at Weimar, at Berlin, at Paris. He traveled through Egypt, Syria and Palestine. At twenty-one, he made his debut in Vienna and at twenty-eight returned to his native Lvov, which bought every picture he exhibited. He displayed his work also in Warsaw and Jerusalem.

Now he is trying to dig his roots in a New York studio. The wandering student has become husband and father, and an American citizen. He came to this country in 1930 and since then has had four one-man shows in New York alone and he has exhibited individually and in groups in Boston, San Francisco, Washington (at the Austrian Legation), Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia. You are sure to hear more about him.—H. S.

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HOW TO TALK FISHING

YOUR TRUE ANGLER IS ONE WHO CAN ALL BUT TALK THE FISH ONTO THE HOOK

FISHERMEN are interesting only to themselves. To all others, and especially to their wives, they may be regarded as curious, unpredictable, or deranged—but never interesting. The true fisherman, the man who takes trout and salmon on flies, regardless of nearly all responsibility to his home and his business, may be recognized by one or more simple tests, as follows:

(A) You know of his interest in fishing, so you tell him about the time you hired a boat and went handlining for cod and halibut during a vacation at Barnstable, Mass. If he changes the subject at once, or if he looks defiled, or if he moves to a remote seat in the club car, he is a true angler.

(B) You once went perch fishing on a pond as a boy. In describing the episode, your eagerness to cover all important details tempts you into some remarks on how you dug the worms. At the mention of the word "worm," you will realize by unmistakable signs that you have lost a friend. This test is positive, but dangerous.

(C) Now, say to the man whom you suspect of being a fisherman—and say it with a lingering, melancholy sigh, as if the tears were imminent: "I am afraid that Leonard rods are not quite what they were twenty years ago." Don't say any more. Just look down at the design on the Chinese rug. Presently the true angler will pluck you by the sleeve, and whisper: "Let's take our cocktails and get over in a corner where we can talk." By this simple process you have not only discovered a fisherman. You have made a friend. If you are not actually a fisherman, you will find it difficult to get rid of him. But if you are a fisherman, you won't want to get rid of him.

From this time on, the pitfalls are almost without limit. And one slip is practically fatal. For example, there was the fellow who thought the Hardy Brothers were a pair of explorers. They are fine English tacklemakers, and have been for about four generations. The fellow tried to wriggle out by saying he wasn't paying strict attention. His angling friend, now no longer friendly, replied: "Then you're no fisherman."

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In order that you may feel at ease in fishing dialogue, a brief but important glossary of errors follows, together with some terminology and definitions:

Never call a rod a "pole." It's a rod, and it's always made of split bamboo, glued together in six strips. If you live on the West Coast, reference to Powell rods will help you. If on the East Coast, don't stray too far from Leonard, Thomas, Edwards, Payne, or Hawes. If the talk by any chance drifts to tubular steel fly rods, better either sniff or wince, and get your back into it! It's all right to express interest if you do it patronizingly. But to the angling academician, steel is to bamboo as an implement is to an instrument. This is no time for truth, anyway.

There is an authenticated record of someone calling a sixteen dollar double tapered Mills Transpar line "a string." Probably a woman.

Avoid any mention of the word "bait," or "worm." The most blistering insult available to the tongue of mortal angler is: "Smith, at heart, is a worm fisherman." Worse than the mark of Cain.

Reference to Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, even if you can recite it all from memory, is of little use. Far better to mention La Branche's *The Dry Fly and Fast Water*, or you can say you once actually laid eyes on an original *Stream Entomology and Fly Tying*, by the late Halford of England. E. R. Hewitt's *Telling on the Trout* and *Secrets of the Salmon* deserve more than casual mention. In speaking of La Branche, call him George, if there's no chance of his walking into the room. Hewitt, of course, is just plain "Ed."

Fishing equipment in general is tackle, never "paraphernalia," and seldom "outfit," but "gear" is all right if it is meant to include waders and wading boots, creels (or) baskets. And by the way, the man who wades a trout stream in rubber boots, is more than likely to be a worm fisherman at heart. The true angler wades in waders, and they are likely to have been imported from Scotland, and to have set him back about twenty-five dollars, whether or not he could afford that much. Waders are waterproof pants with the feet on, and they come up to a point just under the armpits. Over the feet, you wear felt-soled or hobnailed wading shoes.

If all other tests fail in determining the true angler, this one is certain: if your friend shows more interest in fish caught, than in *how* they were caught, he won't pass. The method is the big thing, not the result. One is tempted to say that this is true of no other human endeavor. Certainly it is the great truth about fly fishing. And it explains why one fisherman may easily kill half a day in describing how he took one fourteen-inch trout. (Note use of the word "took," instead of "caught.")

A sample narrative, reduced to barest essentials, may serve the eager

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seeker. An obsessed dry fly fisherman in his early fifties is telling the tale while waiting for a train, and he's pressed for time: "It was on the Nepisiquit in northern New Brunswick in '22 that I proved that squaretails will occasionally leap clear of the surface when hooked—not, of course, as high or as often as a rainbow or brown; and not to be classed with salmon. I want to be clear on that point. But *salvelinus fontinalis* will leap . . .

"It was late in the afternoon of a July day—I can get the exact date and time from my diary, if you'd be interested. Water temperature, sixty-six Fahrenheit, air temperature, eighty-one. The sky was overcast, the day hushed and rather oppressive—in other words, conditions were perfect for a hatch of fly.

"It was before the great popularity of the fanwing type dry fly, and I was using a Light Cahill tied on a Number 12—no, now that I remember it, a Number 14 hook. Joe Messinger—you know, that genius from Morgantown, West Virginia? Well, Joe had tied my Cahills that year—perfect marvels they were, too. Joe doesn't use a fly-tying vise—just one of those wooden clothespins with the spring in it, to hold the hook while he works, but—is that the train whistling? Hell!

"I was standing on a ledge on the north side of the Lower Pitch of Indian Falls pool. About thirty feet off the ledge, there's a long feather of whitewater, with a dark eddy on either side—perfect place to work a dry fly, if you don't overshoot into the whitewater, and if you can avoid drag. You're far enough above, so that you can see your fly too—

"I was using a three and three-eighths ounce Leonard dry fly rod, a Hardy Uniqua reel, and for a line I think I had on a new King Eider HEH—a beautiful shooting-line. As I have said, there was no wind, so I was using a rather long leader—a twelve-footer, tapering to .005 at the point. Casting slack, so as to avoid drag in the confused currents, I saw a heavy trout rise underneath the Cahill, turn, and disappear.

"Rainbows and browns, as you know, seldom rise twice consecutively—but with a squaretail, it's different. I dried my fly with a few false casts, let the fly settle again, and when the trout rose, I hooked him. The moment he felt the point, he cleared the water in a leap of two, or possibly even three feet. Then he sounded, and—"

This is as good a time as any for the train to come and carry the angler to town. It is the solemn truth that he has pared his narrative to the bone. If his train happened to be an hour late, you would have been obliged to listen to his tragic feelings on the Civil War in Spain. Spanish silkworm gut is finest material for tying leaders, and their confounded bickering over there makes it a scarcity and shoots the price sky high! There would be prolonged and patient theorizing on

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necks vs. saddles on certain obscure fowl whence come feathers for tying stiffest and most floatable hackles for his dry flies. A few remarks complimentary to American line-makers, and on the likelihood that they will some day even surpass the English product for flexibility and durability of finish. Of course no one would yet dream of using any but a Hardy reel, although Vom Hofe and Mills are turning out some passing fair winches. And you'd hear carefully considered opinion on the newest of the new translucent winged and bodied dry flies by Farlow, and others. About the time you begin to marvel at the fisherman's lore, and at his topheavy enthusiasm, it will occur to you that he is Huck Finn all dressed up with a vocabulary, and accoutrements. It is more than likely that the fellow will get to you, make you curious to participate. Some fine June day you will find yourself actually fishing. From then on, you're lost. He's got you, and you don't care. After that, you won't even smile when a fellow angler who is casting well, turns to you and solemnly confesses that he is "in good wrist, today!"

But, in order that you may not arouse a true fisherman's distrust at the outset, you had better know a little of angling theory—which is, of course, to say fly fishing theory. Other forms of fishing are believed to have less of dignity and of scholarship. They have not yet surrounded themselves with a great body of literature, such as surrounds fly fishing.

Very briefly, there are two kinds of flies: wet flies and dry flies. The facts that they seldom even resemble flies, and that both kinds get wet, must not provoke even a vague chortle. Only anglers believe that anglers are consistent. A wet fly is fished beneath the surface of the water. A dry fly floats upon the surface, like a "natural." A natural is a true insect.

You do not cast the fly. You just say you do. Actually, you cast the line. Trout never, never bite, as they did during your childhood. Instead, they rise, or take. There's no such thing in fishing as a brook. It's either stream, or river, or perhaps merely "nice water." And contrary to the rashly publicized belief, true fishermen are not liars. A thirteen inch trout never grows longer, always weighs fifteen ounces in fair condition according to Sturdy's table of weights!

There are some names of rivers which you should know: The Rogue in Oregon, for steelhead, or sea-run rainbows; the Restigouche in New Brunswick, the Margaree in Nova Scotia for Atlantic salmon; the Neversink and Beaverkill in New York for trout; the Pere Marquette and Manistee in Michigan; and Kennebago and Moose River in Maine. You don't need to have fished them. Just say: "Once, on the Au Sable in New York State—" and then stop. Before two seconds have elapsed, your true angler will barge into the breech with: "But

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you ought to try the Saranac. Why, one late May, with Bob Coulson—you know, the Fishing Editor, we—" You simply need a few of the above names for detonators, you see.

The same is true of flies, their history, nomenclature, patterns, materials and effectiveness on certain streams at certain times. Salt away a few old favorite names: Royal Coachman, Pink Lady, Wickham's Fancy, Greenwell's Glory, Brown Hackle, Cahill, Quill Gordon, and such. Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear and Hendrickson will get you into society, if you play them right. Work your face into a puzzled expression, and say: "What do you think of a Wickham's for low clear water?" You won't have to say another word for hours.

Avoid the general topic of leaders. It's dynamite involving calibrations, light refraction, pounds break-test when wet and when dry, not to mention wind and water conditions. The knot-tying question is not quite so dangerous, since nearly all fishermen forget their knots in winter and have to re-learn in spring. The Boy Scout Handbook is highly recommended if you get that serious.

There is a final word of advice for advanced students. By advanced student is meant one who has at length been invited to do some actual fishing. This is the acid test, because you —the advanced student—will almost certainly catch either more trout or larger trout than your furrow-browed mentor. Never mind why. It just happens that way, that's all. When, even though you shattered every rule he laid down, you find yourself in possession of a two-pounder and six others, the smallest of which is twelve inches, you must be wary. A friendship is in peril. Your expert regards your magnificent creel as a group of trout which by all that is just, he should have taken himself. In this moment, his whole faith in himself and his art is grievously undermined, tottering. If he is able to speak at all, he is likely to push back his hat and say, "Well———"

That's your cue. Don't, under any circumstances, look happy. Look dumb, troubled, grave, and say: "Henry, if you had fished exactly the same water I fished this morning, you would probably have taken thirty fish. Shouldn't you think?"

He will then murmur: "Perhaps—oh, perhaps not quite that many. That big one you have there is a fair fish."

The friendship is not only saved, it's cemented. There's but one threat of gloom over your future. Because of this gorgeous basket of trout you took, you have become an impassioned fisherman. It's a matter of only three or four seasons before you become an expert yourself. And a true angler, you remember, is one to whom fish are unimportant, the art everything. Thus, and forever more, you will take either few fish or no fish at all with dignity, and by the correct method.

—Edmund Ware

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A NOTE ON BACH

AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN CAME DOWN TO BE A CHURCH ORGANIST, AND HAD NO MONEY

"If no celebrated musician will accept, we will have to put up with a nobody," said a Leipzig Town Councilor, drawing himself up and casting his vote for Johann Sebastian Bach as the new cantor of the 500-year-old Thomas-School. Had he known the trouble the estimable applicant would cause and the disrespect he would show the venerable Council, he certainly would have hunted a black ball.

As it happened, Telemann, a great "name" of the day, had used the Leipzig offer merely to improve his own position in Hamburg. Graupner, the second choice, also had taken a raise in salary and failed to obtain a release from his post. There was urgent need to appoint someone and, as Bach had agreed to teach grammar and other non-musical subjects, had promised that his compositions would not be "theatrical" and seemed willing to bow and scrape before the necessary "brass hats," he was elected.

Little was known about him except that he was self-taught, had considerable experience as an organist, (played fast and furiously), and had hung around Leipzig after his try-out with a dogged persistence.

Of Bach the man, not much more is known today. Like Shakespeare, he remains a legendary figure, never more distinct than a man playing in the next room. We have no contemporary word-picture of him. There is no accurate portrait. The existing likenesses show a forceful face, full of purpose and perseverance, intense enough to make the careful observer uncomfortable. But what kind of fellow he was, what he thought and felt, we do not know. The most exhaustive research has failed to reveal his habits, his character, or how the world appeared to him.

We know that he was born in Eisenach, close by the towering Wartburg, (which once sheltered Luther, gave birth to the German Bible and housed the saintly Elisabeth). We can believe that there he first heard the stalwart tunes of German minstrelsy which later he so gloriously enriched.

Besides this brief material we have only a record of his wanderings, his bad temper with his pupils and church authorities, and a few primer stories:

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An orphan at ten, he went to live and study with his brother. Denied a book of difficult clavier pieces, little Johann managed to reach through the lattice cupboard, pull out the music and, during long moonlight evenings, to copy it all. At the end of six months he had finished it, only to have it taken from him.

Like Haydn and Schubert, he got his start in the music world by singing. At fifteen, his still beautiful soprano voice won him a place in the convent-school at Luneberg. And when a frog-like croaking soon replaced his clear treble, he was retained as a violinist in the orchestra. Thereafter, for the rest of his life, Bach worked arduously, furnishing the music in a succession of churches and court-chapels.

At twenty-two he might have succeeded the famous Buxtehude at Lubeck had he been willing to marry the organist's spinster daughter, but one look at Fraülein Anna Margreta and Bach ran. Shortly afterwards, he married a stranger maiden, who was until her death a faithful spouse, copying his music, running his household of pupils and apprentices, and adding to it with submissive regularity children of her own.

Bach began to improvise on the hymn tunes sung during church services. When he "went to town," he left the congregation dumfounded, unable to find the melody anywhere.

Bach's famous contest with the celebrated organist, Louis Marchand—which never came off because the Frenchman anticipated defeat and skipped town—brought Bach provincial fame. Thereafter, he was kept busy opening and testing organs. It was his habit to pull out at once all the stops and play full-blast "to see," he said, "if the instrument had good lungs."

Despite his talent and the favorable reception of his "trial," St. Jacob's Church in Hamburg turned his application down. He had no money to contribute to the church coffers and the pastor, who wanted Bach, said in his Christmas sermon: "If an angel from Heaven came down without money to be organist at St. Jacob's, he would simply have to fly back."

It was then that Bach secured his Leipzig job where he had, among other things, to walk alongside the scholars in funeral procession (if the fee paid by the relatives was a large one) to supervise the dormitories and see that the students didn't break the chamber utensils or empty their contents from the window. His neglect of these duties caused constant friction between him and the town authorities.

Bach was palpably a bad schoolmaster. He was no organizer, and he had difficulty maintaining discipline. If things went wrong, he flew into a rage. Once he drew his sword on a recalcitrant bassoonist, and when his organists hit a sour note during rehearsal he snatched off his wig and tossed it at the fellow, shouting: "You should have been a shoe-maker!"

Aside from the quarrels, there is no

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record of what he did in Leipzig when he was not scribbling notes on music paper. Certainly he wasted little time on local society.

Perhaps the austere and crabbed head of the house might also have had a sensuous and loving side to his nature. After all, in the course of his married life, he dandled twenty babies on his knee. And, many a strain tucked away in his cantatas and suites betrays a vibrant soul dependent upon the joys of this world even as it hopes for those of the next.

We are told that Bach was forthright and earnest—a work-a-day man intent on his job. We know that he had a two-fisted temper and that he was economical. Most anyone would be with a family of his size. He was particular in money matters, and expressed his indignation over the year 1729 when so few Leipzigers died that his burial fees were considerably reduced.

Upon occasion he could be obstinate and pig-headed. In Weimar he demanded a release from his duties peremptorily and in such a manner that he was put under arrest for a month.

He must have spent considerable time writing and rehearsing music, as it is not at all certain that he wrote with as little difficulty as was once assumed. From the quantity of his output it would seem, to paraphrase Mr. Lawrence Gilman, that he turned out masterpieces very much like the Ford assembly line turns out autos.

He turned them out, too, with a similar degree of impersonality. He wrote what he had to write. It was his job and if he didn't have time to compose new music, he was not above "lifting" from himself. The result he dedicated "To the Glory of God," and did not bother what the congregation thought. The music was, for him, an end in itself. (And it is just that all-pervading consecration that is so refreshing. His great inner feeling functions without self-consciousness, without stress. It is like the forces of nature, cosmic and immutable.) He was not, like Wagner, his own publicist, summoning the world to make the acquaintance of himself and his works. He fought for his daily bread, but not for the recognition of his music. He made no motions to preserve it for posterity. In fact, it was not preserved and some of it was lost, before the world got around to collecting it 100 years after his death.

Forty years ago his works were not yet completely published, and the full score of the *B minor Mass* had then never been performed in this country. To date, it has been heard only by a handful of people. Of all major composers, Bach is the least-known and the least understood.

Those who busy themselves sounding his praises frequently are not familiar, in any real sense, with his greater scores. It is not easy to be familiar with them. First of all, they are seldom played. And, when they are, their inner and essential significance is

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usually untouched and undisturbed.

The greatest thoughts of Bach are hidden away in his church and organ works. Scarcely anyone goes to church today, even assuming that the churches had (which they don't) someone capable of performing his music. Unless you are an exception, you can count on the fingers of one hand, the Bach chorale preludes and cantatas you have heard the past year. The bulk of Bach's music played in our concert halls includes only the exercises, and the sketches which he wrote for his own development and for the education of his family. They were never intended for pompous Carnegie Hall consumption. Consequently, listeners, not hearing the form of Bach, have the erroneous notion that he is dry and uninteresting . . . an expert, perhaps, but a pedantic manipulator of meaningless sounds.

Besides, there are scarcely any performers with both the technical equipment and the imagination and interpretive talent necessary to plumb the depths of Bach's music. And, since we insist on performing Bach with huge choirs, there are scarcely two organizations in the country capable of singing the *St. Matthew Passion* and the *B minor Mass* as they should be sung.

Furthermore, it is useless to hope for any intelligent appreciation of Bach until there is a general realization that not all of his writing is first-class. Some of it is "mere scribbling," as Ernest Newman said, "that any good musician of his time could have turned out with his left hand while shaving." It bears Bach's hall-mark, the imprint of his hand, perhaps, but not of his inspiration. The formulae are there, but that is all. It is chit-chat, a great man's small-talk. There were occasions with Bach, as with all of us, when his job demanded a work and he wrote it, though he found little to say.

That fact is that no man can keep on turning out music day by day, and not fall frequently below his own highest level. Bach was, in this respect, the same as every other man.

With a few notable exceptions, his greatest music was written to a text. Like Wagner, he benefitted from the stimulus of a pictorial suggestion or a dramatic concept. Unlike Wagner, he did not paint successive dramatic events, but contented himself with seizing upon a single pregnant thought . . . whether it was expressed in a sentence, a phrase, or a word. Naturally, not every text had the same possibility or evoked the same response. Your favorites you will have to choose for yourself. But thumb first through the church cantatas, the Passions, and the chorale preludes, rather than the clavier and orchestral works.

Bach, of course, is rewarding when he is merely the master of formal loveliness, weaving an audible embroidery for the delight of our senses. But, he is far more eloquent when he talks to us through his music, saying something that is ageless and universal.

—Carleton Smith

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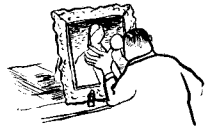
OLD MASTER DETECTIVE

DR. MAXIMILIAN TOCH USES X-RAYS IN AUTHENTICATING OLD PAINTINGS



THE Old Master detective's hideaway is on New York's thronging Broadway, but it is listed neither in the telephone book, nor in the building's inconspicuous entry. No name appears upon its equally inconspicuous door.

The few who enter find themselves in a darkling place of shaded lights and glowing, flickering reflections from test tubes, Bunsen burners and shining apparatus. Here is a violet-ray machine; there, what seems to be a powerful microscope, but with an odd attachment, fixed before a large easel that supports a handsome oil painting. Art and science have met here.

Dr. Maximilian Toch is a business man, artist and teacher of art; also scientist. But he delights, undisturbed in his hideaway, to exercise all of those skills in tracking down the clever forgers and subtle swindlers who make millions by selling fake Old Masters to wealthy art collectors and museums. The Old Master detective has exposed many fakes and forgeries. But not, like the old-style "arty" experts, by viewing them with half-closed eyes and a trance-like expression, expatiating on "verve—flair—atmosphere—tone—inspiration." There is nothing "arty" about Dr. Toch; his dapper nimbleness, his cheerful manner, his ruddy, open, white-mustachioed countenance. His keen eyes are wide open, too, peering through microscope or camera-finder; they are not half-closed.

"You can't tell that way, whether or not a painting is genuine," he chuckles.

He has been a leader in evolving a new way, a true way, that has become a unique, fascinating branch of crime detection. It has developed in the nick of time, for now choice paintings are bringing better prices than at any time since 1929. Nothing, of course, like $750,000, the valuation of the most precious painting in this country: Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* in the Huntington Collection in Pasadena; or the $2,000,000 valuation of the most precious painting in the world, the *Sistine Madonna* at Dresden. Just now, Andrew W. Mellon's forty-five paintings might not bring their full valuation of $19,000,000, Rembrandt's *Mill* $500,000, nor Duccio's

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Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew, $250,000. But prices today are good enough to lure the smooth and oily crooks who prey upon art lovers.

If art is long, so is their black art—that of art faking. As soon as there were Masters it began; it continues today, and finds more victims among Americans than among any other people. Only a year or two ago, one of the greatest art crooks of modern times sneered, "Americans know nothing of art." He had sold our compatriots hundreds of paintings supposedly by his illustrious grandfather, the great Millet, but actually fakes. One sold for $100,000 to a British museum. Old-style experts could not tell the fake Millets from the real, in a French courtroom scene that bordered on extravaganza.

The Old Master crook is clever, and dares the new-style modern expert to unmask him. That handsome painting on Dr. Toch's easel shows the art faker at his best—or worst. It looks dignified and mellow with its lovely modulated tints. The subtle criminal who produced it, had gone beyond the old trick of doctoring a new canvas with powdered resin and lime-juice. He had dug up an old painting that was worthless, but genuinely old. First, he took a tracing of the pattern of the aged cracks on its surface. Then, with lye, he had washed off the paint, but carefully preserved the canvas. On it, he had laid a sizing of the same composition used in the period of the painting he intended to make. He had only to buy his paints from modern paint manufacturers who virtually duplicate the pigments of any period. Then he could imitate outright some Old Master: Raphael, Murillo, Titian, Da Vinci; or he could put together bits copied from several—a head by one, hands by another. Before this jig-saw puzzle was fully dry, on the surface he scratched with a pinpoint the pattern of cracks he had traced from the old painting. And then he baked his Old Master in a modern kitchen stove. The heat cracked the pigments just where they had been scratched.

The lovely mellowed tints were produced by careful applications of wood ashes, licorice juice and smoke; the flyspecks that added an authentic air of antiquity, by spattering the canvas with a mixture of gum and India ink. That fine mildewed appearance came from a month's sojourn in a damp cellar. And the "antique" wooden panel on which the painting was mounted, was probably planed from a parquet floor and even repaired with a more modern piece of wood or cement. In Dutch village backyards, you can see "worm-eaten" panels brazenly displayed to dry.

No wonder that two thousand art lovers and galleries have bought "Van Dyckes," although Van Dyck in all his lifetime painted but seventy pictures.

No wonder, either, that to detect roguery so unscrupulous and subtle requires a very special sort of detective.

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The Old Master detective subjects suspected paintings to the test of photomicrography, X-ray, ultra-violet and just lately, infra-red photography. Dr. Toch demonstrated these methods recently in a fascinating case that came to his hideaway.

A man of prosperous appearance, yet plainly in an anxious mood, brought in a canvas; aged, cracked, a typical Old Master. He sighed deeply, and pronounced sepulchrally:

"One hundred thousand dollars!" And added, "And all my wife's fault!"

"So Adam said!" smiled Dr. Toch. "And where did you get your $100,000 apple?"

"It was that dinner at the Newcomers'," the visitor explained. "Newcomer showed us his Old Masters, and my wife fell hard. So I had to start buying Old Masters. A midwestern dealer offered me this painting; said it was 'a genuine Velasquez'; showed me an art critic's certificate. So—I paid out $100,000. My wife was tickled to death, and asked in some of her art friends to see it. They raved about it—all but one. He whispered to me that it was not a genuine Velasquez. 'But don't take my word for it,' he said. 'Ask Dr. Toch.'"

"First I'll try the newest test," said Dr. Toch, "and photograph this so-called 'Velasquez' by infra-red ray. Those rays, the rays of heat, which is really a form of light, will penetrate the surface of the painting and, you might say, get under its skin, unlike the X-ray, which goes clear to the bone."

So, beneath the pigment probed the infra-red fingers—and brought out unsuspected lines, traced in dark gray paint. Those lines were an underlying sketch. But a Velasquez needed no such guide! And the infra-red rays did not show up the brushwork, as they do on genuine old paintings. Now, to the Old Master detective, brushwork is Scotland Yard's "essential clue" to many a crime in art. This and other tricks of his fascinating trade, Dr. Toch explained to his visitor.

The brushwork of all the real Masters, he said, is absolutely distinctive. In painting, each of them laid on the pigment in his own particular way, which has been found, through careful study, to be just as individual as a signature or a fingerprint. Pupils or crooks may imitate the Masters; they cannot duplicate them. Not even Pater, Watteau's best pupil, could use the brush with his teacher's characteristic lightness and accuracy, nor could Trouillebert quite get the touch of the great Corot whom he copied continually. He added that the importance of brushwork was demonstrated in a recent interesting case when the infra-red rays showed that probably the only one of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Rembrandts that was all Rembrandt's brushwork was the painting called *Herman Doumer, the Gilder*.

Another striking demonstration of scientific art detection showed that if infra-red photographs will not show the brushwork on a particular paint-

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ing, frequently photomicrographs of X-rays will. The case involved a *Woman Taken in Adultery* and a *Good Samaritan*—titles of Rembrandts. Someone tried to prove the Samaritan was no better than he should be; there was no question about the woman—she was admittedly a genuine Rembrandt. Laurie, the noted Scotch art detective, photographed the brushwork of both, made enlargements, and compared them. The pattern of brush strokes was so absolutely similar, that there was no question that the Samaritan too, really was a Rembrandt.

The Old Master detective strikingly demonstrated the value of enlargement when he was asked to pass on the genuineness of a painting he couldn't see. It had been completely burned up. There was a problem for any detective; nothing but the frame which the owner called "frame of the period" and submitted as evidence that the "French masterpiece" it had contained when he insured both, had been cremated in a fire. And when Dr. Toch first examined the frame, not a clue appeared.

Then, he tried a microscope—and, look! That little crusted spot! A small paper label, charred black. But, look closer! Part of it is black, but not charred. Ink does not char like paper, and there is printing. Dr. Toch covered the label with a special varnish that penetrated the paper, but not the printing upon the paper. He dusted the label with talcum powder, then brushed off the powder. Then he photographed the label, and enlarged the photograph fifteen times. And this is what he read:

"John Jones, Ho-Ho-Kus, N. J. Awnings, Windowshades and Picture Frames."

That "frame of the period" was a frame-up.

Some of the cleverest crimes in art have been tinkerings and restorations; the X-rays disclose many of them. The X-rays have shown how much or how little of the brushwork of Rubens himself really appears on the myriad paintings supposed to be by the Master. He was not only an artist but a business man, who frequently parceled out paintings among his staff, and himself did only finishing touches. His picture-factory flooded the market with "Rubens." The X-rays showed that the *Virgin on the Rocks* in the National Gallery, London, really was the Da Vinci some people said it was not. They also were responsible for a discovery that startled the Metropolitan Museum. For some time there had hung on their walls a painting they called *Portrait of a Lady* by Franz Pourbus the Younger. Under the X-rays, there materialized like a ghost, a portrait beneath this portrait —and a better painting of a better looking Lady by someone other than Franz Pourbus. Presumably Pourbus had thought the canvas worthless and painted over it—an inferior work of art! So the Metropolitan cleaned off the daub, and now has on exhibition a superior painting—thanks to the X-rays.

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By this time, all really Old Masters have had to be restored. This, the X-rays show by penetrating some pigments more easily than others, bringing out a heavy pigment under a light, like a bone beneath flesh. Heavy, moderately heavy and light colors like lead and mercury, zinc, iron and aluminum, show up differently, as do various kinds of white.

Then there are the ultra-violet rays which art detectives also use, for these ultra-violet rays show repainted portions of paintings as if they were ink spots, or with a phosphorescent glow, depending on the medium and pigment. It was by turning chemist and finding out just what the pigments used by the Old Masters were made of, that the art detective first began to "break" art crimes. Now, we know what paints were used in what periods, and they were far from indestructible. Today not only the Mona Lisa's smile is melting, but the whole painting. The Da Vincis are not even in fair condition.

"Let's see what chemistry shows about your 'Velasquez,'" said Dr. Toch to his visitor.

He took up a pointless hypodermic needle, and screwed it through the painting, but so deftly that it left a mere pinprick. Yet when he withdrew the hollow needle, it was filled with paint from the "Velasquez."

"Here's some of the blue," said Dr. Toch. "I'll dissolve a little in nitric acid."

A few quick movements, and over the watchglass spread a brilliant blue.

"Look what ferrocyanide salt reveals!" cried the art detective. "Your 'Velasquez' blue is ferrocyanide of iron; discovered in 1704 and first marketed in 1780. Velasquez died in 1660. In his paintings he used for blue not ferrocyanide, but powdered lapis lazuli stones. You can see that chemistry confirms the infra-red rays; your 'Velasquez' is relatively modern, and a fake."

"Give me that painting!" cried the victim. "I'm going to make the dealer who sold it to me take it back!"

To his utter amazement, the dealer did just that without fuss, and wrote a perfectly good check for $100,000. On it he also wrote; "For Velasquez painting." The instant he got the canceled check from his bank, he called upon the next-best name on his sucker list.

"I just bought a genuine Velasquez —for $100,000!" he said. "See, to prove it, here's the canceled check! And this priceless Old Master, with a certificate of genuineness from an art critic—I'll sell you for only $110,000. You can see how small a profit I make. . . . Well, to a real art connoisseur like you, I might sell it for only $105,000 . . . cash."

So now, after the cigars and brandy, that real art connoisseur gently pilots his dinner guests to stand entranced before a softly lighted painting—his genuine Velasquez!

No wonder there have to be Old Master detectives!

—Thomas M. Johnson

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DON Daugherty's Odyssey of Pain, of which *Ward Torture* beginning on page 158 is the second installment, has already attracted a good deal of attention. Immediately after the appearance of the May issue, containing the first installment, *Pain for Nothing*, the book publication rights were snatched up by those alert and astute publishers Harcourt, Brace and Company. Daugherty hopes, if the state of his health will permit, to continue the present series in CORONET through the November issue, then do an expanded version for the book, which the publishers expect to issue next Spring.

★ ★ ★

WE can imagine the delight of a lot-owner discovering, after reading *Houses of Earth* on page 35 of this issue, that he is standing on his own best building-materials supply. The feeling must be akin to that of the subject of Russell Conwell's perennial lecture, who wandered the wide world over in a search for diamonds, only to discover upon returning home that he had acres of 'em in his own backyard. Those contemplating building, who find in the article more than just an interesting piece of reading and are stimulated to try to put it into actual practice, may be interested to know that the original article is longer and considerably more detailed than the edited version which we have published in this issue. The deleted portions, while dull as general reading, since they were devoted for the most part to more detailed explanation of the actual building process, might well be the most interesting parts of all to anyone thinking of putting this oldest of building methods into use. We would be very glad, in such cases, to supply a typed or mimeographed copy of the original unedited manuscript, upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope.

★ ★ ★

WE apparently did not make it clear, in asking for expressions of reader-opinion on the question of accepting advertising, that advertising pages would not *replace* any of CORONET's present content, but would only appear in *addition* to the present full quota of editorial feature pages. In fact, with advertising and its concomitant revenue we could and would *increase* the editorial money's worth of each issue, rather than cut it down. Does this win over any of the anti-advertising faction?

★ ★ ★

AS MENTIONED in CORONET-on-the-Air (Friday nights at 9:30 over WJZ and the NBC Blue Network) duplicate color reproductions of the CORONET center-spread insert, without the perforation caused by the staples in the binding, are available on a first-come-first-served basis for as long as the supply lasts and will be sent on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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for

JUNE

1937

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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